

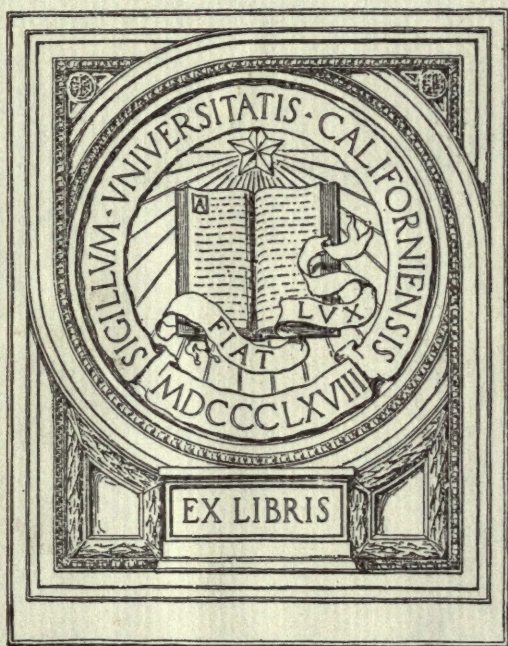




LIBRARY  
OF THE  
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA.

Class 984c

v. 31



EX LIBRIS

BANCROFT LIBRARY



























AUG 25 1909  
JULY, 1909

Vol. XXXI, No. 1

# OUT WEST

THE NATION  
THE WORLD

BACK OF US  
IN FRONT



EDITED BY  
CHAS. F. LUMMIS

J. D. GLEASON

25c. PER COPY

LIBRARY OF THE  
LOS ANGELES, CAL.  
MASON OPERA HOUSE  
CALIFORNIA

\$3 A YEAR



F 850  
 042  
 Y. 31  
 Create a New Skin with  
**Anita Cream**



Nothing better for Removing Tan and Freckles

**50 Cents a Jar**  
Of all druggists or from

*Anita Cream & Toilet Co.*

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

416/36  
**GOVERNMENT**

Irrigation now under construction in Glenn County. The cheapest Alfalfa and Orangeland in California. The Central Irrigating Canal, the largest in California now ready to furnish water to all. Our oranges are ripe one month earlier than southern California. Write for prospectus.

**W. E. GERMAIN**

P. O. Box 65

Willows, Glenn Co., California

## SINALOA LANDS

In Sinaloa, Mexico, 2 days from Los Angeles, Delta of the Fuerte River. Everything green all the year. Water and R. R. transportation. Fine climate, extremely fertile soil. German colony within a mile. 50 Americans within 25 miles. 6500 acres in lots of 100 acres at \$10 an acre. \$25 down and \$10 per month. Also 2500 acres near Bamoa, 10 miles to R. R., 8 miles to gulf. Rich soil, hardwood timber, Farms of 56 to 175 acres. Same price and terms. Also 2,000,000 acres of coast, foothill and timber lands at \$2 to \$25 per acre. Mines, little and big. Call and see our exhibit of Mexican products. Write for booklet.

The West Mexico Co.

529-531 Byrne Building

Los Angeles

## NAVAJO BLANKETS

### AND INDIAN CURIOS AT WHOLESALE

I have more than 250 weavers in my employ, including the most skillful now living, and have taken the greatest pains to preserve the old colors, patterns, and weaves. Every blanket sold by me carries my personal guarantee of its quality. In dealing with me, you will get the very finest blankets at wholesale prices. I also handle the products of the Hopi (Moqui) Indians, buying them under contract with the trading posts at Keam's Canyon and Oraibi and selling them at wholesale.

I have constantly a very fine selection of Navajo silverware and jewelry, Navajo "rubies" cut and uncut, peridots and native turquois. Also the choicest modern Moqui pottery, and a rare collection of prehistoric pottery.

**J. L. HUBBELL,** Indian Trader

Write for my Catalogue  
and Price List

Ganado, Apache Co., Arizona



2714C

# Irrigated Farms

OF FIVE ACRES  
AND UPWARDS

in the Counties of

## Fresno and Merced California

MILLER AND LUX

Los Banos, Merced County  
California

# Men's Furnishings

In every size; to fit big and little men. all up to date and properly made. Underwear of all kinds and weights, socks in all grades and colorings, all the new collars, the latest neckwear, etc., etc. The man who misses an examination of our new stock of Men's Furnishings will be dollars out. The man who buys will be dollars in. Take your choice.

## Mullen & Bluett

CLOTHING COMPANY

Cor. Spring & First

Los Angeles

## Palomar Mountain...

*Is Worth  
While*

A place apart and unique. A mile in the sky. Above the clouds. Among giant pines, beautiful waterfalls—living people. Palomar air

**makes new blood.** People come up here to revitalize and tone up for the rest of the year. They declare they can't afford **not** to. And say,—when you come, leave your white collars home, but **bring your Good Time along**—if possible. If not,—**we'll provide it.** Fine Hunting, Auto and Stage Trips. Good Saddle Horses and Humble Burros, Camp Fires, Dancing and Tennis, Sing-Songs and Larks. Unexcelled Mountain Cuisine—the best there is. Fresh meats and game from the range; crisp vegetables from our garden; Jersey milk, (plus the cream), berries and fruit—all from our own ranch. It's an unfailing equation—Good Sport—Good Living—A Good Time. You might drop us a card when you're coming and we'll save you a room or a tent. Or you can just sleep under the trees and the stars. Here are no strangers—nor are any old! **Open June 1st. Auto Stages to Mt. Get descriptive folders.**



**BAILEY BROS., Props., Palomar, Calif.**

Postoffice Address: Nellie, San Diego Co., California.



# The German Savings and Loan Society

[A member of the Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco]

526 California St., San Francisco, Cal.

Guaranteed Capital	\$ 1,200,000.00
Capital actually paid up in cash	\$ 1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	\$ 1,504,498.68
Deposits June 30, 1909	\$36,793,234.04
Total Assets	\$39,435,681.38

Remittance may be made by Draft, Post Office, or Wells, Fargo & Co's. Money Orders, or coin by Express.

Office Hours: 10 o'clock A. M. to 3 o'clock P. M., except Saturdays to 12 o'clock M. and Saturday evenings from 7 o'clock P. M. to 8 o'clock P. M., for receipt of deposits only.

OFFICERS: President, N. Ohlandt; First Vice-President, Daniel Meyer; Second Vice-President, Emil Rohte; Cashier, A. H. R. Schmidt; Assistant Cashier, William Herrmann; Secretary, George Tourny; Assistant Secretary, A. H. Muller; Goodfellow & Eells, General Attorneys.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS: N. Ohlandt, Daniel Meyer, Emil Rohte, Ign. Steinhardt, I. N. Walter, J. W. Van Bergen, F. Tillmann, jr., E. T. Kruse and W. S. Goodfellow.

MISSION BRANCH, 2572 Mission Street, between 21st and 22nd Street. For receipt and payment of Deposits only. C. W. HEYER, Manager.

RICHMOND DISTRICT BRANCH, 432 Clement St., between 6th and 6th Avenues. For receipt and payment of Deposits only. W. C. Heyer, Manager.

## Eucalyptus as an Investment

33 1/3 % per annum compound interest

We sell you land --not stock--plant it to eucalyptus trees—California mahogany—780 to each acre—care for it—guarantee it—give you a lead to it—provide a market for the crop—the volume of sales and enormous acreage insures market—also insures highest price for commercial timber—you buy land for cash—or on easy monthly instalments—a savings bank investment—so much deposit every month—and in a few years you own a competence.

No risk—no worry—no work—absolutely safe—as certain as the rising sun—the most profitable crop grown—better for most people than life insurance—than ordinary real estate—than stocks or bonds—than savings banks—send for beautifully illustrated booklets—bulletins—maps, etc.—all free for the asking—your investment will earn 33 1-3% per annum compounded—a deferred dividend, cumulative endowment—best for you, your future and your family—do it today.

## Eucalyptus Timber Corporation

358 South Broadway

Los Angeles, California

## For the Benefit of our Patrons

These three things  
We Endeavor to **Increase**

- 1--Promptness of Delivery
- 2--Efficiency of Force
- 3--Quality of Product

These three things  
We Endeavor to **Decrease**

- 1--Unnecessary Expense
- 2--Amount of Time Wasted
- 3--Cost of Production

## Phillips Printing Company

Phones: F-4382, Broadway 1291

360 South Los Angeles Street

Los Angeles, Cal.



## \$90.00 Per Month For You

Will you work for \$90.00 per month? I train and supply the working force for most of the railroad mileage of the West, is telegraphy, Shorthand and Station Work. I give you a thorough and practical training and then I place you in a good paying position—mind you, I do not "promise to assist you," but positively guarantee you employment when competent. I have placed 150 during the past year. If you doubt this come to my office and I will prove it to you.

We are urgently in need of telegraph operators, assistant agents and stenographers and can promise employment to an unlimited number of students. We are conducting a Mail Course in Shorthand for the benefit of those who cannot conveniently attend the school. Hundreds of students taking the mail course have been able to accept service as competent stenographers after two or three months' study. We use Stidger's famous modern Shorthand, using but twenty word signs as compared with from 1500 to 6000 word signs in the various Pitmanic systems of shorthand. Ambitious young men and women should take advantage of this mail course and prepare for better positions during their spare hours at home. Complete cost of mail course is \$25.00.

Apply **F. D. MACKAY, Manager,**  
**S. P. TELEGRAPH & SHORTHAND SCHOOL,**  
540 Central Ave. Los Angeles, Cal.

## KIDDER'S PASTILLES

STOWELL & CO., Mfrs.,

Standard relief for **ASTHMA**  
50 years. Sold by all  
Druggists. 35 cents.

## Bailey's Rubber Complexion Brushes and Massage Rollers

Make, Keep and Restore Beauty in Nature's own way



## IT'S THE FLAT-ENDED TEETH

with circular biting edges that remove dust caps, cleanse the skin in the bath, open the pores, and give new life to the whole body. **BAILEY'S RUBBER BRUSHES** are all made this way. Mailed for price. Beware of imitations. At all dealers.

Bailey's Rubber Complexion Brush	\$ .50
Bailey's Rubber Massage Roller	.50
Bailey's Bath and Shampoo Brush	.75
Bailey's Rubber Bath and Flesh Brush	1.00
Bailey's Rubber Toilet Brush (small)	.25
Bailey's Skin Food (large jar)	.50



## Bailey's Won't Slip TIP

This tip won't slip on ANY SURFACE, on smooth ice, or mar the most highly polished floor. Made in five sizes, internal diameter: No. 17,  $\frac{3}{8}$  in.; No. 18,  $\frac{3}{4}$  in.; No. 19,  $\frac{1}{2}$  in.; No. 20, 1 in.; No. 21,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  in. Mailed upon receipt of price, 30c. per pair.

Agents wanted.

100 Page Rubber Catalogue Free.

C. J. BAILEY & CO., 22 Boylston St., BOSTON, Mass.



## Los Angeles Pacific Co.

ELECTRIC LINES

The Shortest and Quickest Line  
Between Los Angeles and  
the Ocean

See Venice, Santa Monica, Ocean Park,  
National Soldiers' Home, Playa del  
Rey, Redondo.

Fish at **LONG WHARF,**  
Port Los Angeles,  
or Playa del Rey

Take the

**Balloon Route Excursion**  
One Whole Day for \$1.00

Showing a part of California's Finest  
Scenery. 28 Miles Right Along the  
Ocean. An Experienced Guide With  
Each Car.

Cars Leave Hill Street Station 9:40  
a. m. Daily

Los Angeles Passenger Station  
Hill St., Bet. Fourth and Fifth

## Los Angeles Brewing Company's



Pure and Wholesome

## LAGER BEERS

Are a Home Product not ex-  
celled by any Eastern  
Manufacture

Why Not Try It?

PHONES

Sunset East 820

Home Exch. 820





## Nothing Holds the Family So Closely Together As Music

The boys and girls love music; so, also, must you. Why not, then, have music in the home now?

A Good Piano for \$250.00—on Easy Terms.

A Splendid Victor for \$32.50—on Easy Terms.

A Late Style Edison for \$30.00—on Easy Terms.

Something New in an

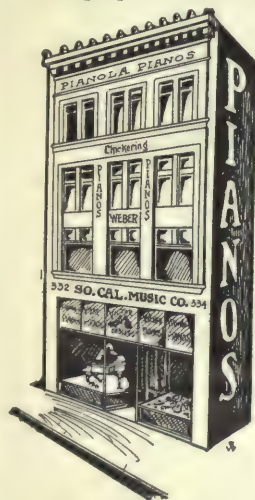
## Edison Phonograph

The New Fireside Model

This splendid new style will prove highly popular with everybody. Neat and compact and playing both the 2-minute and the 4-minute **AMBEROL RECORDS**, it offers exceptional qualities at a very modest price—\$22.00.

Every intending purchaser should hear and know the remarkable tone quality of this beautiful new machine.

Special terms will be arranged so that even the most humble home may have a "Fireside Phonograph." Investigate. Mail inquiries solicited.



## Regarding Pianos

We would like you to consider that with all the offers of low prices and claims of superiority made for certain very ordinary pianos, the fact remains that the demand for the better grades, sold on their actual merits, is increasing.

People with sound reasoning faculties are not deceived by statements which will not stand when intelligent investigation and fair comparisons are made.

The FAIRBANKS PIANO will stand the closest investigation. If the intending purchaser will compare it with other pianos of its price and will make a careful, painstaking examination of its construction, of the materials used and of its tonal quality, it will be found to possess a higher order of merit than any piano of its price offered the public today.

The Fairbanks is the ideal home piano and every intending purchaser of a piano should investigate it. We are sole agents.

THE HOUSE OF MUSICAL QUALITY

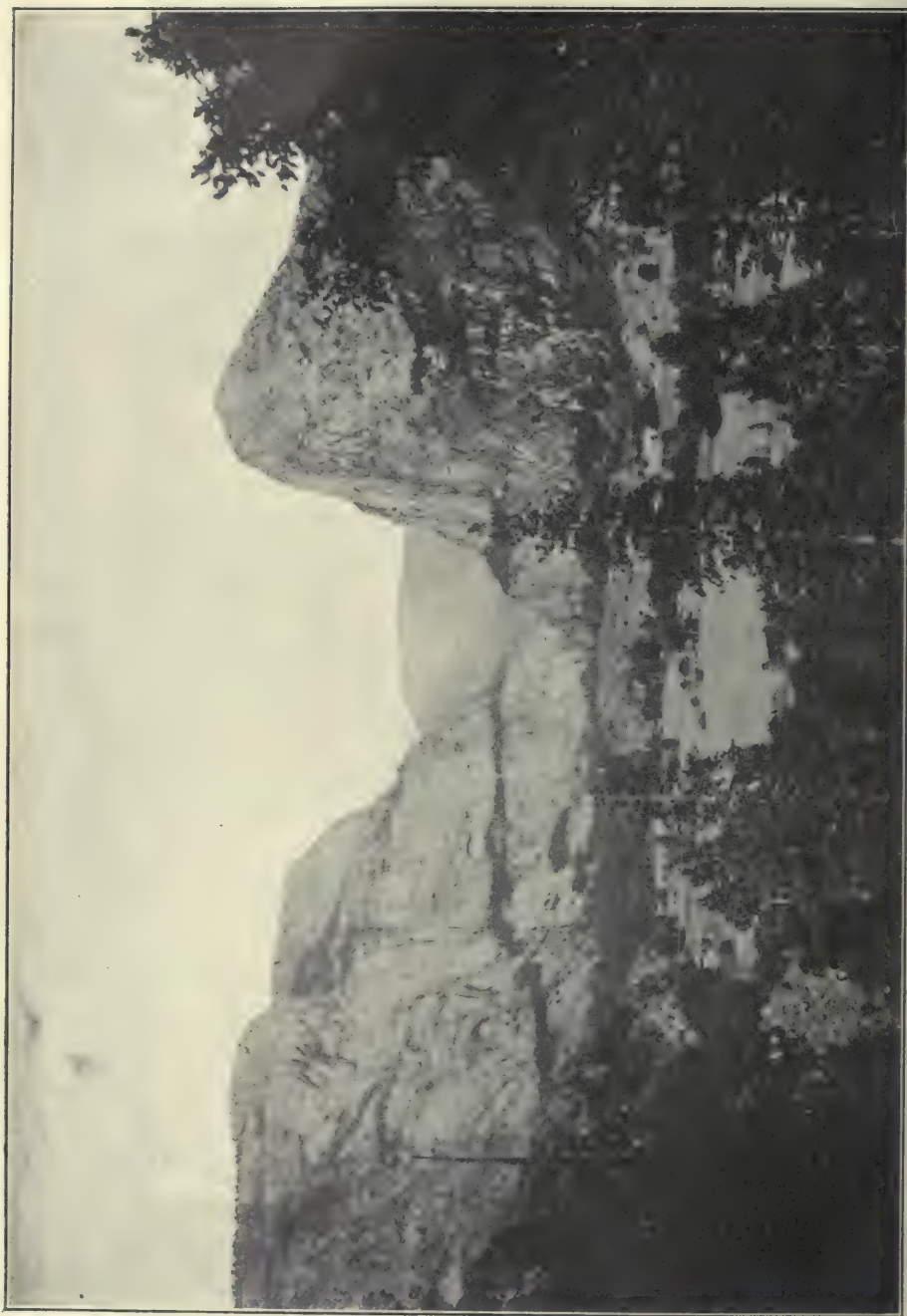
# Southern California Music Co.

332-334 S. Broadway, Los Angeles, Cal.









HETCH-HETCHY—THE TUOLUMNE YOSEMITE.

—Photo by J. N. Le Conte.





Vol. XXXI, No. 1

JULY, 1909

## WATER SUPPLY FOR THE CITIES ABOUT THE BAY OF SAN FRANCISCO

*By WARREN OLNEY.*



THE City of San Francisco has now a population approaching five hundred thousand. The cities of Richmond, Berkeley, Oakland, Alameda, San José, and the towns and villages between, all bordering on the Bay, aggregate as many more. This population is bound to increase rapidly in numbers. How great the population will be thirty-three years from now, which we will assume to be the average life of a generation, no man can tell. But it will certainly be counted by the millions.

The streams flowing into the Bay of San Francisco are barely sufficient to supply the present population with water, but are not sufficient for the needs of the near future, nor are they sufficient for the present if we should have two or three successive years of drought. As civilization advances, the consumption of water per capita rapidly increases, so that if you add the increasing use of water per capita to the rapidly increasing population, the cities and communities about the Bay of San Francisco will shortly be without a sufficient supply, unless water is obtained from some other source than the immediate neighborhood.

It is useless to talk about increasing the output of potable water from the streams about the Bay. The quantity can undoubtedly be increased from the Alameda water-shed, but if all of the water obtainable from that source is properly utilized, the cities about the Bay must still, in the near future, go to the Sierra Nevada for their water. The water supply from the streams around the Bay is owned by corporations and individuals, who put an extravagant estimate upon the value of their water plants and resources. San Francisco is supplied by the Spring Valley Water Works, Oakland and Berkeley, etc., by the People's Water Company, and both of those corporations maintain, and will always maintain, in the courts



and everywhere else, that their property rights are greatly enhanced in value by there being no other available source of water supply for the people in the vicinity of San Francisco. All experience shows that a city should own its own water works, and own or control its sources of water supply. The opinion has become almost universal among the people about the Bay Cities that the plant and water supply of the two corporations above named should be purchased, if they can be obtained at anything like a reasonable figure, because these corporations already possess quite complete distributing systems, and also because they or their predecessors have been furnishing water ever since there was a demand for it. This opinion is based upon sound reasoning and is backed up by experience of other cities and by ethical and economic laws.

So here is the situation that confronts the people about the Bay of San Francisco: Their sources of water supply belong to private corporations, or public utility corporations if that term is preferred, and that supply will be inadequate in the very near future. They must purchase, and desire and intend to purchase, the local water plants and water resources, but to meet the needs of the increasing population and the growing needs of civilization, more water must be obtained from a distance. An abundance of water can only be obtained from a few of the streams on the western slope of the Sierra Nevada Mountains, which streams flow into the Sacramento and San Joaquin Rivers. All of the waters of those streams, except one, have already been appropriated by water-power companies, irrigation companies and mining companies. Except at a frightful cost, a cost entirely beyond the present capacity of the people to pay, the water from these streams cannot be obtained. But there is one stream that does have a sufficient flow of water to satisfy the needs of all of the cities around the Bay of San Francisco for many generations to come, that is free from prior claims or locations of all private corporations, so far as its flowing waters are concerned, except the claims of two irrigation districts. But after meeting the wants of these two irrigation districts, there is still abundance of water left for not only the cities around the Bay of San Francisco for many generations, but also for the City of Stockton, which is situated near the direct line from this river to the Bay. It will cost at least forty millions of dollars to bring this water to San Francisco. When the burdens imposed by fire and earthquake upon that city and the necessity of purchasing the plant of the Spring Valley Water Works are considered, forty millions additional for Sierra water will include the last pound of debt-carrying weight our municipal camel can bear. It is safe to say it will cost the City of San Francisco from ten to twenty millions of dollars more to get a sufficient quantity of water from



any other Sierra river than from this one, upon which there is no valid prior claim except the two irrigation districts.

This river is the Tuolumne River. It has the largest water-shed and the best water-shed, and has a larger flow, and far and away a better reservoir site, than any of the other streams accessible to the people. Shall the people be refused the use of this water and compelled either to go without Sierra water or to assess themselves ten or twenty millions of dollars more to get water from somewhere else? Is it possible that any intelligent lover of his race can answer the above question in the affirmative?

There have been many objections made to San Francisco and the other Bay Cities utilizing the waters of Tuolumne River, but those objections have been made mostly by people who do not understand the actual condition that confronts the Bay Cities, or else are lacking in the ability to take a broad, comprehensive view of the situation and the needs of humanity. I will take up the objections made *seriatim*, but before doing so let me call attention to the attitude of President Roosevelt, of Secretary James A. Garfield, and of Mr. Gifford Pinchot, all three of whom are as enthusiastic lovers of nature as any that can be found, and who have done more for conservation for the use of all the people of the natural resources of the country than any other three men in our history. There are no greater enthusiasts for nature and the beauties of nature than these three men. Now what has been their attitude in regard to the City of San Francisco utilizing the waters of the Tuolumne River? President Roosevelt strongly favored the plan. Secretary Garfield was its most earnest advocate before the committees of Congress, and Mr. Gifford Pinchot added the great weight of his experience and love of the woods and mountains to the arguments urged by the people of the Bay Cities. In my opinion, Secretary Garfield made the best argument before the committee of the House of Representatives, urging the passage of the bill to which I shall presently refer, that was made by anyone.

I attended and took part in some of the hearings before that committee, and became convinced, when the Spring Valley Water Works opposed the bill, that a fellow-feeling on the part of other interests and a desire to hit the Roosevelt administration had a hundred times more influence than did the arguments of some of the so-called "nature lovers" who opposed what was desired by the Bay Cities on the ground that it would tend to destroy the natural beauties of Hetch Hetchy Valley and injure the country above the valley as a place of resort for nature lovers in the summer months. That is to say, the arguments of the so-called nature lovers had really very little influence, but the sympathy between financial interests desiring to use national resources for personal exploitation.





HETCH-HETCHY VALLEY IS A GREAT LANDSCAPE GARDEN

—Photo by J. N. Le Conte.



and to get even with the Administration had everything to do with it. The nature lovers merely furnished to these enemies of the public good arguments and excuses for not granting to the Bay Cities what they so much desire and so greatly need.

But as citizens of California have furnished the arguments for the "Interests" and have stirred up many people in the East who are not acquainted with the situation and are influenced by sentiment without regard to the actual necessities of the people, I will now give a little attention to the points made by them. Before doing so, however, let me call attention to what is really desired of the United States by the Bay Cities. The United States Government many years ago parted with its title to the larger part of the floor of Hetch Hetchy Valley to certain individuals. After this land had been patented to these people the City of San Francisco bought these lands. What was desired of the United States Government was that the United States should consent to the flooding of these lands in the valley to which the United States retained the title. That is to say, if a dam is built at the lower end of the valley and the lands flooded by an artificial lake, the lake will cover lands belonging to the City of San Francisco and also lands belonging to the United States. What was wanted was an Act of Congress authorizing an exchange of the lands belonging to the United States in the floor of the valley for lands outside of the valley owned by the city. The City of San Francisco can do whatever it pleases with its own lands in the Hetch Hetchy Valley. It wants the other lands on the floor of the valley so that there can be no objection to its turning this valley into a lake.

Now what are the objections? Keeping in mind this preliminary statement of the situation and the crying needs of the people about the Bay, let us consider very briefly the principal arguments furnished by certain Californians and used in the attempt to block the Roosevelt administration in its effort to benefit millions of people.

1. The first ground of opposition urged was that the erection of a dam at the lower end of Hetch Hetchy Valley, thereby creating an artificial lake covering the entire floor of the valley, would destroy the attractions of a most beautiful and interesting mountain valley. The natural availability of the Hetch Hetchy as a reservoir site is admitted. There is nothing like it in the mountains. The Tuolumne heads on Mts. Lyall, Dana, etc., flows through extensive tracts of comparatively level land known as the Tuolumne Meadows, at an elevation of about nine thousand feet, and then pitches into a gorge which is about twenty miles long. At the lower end of this gorge the walls of the cañon expand and include Hetch Hetchy Valley, with a floor almost level. At the lower end of the

valley these walls come together again and a man can easily throw a stone across the stream from wall to wall where the dam will be located. Where these walls come together at the lower end they are of granite and almost perpendicular. Therefore a dam two hundred and fifty feet high can be constructed at comparatively small expense, and, as the floor of the valley is level, an immense quantity of water will be impounded. There is not on this round earth in all probability so fine a site prepared by nature for a reservoir from which to supply human beings with one of the principal requisites of life.

To make a lake of this valley of course will destroy the meadow, but the lake that will be created will be a much greater natural attraction than the valley in its present condition. The lower end of the valley is a wet meadow, and the mosquitoes constitute a frightful pest. In ordinary seasons it is not until late in July that people can camp in the valley with comfort. Very few people visit the valley. Its character has been known for more than forty years. I spent eight days in the valley last summer, after the mosquito season had passed, and I do not believe twenty persons altogether, besides United States soldiers, were there during the time I was. If the recommendations of President Roosevelt, Secretary Garfield and Mr. Pinchot are adopted, San Francisco will turn this beautiful but mosquito-breeding meadow into a beautiful mountain lake, whose attractions will be unique in character and probably as great as those of any lake of its size in the mountains of any country.

We hear the argument sometimes made that people will not be allowed to visit, travel, or camp on the margin of this lake, because by so doing they will pollute the water. This is simply nonsense. In the first place, it is so high in the mountains that few people will ever go there; and, in the second place, experience has shown that mountain lakes, though there is considerable population in the vicinity, can be kept free from pollution. For example, Lake Katrine, in Scotland, furnishes water for the great city of Glasgow. There is a dense population near the lake, and it is visited by tourists in great numbers all summer long. Great hotels are necessary there to accommodate the visitors. Yet we do not hear of any complaint of the lake's waters being polluted by the people living in the vicinity or by the vast mass of visitors who go there.

The charms of Hetch Hetchy Valley have been known for more than forty years, but it is rare to find any person in California who has taken the trouble to go to see it. If San Francisco is allowed to turn the valley into a reservoir, she will have to build good roads and make the valley accessible. Then, no doubt, there will be a hundred visitors where there is one now. But it would be an easy



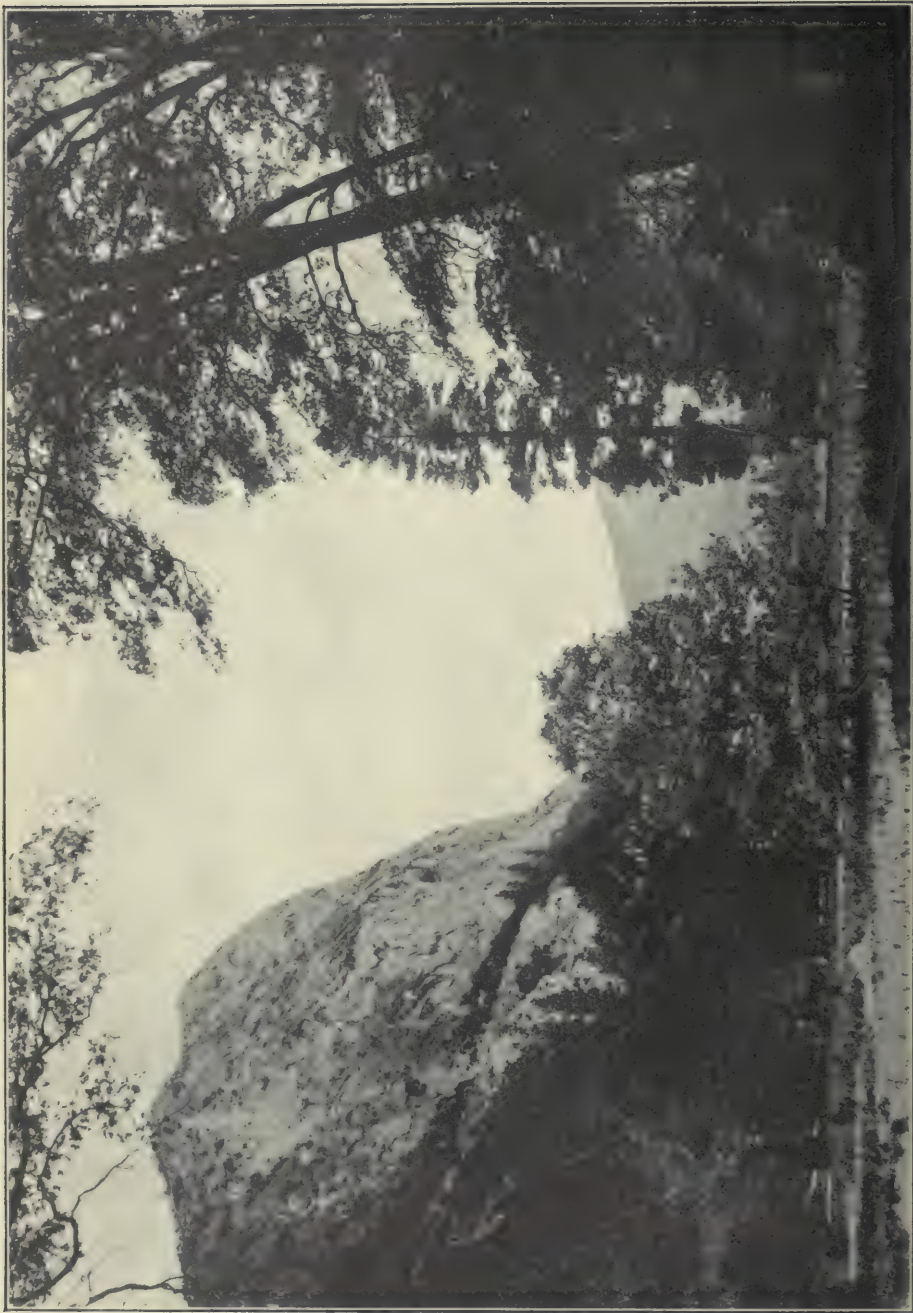
matter to enforce proper police regulations. A far greater number of nature lovers will be able to gratify their tastes and visit these mountains if the wishes of San Francisco are complied with.

2. Failing to convince by the foregoing objection, the next one urged was that if the Bay Cities water supply is from the Hetch Hetchy reservoir, the people would be forbidden to visit and camp at the Tuolumne Meadows, which are more than twenty miles above the valley. This objection is still more unreasonable. Tuolumne Meadows are at an elevation of about nine thousand feet, and consequently it is only two or three months in the year that they are accessible at all. To reach them necessitates a long journey of two days and camping out at night. The result is that very few people go to Tuolumne Meadows and very few ever will go. The Bay Cities will never have the power of excluding people from this portion of the Yosemite National Park, and they would not if they could, because under proper police regulations there is not the slightest chance of the water being contaminated by campers. I suspect that the plunge of these waters through a twenty-mile gorge and over innumerable falls after leaving Tuolumne Meadows before reaching Hetch Hetchy Valley will of itself act as a purifying agent in case any filthy matter should get into the stream in the Meadows. It is safe to conclude that there is no danger of the rights of the campers in Tuolumne Meadows being invaded. They may have to submit to reasonable police regulations, but that is all.

I can recall no other than the two above mentioned objections that have been urged against the use of the Hetch Hetchy Valley as a reservoir by the cities around the Bay that deserve any consideration.

Before closing, attention should be called to another matter: Locations subsequent in date to those made by Mayor Phelan for the benefit of San Francisco have been made and filed, and if the Bay Cities are not allowed to impound and use the water of the Tuolumne River, private corporations are preparing to use them for power and for sale. In fact, I suspect that the hostile influences at work to defeat the desires and the reasonable requirements of our people have been in part inspired by these late claimants to Tuolumne water. Who shall have the use of the water flowing in this mountain river? Shall it be the people, millions of whom need it, or private corporations? This water will not be allowed to go to waste. If the Bay Cities do not get it, private corporations certainly will.

San Francisco.



THEIR BROWS IN THE SKY—THEIR FEET SET IN GROVES AND GAY MEADOWS  
—Photo by J. N. Le Conte.



## PROPOSED DESTRUCTION OF HETCH-HETCHY

*By E. T. PARSONS.*



HERE is but one great National Park in California—The Yosemite National Park. The other two National Parks, the Sequoia and General Grant, are small by comparison, and were created to preserve groves of our “big trees.” Not only is the Yosemite National Park one of the most important parks in America, but it is unrivaled in the whole world. Yet this incomparable wonderland—this majestic playground belonging to all the people of the nation, is threatened with destructive invasion in order that selfish and local interests may profit in a financial way. The proposed violation of the Yosemite National Park is not only absolutely unnecessary, but it is questionable whether it would, from an economic standpoint, be for the best interest of the community seeking the destructive privilege. If the needless and destructive right to flood the wonderful Hetch-Hetchy Valley is granted to San Francisco, the precedent that would be established would shake to the very foundation the whole National Park policy. Thereafter, no National Park, however great and wonderful, would be safe from despoliation; for this instance would be pointed out as an example where a nation had sanctioned a most destructive trespass upon one of the greatest scenic wonders of the world. But fortunately the people of this nation are rapidly awakening to the seriousness of the danger that threatens one of its most priceless possessions. They are already appealing to Congress to stop the mischief before there is possibility of its being consummated.

In order that there may be no misunderstanding as to the present status of the question, a brief outline of the history of the Hetch-Hetchy water project is in order. Through representation that the Hetch-Hetchy source afforded the only water supply for San Francisco that was available for her use, certain advocates of the scheme secured from the Secretary of the Interior a permit to flood the Valley, but the permit contained the condition that the supply from Lake Eleanor, reinforced by the Cherry River, should first be developed to its utmost capacity. This condition was highly unsatisfactory to the city advocates, who cared little or nothing for Lake Eleanor. However, they will have to carry out these conditions to the letter and the city will not be permitted to “lay a finger” on the Hetch-Hetchy Valley until the Lake Eleanor supply shall have been developed as required. This would afford a supply of water equivalent to double the present daily needs of San Francisco, and hence, if added to it, would increase the present supply three-fold. But not



—Photo by J. N. Le Conte.  
WALLS OF GRAY GRANITE RISE PRECIPITOUSLY OUT OF FLOWERY GARDENS AND GROVES



content with this, the city advocates have been striving to get Congress to confirm the Secretary's grant which is revocable at the discretion of any Secretary, and have asked Congress for a patent to lands on the floor of the Hetch-Hetchy Valley. Certain lands already patented are held under option by the city, and if control of all of the lands could be obtained outright, the city would at once proceed to flood the Valley. To indicate what Congress thought of the request, some of the opinions of the members of the Public Lands Committee of the House of Representatives, to which the bill was referred, are quoted. The Chairman of the Committee prepared a report which was signed by four others, in which he said:

"I am of the opinion that the city has failed to establish its contention that the Hetch-Hetchy is the only reasonably available source of water supply in the Sierras, and that, therefore, the interests of the people of all the country should be waived on behalf of San Francisco in its claim to exclusive use of this valley."

Two other members reported that:

"We are opposed to this resolution in its present form, as it does not sufficiently guard public interests. We believe that its passage will eventually exclude the public from the Hetch-Hetchy Valley and the Tuolumne Canyon, and we are not willing that that should be done, as it does not appear that it is necessary for the city of San Francisco to obtain this property for a water supply."

Another member reported that:

"The undersigned admits that if this source is essential to San Francisco the grant should be made. But San Francisco has not made out a case showing that it is essential. The testimony indicates that there are a number of other sources."

"Unwilling though I would be to deny to San Francisco and the other cities on the bay of San Francisco the use of Hetch-Hetchy if it was essential as a storage reservoir for a municipal supply, a condition that seems not to exist unless it be that it is essential because it can be got from the Federal Government for next to nothing, I believe that we owe it to all the people to preserve Hetch-Hetchy uninterfered with for the use and enjoyment of all the people and to carry out the policy intended when it was included within the boundaries of the Yosemite National Park."

This Committee was evenly divided, eight members signing reports adverse to the grant. When this vote was taken, John Muir and his followers all over America had not commenced to exert their greatest influence, or the result would have been overwhelming against the scheme.

A majority of the Senate Committee on Public lands were opposed to granting this right to San Francisco, and if a vote had been forced the grant would have been defeated. Similar bills will be acted on by the next Congress, but it is safe to say that they will never pass.

There is a sentiment throughout the nation which is growing more powerful every day and which will eventually bring about a revoca-

# DIAGRAM OF YOSEMITE NATIONAL PARK.





tion of the grant. It may not be this year and it may not be next, but the day is bound to come long before the Valley can be mutilated by damming. To flood the Valley to the depth of 175 feet, as proposed, will cover the entire floor and back the water up into the Grand Canyon of the Tuolumne, a total distance of seven miles from the dam site. Let no one be deceived—all the available camp ground and level spots will be absolutely destroyed.

One of the proponents of the Hetch-Hetchy water project has been quoted as saying that the Hetch-Hetchy Valley is "a rich man's playground." It indicates how little he knows of his subject, for, from personal knowledge, I can assert that the overwhelming majority of those who have visited the Hetch-Hetchy Valley have been persons to whom even the slight expenditure involved in the trip was a financial sacrifice.

When this imperial State shall have become settled as the voice of Destiny seems to have decreed, and the San Joaquin Valley is teeming with a countless population, those tillers of field and vineyard will look to the mountains as a place of refuge from the great heat of the summer months. The campers in wagons from the plains are already seeking health and recreation in Yosemite Valley in the summer months by the thousand, and it is well known that the place is already becoming crowded to the point of discomfort. The other available places which these tired, hard-working sons of toil will naturally seek are the Big Tuolumne Meadows and Hetch-Hetchy Valley.

Instead of being a "rich man's playground," the Hetch-Hetchy Valley is destined to be primarily a health-giving resort for the wage-earner.

The Hetch-Hetchy Valley has been called "swampy" and a "mosquito-meadow," etc., by the zealous advocates of the city. There is no more certain indication of a losing cause than a resort by its proponents to misrepresentation. I have seen the Merced River so high in flood-time that a large portion of the floor of the Yosemite Valley was converted into a temporary lake. I have experienced attacks of mosquitoes in the Bridal Veil Meadows at the lower end of the Yosemite Valley that would put the Hetch-Hetchy cohorts to shame. Such arguments would be equally applicable to damming Yosemite itself. Only the lower third of the Hetch-Hetchy Valley is subject to temporary flooding, and the mosquitoes there last but a short time each season. The upper two-thirds is a high landscape garden, beautified by exquisite groves of mighty oaks and carpeted with flowers and ferns. As is the case with the Yosemite, a system of drainage and a liberal use of petroleum will eradicate the mosquito nuisance. The advocates of this water system say that the Hetch-Hetchy is inaccessible and can only be visited three months in

the year. This is a poor reason for destroying it when it can be made easily accessible with the expenditure of a few thousand dollars and can eventually be kept open to the public throughout the year. These arguments would have been equally applicable to the Yosemite a few years ago.

It is often given as a reason for sacrificing this finest half of the Park, that comparatively few resort to it at the present time. We are not opposing this invasion of our greatest park because of the present. Even should the city succeed in damming Hetch-Hetchy, it could not well do so before most of us would have revisited it many times. We are not actuated by selfish motives, though we have been called "hoggish and mushy esthetes." If it were only our personal pleasure that would be jeopardized, San Francisco could have the Hetch-Hetchy Valley a thousand times over.

To use the language of R. U. Johnson of the *Century Magazine*:

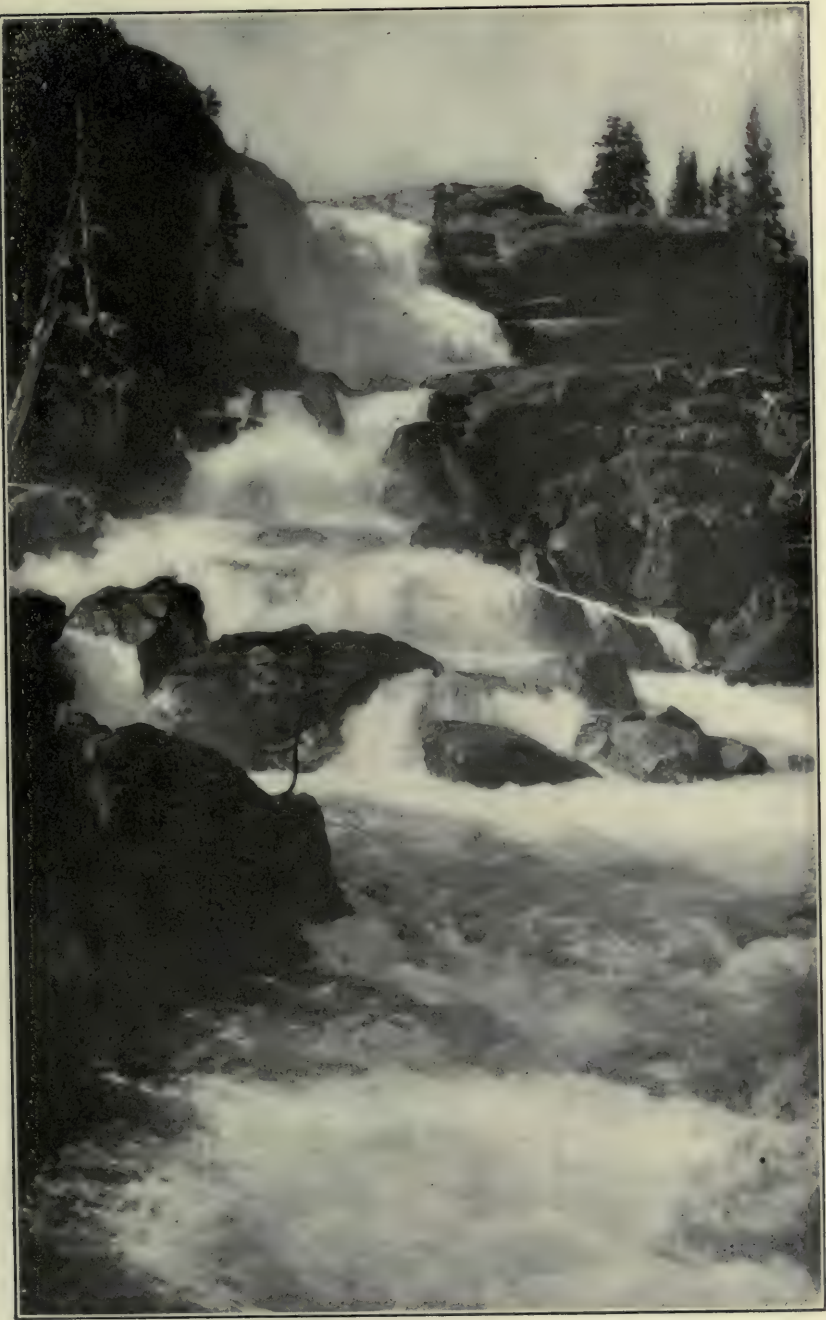
"Let us say at once that we hold human life more sacred than scenery, than even great natural wonderlands, vastly as they contribute to save life and promote happiness; and if that were the issue, if San Francisco could not otherwise obtain an abundant water supply, we should be willing to dedicate to that purpose not only Hetch-Hetchy, but even the incomparable Yosemite itself."

Fortunately we are looking further into the future than many who have discussed this subject. Measured by the present, San Francisco has no need for the Hetch-Hetchy Valley. Then why measure the need of this wonderful region for a national park by the present travel?

From personal knowledge of the amount of travel into the Tuolumne watershed portion of the Park during the past ten years and from information derived from those who have had the best opportunity to judge, the travel into this portion of the park has increased nearly ten-fold during the past ten years. The travel now amounts to nearly a thousand persons per year, and it will not be many years before it will reach ten thousand. Suppose that each one of these travelers spends \$100.00, this would mean placing in circulation in this State \$1,000,000 in one year, which is 5 per cent on a capitalization of \$20,000,000. And this is only a beginning. Judging by the past, this estimate will be far exceeded long before San Francisco could possibly be in a position to utilize the Hetch-Hetchy. Is this asset to be overlooked? Surely those with utilitarian ideas of thrift would not ignore it. It is estimated that tourists spend over \$500,000,000 annually in visiting Europe; that 2,000,000 individuals annually resort to Switzerland, and spend \$200,000,000 in visiting its scenic features. Let us not be too prodigal with our opportunities and destroy that which can never be replaced and which will attract increasing thousands if preserved.

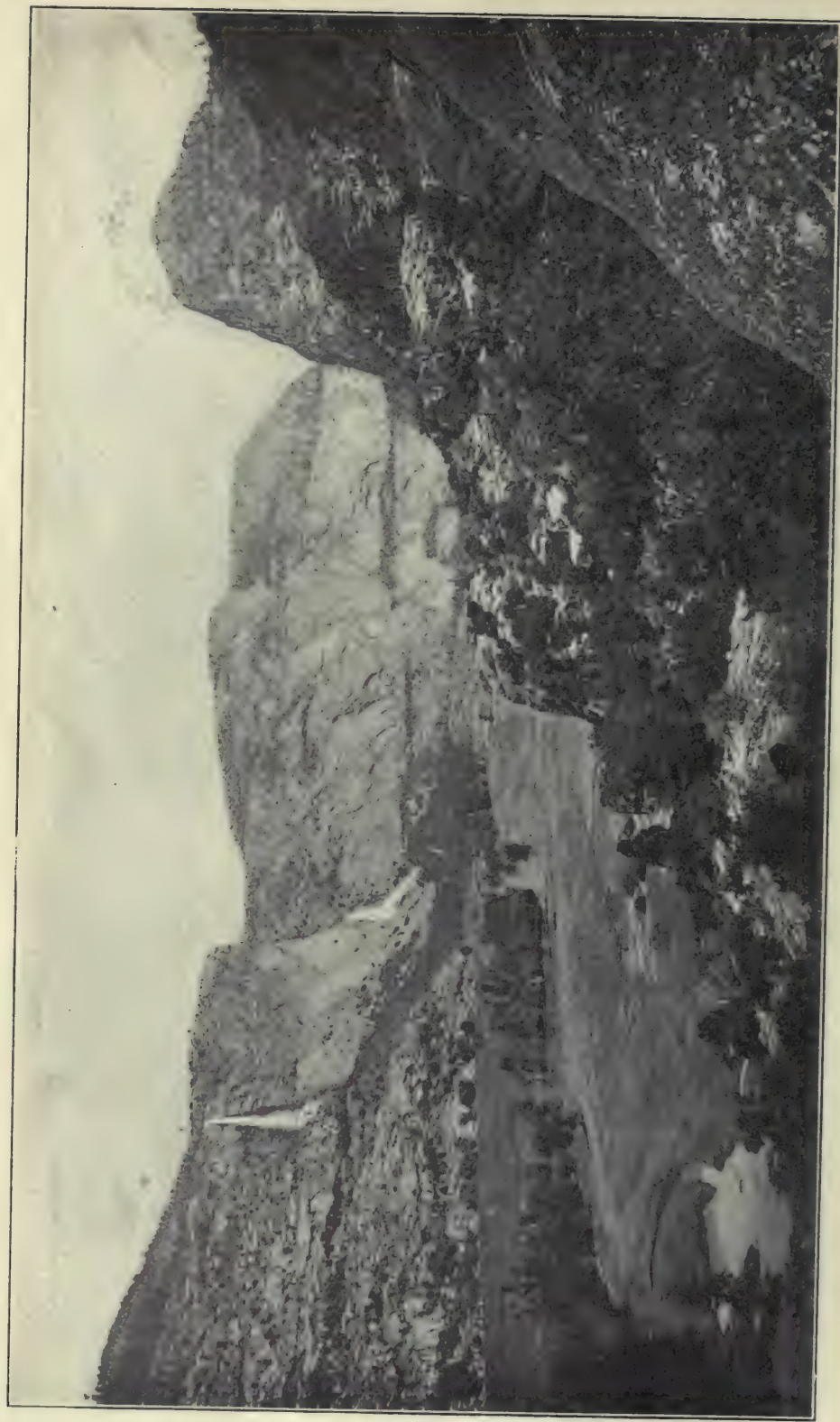
In order to prejudice in their favor the uninformed, the Hetch-





—Copyright, 1908, by F. M. Fultz.

FALLS AT THE HEAD OF TUOLUMNE CANON



LOOKING ACROSS THE LOWER END OF HETCH-HETCHY VALLEY—TUEFULALA AND WAPAMA



Hetchy advocates have proclaimed that damming the Hetch-Hetchy Valley will enhance its scenery by converting it into a beautiful mountain lake. The first answer to this bit of sophistry is that in the surrounding mountains countless beautiful lakes abound, while there is only one Hetch-Hetchy Valley. Once destroy its floor by flooding, and unequaled camp grounds that will accommodate thousands of persons will be obliterated. The walls are so precipitous that it could not be viewed with ease and comfort except from a very few places and from the artificial scar at the dam site, which is far removed from the more beautiful portions of the Valley. If one could not live and camp on the floor of the Valley and enjoy its wonders at leisure, how many would take the long trip to see a reservoir from a dam?

And then, too, we must remember that it is a storage reservoir that will be constructed and as soon as the spring freshets are over the stored water will be drawn from, for all the natural flow of the Tuolumne, to the amount of one billion five hundred million gallons daily, must be allowed to pass on down the river to the irrigationists, according to the terms of the Secretary's permit. This will lower the water level and expose an unsightly and ill-smelling margin of slime and decay. As John Muir has so forcibly expressed it, "a mountain temple will be turned into a mountain sepulchre." Some of the Hetch-Hetchy advocates have denied that this will result, but it merely betrays their ignorance, for we would not charge them with so serious an offense as willful misrepresentation. I have bathed on the shores of Lake Eleanor at half a dozen different places and at each place the lake bottom near the shore and but a few feet in depth was rank with aquatic growth and what is commonly known as "green slime." If the level of Lake Eleanor had been lowered but a few feet, this unsightly margin would be exposed and the odor of decaying vegetation would be insufferable. Lake Eleanor is but four miles from Hetch-Hetchy Valley in a direct line and is 1000 feet higher in altitude. With a greater amount of sunlight and heat reflected from the vertical walls the conditions for the growth of algae will be vastly more favorable in an artificial reservoir in the Valley than at Lake Eleanor. Let anyone visit the Kern Lakes in the Kern Canyon who wants to see what would occur in the Hetch-Hetchy Valley in the way of aquatic growth, and then imagine what would happen if the water were drawn off, even partially, and the growth left exposed to decay.

A leading apologist for the Hetch-Hetchy scheme has likened it to the Los Angeles-Owens River project. It is not a happy comparison. With sound economic sense Los Angeles first utilized to the fullest limit all nearby sources of supply. She then went to a

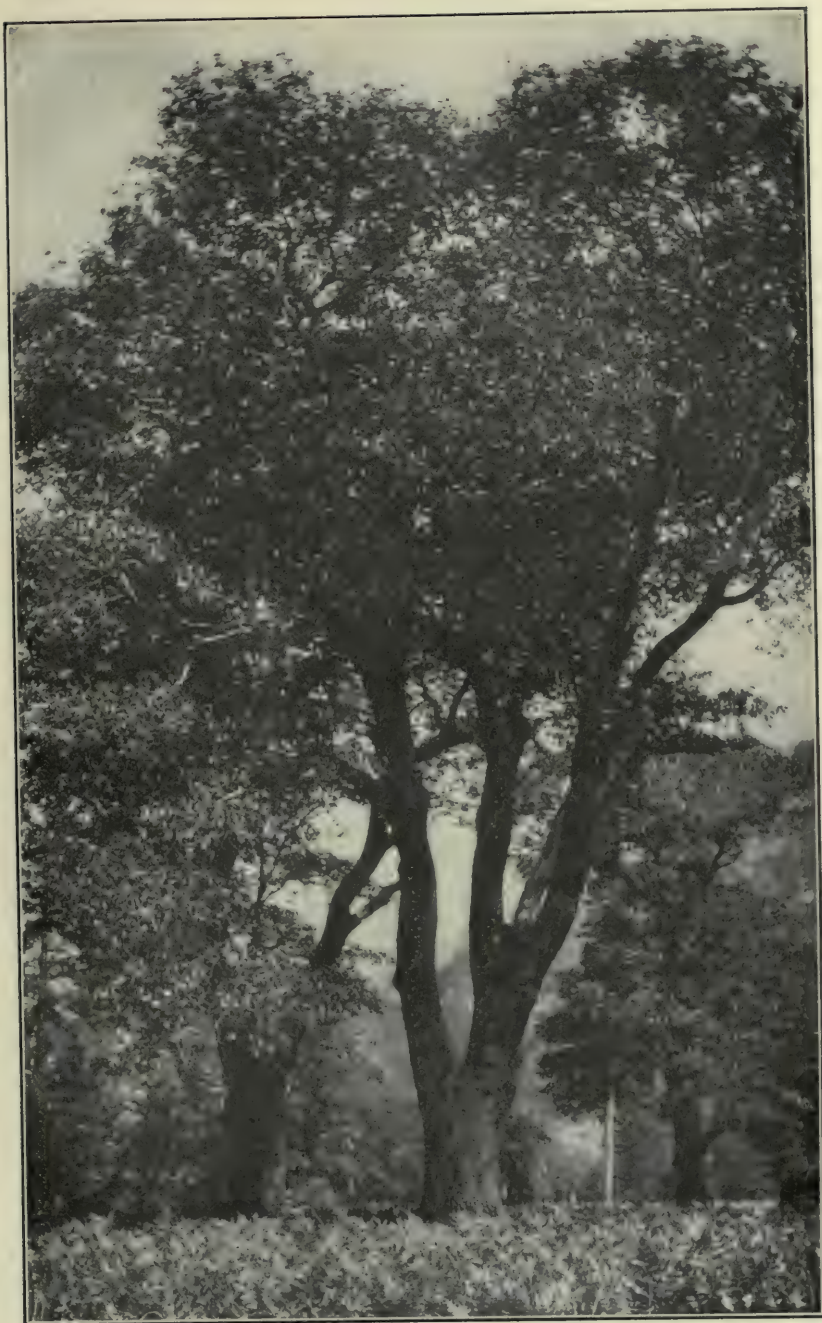
perfectly legitimate source in the National Forest Reserve, where there are no scenic beauties to be destroyed, and, like a self-respecting city, bought and paid for all conflicting rights and claims.

On the other hand, the coterie at present in the saddle in San Francisco has ignored and left behind her present source of supply, capable, according to Engineer Grunsky and Prof. Geo. Davidson, of being developed to a daily capacity of over 109,000,000 gallons—three times her present consumption; they have ignored and shut out from consideration the legitimate sources of supply in the forest reserves of the Sierras and the Coast range; and with the mercenary hope of getting something for nothing they seek the rape of this fairest virgin valley of Yosemite National Park.

The chief proponent of the Hetch-Hetchy scheme has said that travel to the Tuolumne Meadows would not be greatly interfered with and that danger of pollution would be less than on other watersheds. He evidently judges by the present alone. This might possibly be true if the travel into the Meadows never increased, but bear in mind that in the last decade travel has increased ten-fold and bids fair to increase in the future in still greater proportion. The State Road from Mono County up the Eastern slope of the Sierra is nearly completed. It will connect with the old Tioga Mining Road and will undoubtedly be one of the great highways of travel crossing the Sierra, passing through the Tuolumne Meadows and crossing the main river. It is manifest that any of the other available sources, all of which are protected by Forest Reserves, will be subject to less liability of contamination than will the Tuolumne supply with its constantly increasing travel.

Moreover, all the great authorities on the subject of sanitation of municipal water supplies, including J. Horace McFarland, President of the American Civic Association, differ with the proponents of this scheme and agree that the use of Hetch-Hetchy as a reservoir for a municipal supply will mean the eventual exclusion of the traveling public from the entire watershed, embracing the finest half of the park. Looking into the future, we must realize that this irreconcilable and divided use of the watershed will mean continual warfare with the municipal authorities, who would put forth an irresistible effort to effect rigid exclusion should an epidemic of typhoid occur in San Francisco. The other alternative, and the only procedure that self-respecting communities will follow, when in a few years this question of sanitation is thoroughly understood, will be the careful filtration of all municipal water supplies. If this is to be resorted to, what an enormous saving to the tax-payers of San Francisco would result from taking the water from the San Joaquin, where it is at all times freely available, and pumping it over the Coast Range





—Photo by F. M. Fultz.

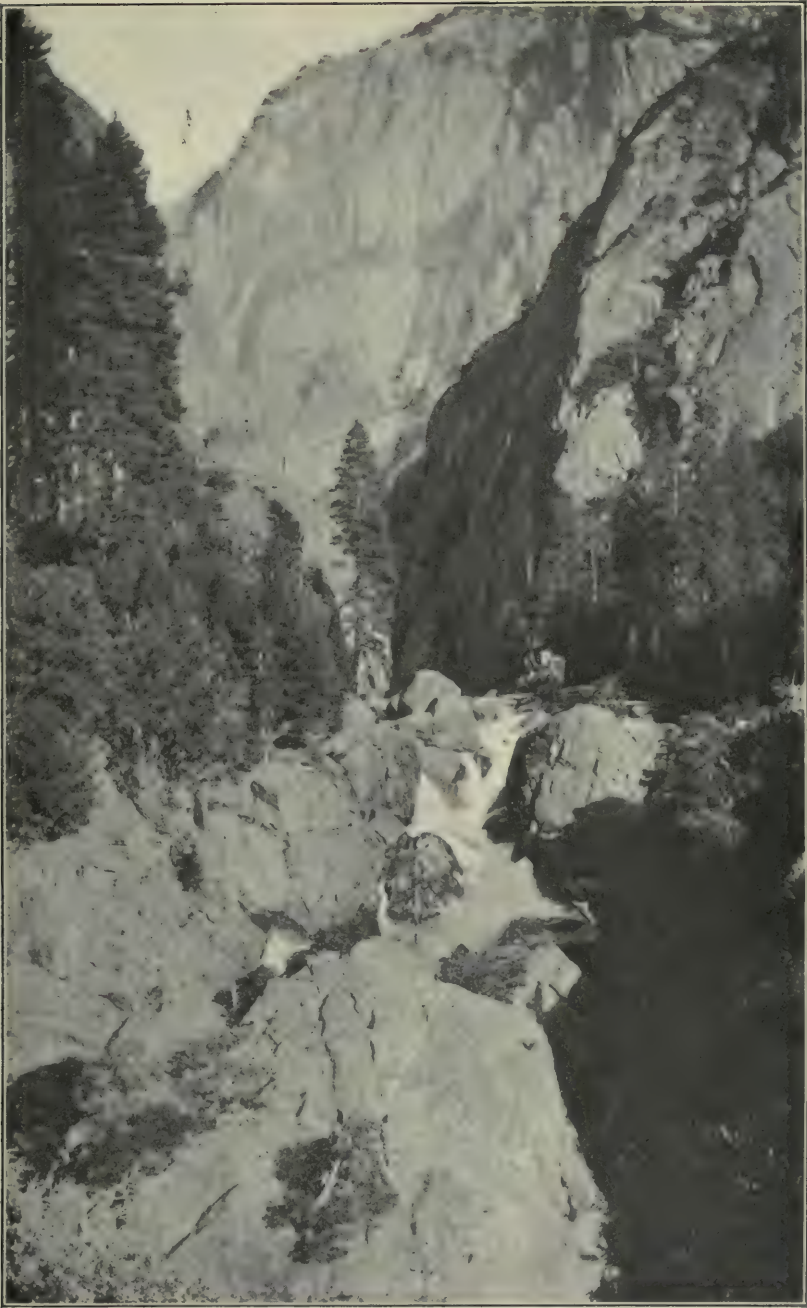
GIANT OAKS IN THE FERN GARDENS OF HETCH-HETCHY

at times and to the amounts needed, saving the entire enormous expenditure of the impounding works in the Sierra and the conduit system as proposed to its crossing of the San Joaquin. And for the filtration of a supply so obtained there is available in the city's present system a great reservoir, the base of which is said to be an enormous gravel bed, through which as a natural filter 200,000,000 gallons daily could be passed.

The advocates of the Hetch-Hetchy Valley as a source of supply seem to overlook and leave the uninformed public without the realization that the use of water for the development of power does not destroy or consume it—it still exists and persists on its way to the sea. Their continued consideration of the Hetch-Hetchy source alone and their persistent ignoring of all the other possible sources of water, which the merest tyro must admit exist in the many rivers of the Sierra Nevada and the Coast Range, and which can be seen upon consulting any good map, have given rise to the surmise that it is not entirely and merely water that these zealous advocates of this one source are so persistently seeking, but that in addition the enormous power to be developed is directly or indirectly the ulterior object sought. When the list of sources described in this article is considered, it will be seen that from two of them continuous flows of water have been developed and will be necessarily maintained by the two Power Companies who have been at such enormous expense to impound and store the waters necessary to produce the uniform amount of power throughout the year. From the tail races of these two systems will flow uniform quantities of enormous daily amount, gathered in the snows of Forest Reserves far remote from visitation, resort or habitation, and unquestionably as pure in quality as any possible natural sources of supply. And even these two systems as outlined both carry the possibility of further filtration and purification when deemed necessary, through natural gravel beds of great extent.

This naturally leads to the enumeration of other available sources of supply. Mr. Phelan, one of the leading proponents of the Hetch-Hetchy scheme, testified before the Senate Committee on Public Lands that "there are no less than half a dozen water supplies from the Sierras." Professor Marx, one of the city's eminent experts, has given it as his judgment that there is not sufficient information now available, upon which to base an opinion as to the comparative merits of the various Sierra sources. Among the several systems that in the matters of cost, and amount and purity of water will compare favorably with the Hetch-Hetchy project, is that of the Stanislaus Power Company, which, as above noted, is as vitally interested in storing sufficient water in reservoirs above the tail race and equalizing the





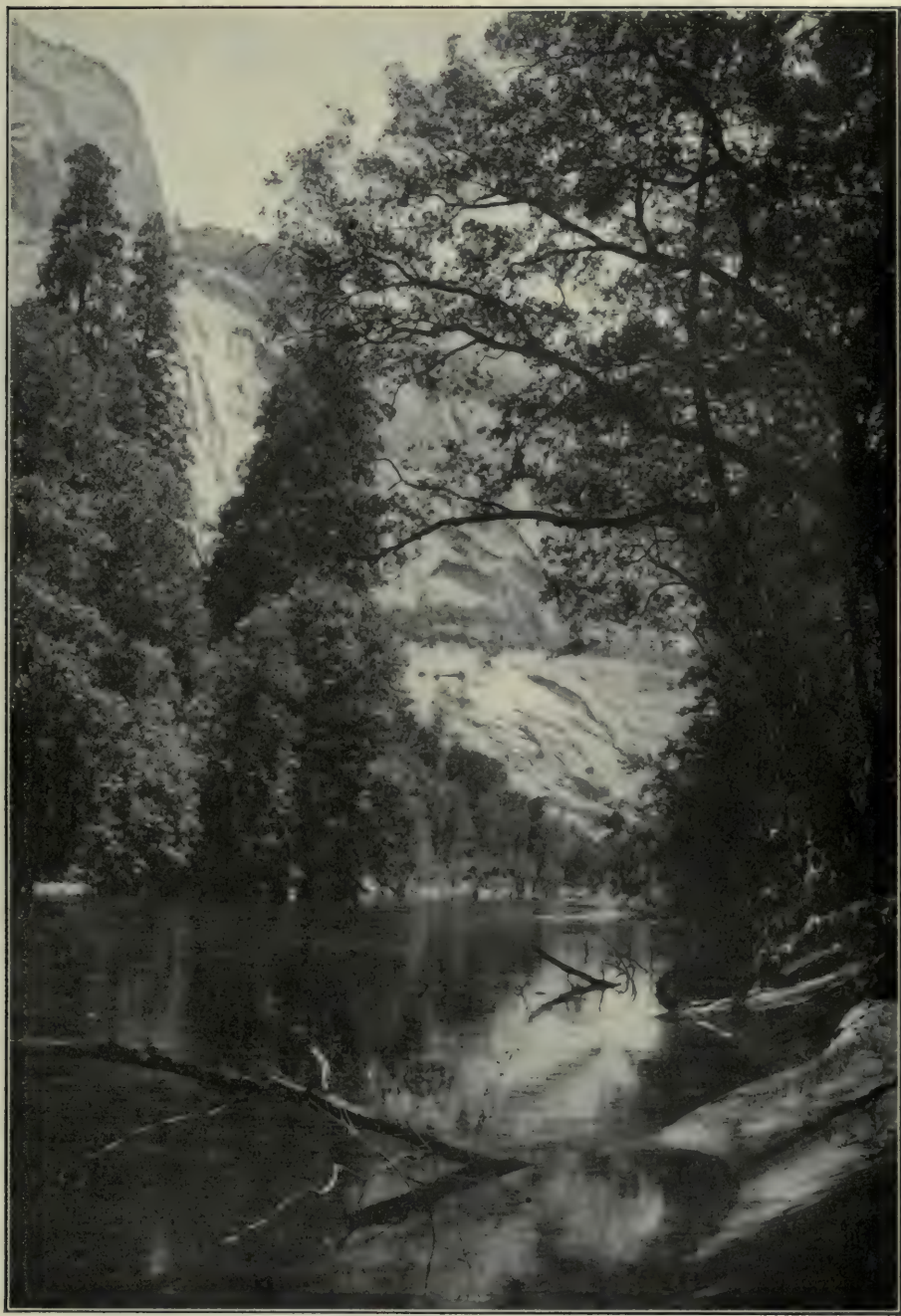
—Copyright, 1908, by F. M. Fultz.  
MUIR GORGE, TUOLUMNE CANON

flow of the river to make it as nearly uniform as possible throughout the year, as could be the city of San Francisco. A continuous maximum flow of water is essential to the successful operation of their power plant. They have already constructed dams and will in time construct others so as to store a quantity of water in excess of that which can be stored in Hetch-Hetchy Valley. How simple to divert this continuous flow of water that has already been reservoirized, and use it for a municipal supply. The power rights above the tail race are held in private ownership, it is true; but, as we have suggested above, the generation of electric power does not consume and destroy in some mysterious manner, the passing water, as the assertions of certain of the Hetch-Hetchy advocates would lead us to believe. Until the water itself is actually put to some beneficial use, it cannot be subjected to private ownership and others prevented from using it. The rights along the Stanislaus River below the Power Company's tail race, as I am informed by one who has made a careful examination of the situation, are few and of minor importance. There are none but could be easily condemned or purchased outright at a comparatively small figure. These rights on the Stanislaus do not begin to compare in importance with the private rights that have already attached to the Tuolumne River below Hetch-Hetchy. One billion five hundred million gallons per day of natural flow has been guaranteed the Turlock and Modesto Irrigation districts by the City of San Francisco, not to mention the right to augment this natural flow by storage, which right of storage is only limited by available reservoir sites. These will increase indefinitely as the science of engineering advances.

Since the recent decision of *Miller & Lux vs. Madera Water Co.*, the city will have to condemn all the riparian rights on the Tuolumne, which the Supreme Court has held attach to flood waters as well as to minimum flow. These are much more important on the Tuolumne than on the Stanislaus, where there is greater rainfall and a less area of irrigable land. The Stanislaus company once offered to build a complete transmission system and deliver to the City of San Francisco for actual cost plus ten per cent, a maximum supply of water equal to any possible requirements and to guarantee all titles under satisfactory bond.

We can reasonably assume that the cost of the Stanislaus project would be about the same as the Hetch-Hetchy, and if anything would be slightly less. In actual distance the Stanislaus project would appear to have a slight advantage over the Hetch-Hetchy. Mr. Manson has made the same allowance of 10 per cent and added it to the cost of actual construction of the Hetch-Hetchy project. The Stanislaus River heads in a granite country similar in its character-





—Photo by J. N. Le Conte.

THE TUOLUMNE FLOWS IN TRANQUIL BEAUTY THROUGH THE HETCH-HETCHY.

istics to the Tuolumne and is protected by a Forest Reserve. It is to be noted in this connection that the Forest Reserve Use Book contains the following provision:

"The Forest Service aims to improve and protect the forest cover of watersheds within National Forests on which adjacent cities and towns are dependent for their water supply."

Another possible source for San Francisco that has never received a complete and exhaustive investigation, but which the data now available tend strongly to indicate will cost much less than the Hetch-Hetchy project, is the South fork of the Eel River. The Snow Mountain Power and Water Company has already diverted the flow of this river through a tunnel, and allows the water to escape into the Russian River after generating power. This water flows down the natural channel of the Russian River fifty or sixty miles, and can be diverted near Cloverdale after being filtered through extensive natural gravel beds that exist in that vicinity. The water can then be taken in a pipe line and run by gravity along near the Northwestern Pacific Railroad grade to tide water on San Pablo Bay. The distance would be less than two-thirds of the length of the proposed Hetch-Hetchy line and being a gravity system running close to a railroad would mean an enormous saving in cost of pipe line and transportation of materials necessary for construction. The crossing of San Pablo Bay would be a simple matter and small expense compared with the crossing of the San Joaquin Valley and the pumping over the Coast Range at Altamont, as would have to be done in the case of the Hetch-Hetchy system.

A. M. Hunt, an eminent engineer, has estimated that 60,000,000 gallons per day can be brought to San Francisco from this source for approximately \$12,000,000, or for a little more than a third of what the city engineer has estimated it would cost to bring in the same amount from the Hetch-Hetchy system. The amount of water can be increased to 200,000,000 gallons per day when required. There is ample storage on the Eel River, its source is on Snow Mountain and vicinity, it is protected by a Forest Reserve, and there is little habitation on the watershed, either present or prospective. All danger of contamination is effectually eliminated by the filtering above mentioned. This is an ideal and cheap source for Berkeley, Oakland and Alameda, since the pipe line could be brought through these cities on its way to the San Francisco peninsula reservoirs.

It is doubtful if any city in the world of her size has more available sources than has San Francisco. Eminent hydraulic engineers have endorsed many of the following sources from which San Francisco can obtain a water supply:

- (1) The Spring Valley Water Works' supplies—Lake Merced,





—Photo by J. N. Le Conte.

THE SUBLIME ROCKS OF ITS WALLS GLOW WITH LIFE.

Pilarcitos, San Andreas and Crystal Springs, Portola, San Gregorio and west slope drainage, Alameda Creek, Pleasanton Wells, Sunol Gravels, Calaveras Creek, San Antonio Creek. etc., and to these it is possible to add Purissima, Pescadero, etc.

- (2) Lake Tahoe.
- (3) Yuba River.
- (4) Feather River.
- (5) American River.
- (6) Sacramento River.
- (7) Eel River.
- (8) Cache Creek (Clear Lake).
- (9) San Joaquin River.
- (10) Stanislaus River.
- (11) Mokelumne River.
- (12) Tuolumne River.
- (13) Bay Shore Gravels.
- (14) Bay Cities Water Company's resources.

We do not contend that all of these sources are available and desirable, but many of them are.

The endangered portion of the Park, the Tuolumne watershed, includes the Hetch-Hetchy Valley, the Grand Canyon of the Tuolumne and the Tuolumne Meadows. Through the latter pass many important trails—to Mono Pass, to Donohue Pass, to Leevining Pass, to Tuolumne Pass, to Matterhorn Canyon, to Tuolumne Canyon and to Yosemite by way of the Sunrise Trail and the Tioga Road. Encircling it, and therefore a part of the watershed that must be protected, are Cathedral Peak, Unicorn, Rafferty, McClure, Lyell, the Kuna Crest, Gibbs, Dana and Conness—in short, the greatest, most glorious mountains of the Park, save only Ritter, which lies beyond the watershed indeed, but whose only practicable approach for the ordinary traveler is by way of the Meadows and Donohue Pass.

But this great Upper Tuolumne Valley is not only the highway to scenes of wonder and beauty, it is itself a spacious region of enchantment that lures the traveler back to it again and again. For twenty miles the verdant meadows, studded with countless flowers, follow the sparkling river. Groves of tamaracks, stretching down from the heavily wooded walls of the basin that slope to meet the high gray, snow-crowned peaks, here and there invade the level of the meadows, offering hospitable shelter to campers innumerable. Trout are abundant, the pasturage for pack animals is the best in the Sierra, the delicious mineral springs near Lambert's Dome are alone attraction enough for thousands of visitors. Above all, the clear, bright unbroken sunshine of the California summer makes a





—Photo by E. T. Parsons.  
SUNRISE IN HETCH-HETCHY VALLEY

paradise for the out-of-door man that no other mountain parkland affords.

Below the Meadows the Tuolumne River plunges into the narrow gorge of the Grand Canyon. Here the charm of the wide meadow and the exhilaration of the high, open country is changed to the wilder grandeur of stern, boldly sculptured cliffs and the roar and thunder of mighty cataracts. Four thousand feet the river bed falls in a horizontal distance of less than ten miles, while the walls maintain their average elevation of 8500 feet and rise in occasional spires and domes to 9700 feet. Were a thousand feet added to the Yosemite walls, and were they set closer together by half the present width of the valley floor, they would fail to attain the height and towering majesty of some of the Tuolumne cliffs.

Nor are the lesser beauties of forest and meadow wanting. All the charm of tree, plant and animal life is to be found at intervals in the level stretches of cañon floor that are set between its more rugged sections. Here are little gem-like meadows, forest fringed, benched on occasional level margins. Through these runs the centuries-old cañon trail, the highway of generations of deer and bear, for the lack of any fire scars in these woodland patches shows that the Indians never traversed the rugged cañon. Only in a widening out of the cañon approached by trails from the upland region to the north is found the human and historical interest in the traces of old Indian encampments to be seen amid the oak orchards of Pate Valley, a gem of cañon scenery about midway between Hetch-Hetchy and the Meadows. Bear and deer are here plentiful, and more trout are to be seen than in any other river of the Sierra, save, possibly, the Kern.

This cañon, as yet traversed by few, has never been adequately photographed nor described. In the opinion of John Muir and others who have seen it, its majestic grandeur of cliff and crag, its variety of cataract and waterfall, the softened beauty of its hospitable camping spots in wooded glen and grassy bench—all will make it rival the most celebrated scenic resorts of the world when a horse trail and eventually a road through its length opens it to the park travel.

Shall this matchless region, where the voice of Nature whispers in softest harmony and anon rises to thunder tones, where countless charms of form and color glisten in the sun, where rugged grandeur and delicate tracery appear in endless panorama to rejoice the eye—shall this be forever closed and barred from the enjoyment of the present and of posterity?

Passing from the Tuolumne cañon into Hetch-Hetchy is like entering a haven of peace after a storm. Here, too, are stern granite



cliffs and the sound of falling waters, but here we do not need to live so close under the shadow of the frowning walls nor feel the ground tremble with the cataract's force. Instead, we move through a wonderful garden, shoulders abrush with tall grasses or the yellow blossoms of the evening primrose, through wonderful groves of fir, of pine, of libocedrus, or of giant oaks. Here are spacious, beautiful camping grounds for thousands beside the smoothly flowing river, with vistas through the trees of tall Kolana Dome, of the mighty Hetch-Hetchy Fall, or of delicate Tueeulala. Here is a garden of paradise, shut in from the troubled outside world by blue-creviced cliffs, lurking place of mysterious shadows by day; by night, when the moon shines, a realm of ghostly phantasy, where fairies might weave their fabric of dreams.

This valley has charmed the souls of John Muir, Joseph Le Conte, William Keith, and Harriet Monroe, master artists of pen and brush—this is the Valley that is belittled and misrepresented by the advocates of an unworthy cause.

---

## THE LINNET

By ISABEL BELLMAN.

ON topmost bough a lilting linnet sings.  
He may not be a thought's space nearer God  
Than I that tread so heavily the sod,  
And yet I crave his ecstasy—his wings.

From lifted throat—pulsating waywardly—  
Into the far blue fleets that bubbling wave.  
Doth ear celestial hear, and likewise crave  
The topmost bough—those wings—that ecstasy?

Craven, to cavil at these feet that plod!  
Behold, my soul hath taken buoyant wing,  
And with the lilting linnet, it doth sing  
In kindred faith and joyance unto God.

Berkeley, Cal.



## THE BEGINNING OF SAN FRANCISCO

By ROBERT E. COWAN.

*"Serene, indifferent of Fate,  
Thou sittest at the Western Gate."*—Harte.



ALTHOUGH written two decades earlier by California's gifted poet, these lines were never more true than on that beauteous fateful morning in April, 1906, which witnessed the tragic passing of San Francisco. Calm and indifferent in her splendid isolation, regal and glorious, the great metropolis of the Pacific sat serenely on the edge of the Western world. Other cities have borne a greater antiquity; have possessed more ancient institutions and a longer tradition; but few have had a greater wealth of romance or a more remarkable history than has had San Francisco, and which she has justly inherited from her sovereign mother, California.

Among the many colonies of Spain, California was one early discovered, even within half a century after the first voyage of the great navigator, Columbus. It is only one of the many strange features in its unique history that the name California was known long before the territory was actually discovered. A long-forgotten romance, the *"Sergas de Esplandian,"* written by Ordoñez de Montalvo, had been published in Sevilla as early as 1510. This author, fertile in imagination and gifted in powers of description, has recorded that California was an island "on the right hand of



THE EARLIEST KNOWN PICTURE OF THE MISSION AT SAN FRANCISCO,  
TAKEN ABOUT 1854.



the Indies, very near the Terrestrial Paradise," and inhabited by Amazons, griffins and other strange creatures, invented by a riotous imagination. This old romance in its time was popular and much read, and without doubt the newly-discovered territory was given its name by some member of one of the early exploring expeditions.

Following the unsuccessful expedition of Cortez, and the doubtful attempts of Ulloa, Alarcon, and Melchor Diaz, who possibly saw California from the Colorado River, Upper, or (as the Spanish explorers named it) Alta California, was discovered on the 28th of September, 1542, by Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo. This explorer, with his pilot, Ferrelo, came from Navidad, in Mexico, in command of two Spanish vessels. He discovered a "land-locked and very good harbor," which he named San Miguel, and located in latitude 34 deg. 20 min. The descriptions and bearings taken from his original report are neither entirely correct nor consistent with later knowledge, but it is conceded that this bay where he stopped is what is now called San Diego Bay, and that he and his companions were the first white men ever to land upon the territory now known as California.

Cabrillo's exploration proceeded northward, touching at various points until Cape Mendocino was reached. On his return to San Miguel, Cabrillo, who had previously suffered a severe injury, died on the 3rd of January, 1543, and was fittingly placed to rest within the soil of the famous territory of his memorable discovery.

During the next sixty years, four explorers visited and sailed along the California coast, and from the death of Cabrillo until 1769 all knowledge of California is founded upon the reports of these four expeditions. Francis Drake, "the master thiefe of the Unknowne World," came to California in 1579. His voyage is widely known and much has been written concerning it, especially of his reputed discovery of the Bay of San Francisco. Although he sailed past along the coast as near as the Farallones, it has been disproved conclusively that he entered the bay or ever saw it. The name, "Francis Drake's Bay," was confused by the old geographers with "San Francisco" and "St. Francis," with the result that some of the old maps show the existence of "St. Francis Drake's Bay." According to some of the biographers of Sir Francis, his character and attributes were scarcely those essential to canonization. The failure of Drake and others to discover the Bay of San Francisco has been attributed to the heavy fogs that envelop and conceal the entrance to the Golden Gate.

Francisco de Gali explored the coast of California in 1584, Sebastian Rodriguez de Cermeñon in 1595, and Sebastian Vizcaino in 1602-03. Of the expeditions of the two former but little is known

Vizcaino discovered the Bay of Monterey, which he named, calling it the "Famous Port of Monterey."

With the exception of that of Drake, the narratives of these early explorers are somewhat meager in details and contain comparatively little of description. As might be expected, the landfalls are more or less fully described, with the sailing directions and observations and soundings. Details regarding the character of the country, its inhabitants and its natural history are not so complete, although in this direction the information contained in the account of Vizcaino's voyage is more extensive than that found in the narratives of the others. Francisco de Gali has described Cape Mendocino, although it appears to have been named at a much earlier period. Drake's account has been issued in many forms and is easily accessible, but the narratives of the others never appeared separately and are to be found only in collected works, like those of Torquemada and Herrera.

It is entirely in accord with the strange history of California that from the time of Vizcaino in 1602 to the first colonization in 1769, the territory remained unvisited and unknown. Explorers of the early 18th century—Edward Cooke, Shelvocke, Betagh, Anson and others—had sailed along the coast of Lower California, but made no effort to explore higher latitudes. The object of the Spanish expeditions had been to find a suitable port for the Philippine ships, and a watering place; possibly also to discover the mythic Straits of Anian. The English had in view solely conquest and the discovery of a Northwest Passage, and California did not present great attractions, being described as an inhospitable country, barren and desolate, peopled by savages and unfitted to sustain life.

The first attempt to settle and colonize Upper California was made in 1769. This was a partial awakening from the long indifference which the Spanish-Mexican authorities had displayed. The expulsion of the Jesuits in 1767 had in a measure centered the attention of the realm upon the Lower Californian settlements, and the extending explorations of the Russians upon the northwest coast of America caused Spain to have some apprehension for her northern frontiers. Expeditions were formed to proceed by land and sea. The expedition by sea was unfortunate in every respect and an utter failure. Over two-thirds of the crew died from the effects of scurvy, and the vessels, the *San Antonio* and the *San Carlos*, suffered severely from the storms they encountered.

The land expeditions were two in number. The first, under Captain Fernando Rivera y Moncada, accompanied by Padre Juan Crespi, reached San Diego on the 14th of May, 1769. The second, commanded by Gaspar de Portolá (destined to become Governor of the territory), accompanied by Padre Junípero Serra, arrived on



the 1st of July. After Serra's arrival but little time was lost; for on the 11th of July, 1769, the Mission of San Diego was founded. Three days later, on July 14th, Portolá with nearly all his forces marched northward, Monterey being the point of destination. With him were the officers José Francisco Ortega and Pedro Fages, the engineer Miguel Costansó, Padres Juan Crespí and Francisco Gomez, and the various other members of the expedition, forming in all a company of sixty-four persons. Although it is supposed that they had Cabrera Bueno's Navegacion with them, either by miscalculation or failure to observe carefully the directions, the port of Monterey was passed and the expedition in its search reached the Peninsula of San Francisco. Here, on the 7th of November, 1769, Padre Juan Crespí, who was virtually in command, saw the outer Bay of San Francisco, but was unaware of the fact and did not record it as a discovery.

On the return, after many tedious delays in journeying and re-journeying, the Mission and Presidio of San Carlos Borromeo de Monterey was founded on June 3, 1770. Padres Serra and Crespí had accompanied the expedition and they assumed charge of the Mission. A few humble huts were erected on a site surveyed by Costansó, the engineer, and all were enclosed by palisades. Salutes were fired and thanksgiving masses were celebrated, the news was dispatched to San Diego, and, as an eminent historian has said, "men then came to California with a view to live and die here."

Of these several expeditions there are numerous accounts extant, some having been printed and others remaining in the original manuscript form. A considerable portion of the narratives, being observations of distances, altitudes and bearings, may be found somewhat tedious, but among the description is much of great interest. The character of the country and all of its natural features, particularly the manners and customs of the Indians, forms entertaining reading. Curious details abound, and not infrequently differences of opinion. In a letter to Padre Andrés, dated June 11, 1770, Padre Crespí says: "On the 31st of May, eight days after our arrival, the vessel (*San Antonio*) was sighted near Point Pinos. \* \* \* They cast anchor the same night in six fathoms, and the Captain of the mail boat was in Monte-rey. \* \* \* It is a most famous Port, according to what the sailors say." Two days later (June 13th) he writes to Padre Junípero Serra, "The mail boat *San Antonio* arrived, and cast anchor in this horrible Port of Monterey."

The hardships endured on these expeditions were frequently severe. The food was coarse and often scant, the roads rough and sometimes nearly impassable, the weather inclement, and not in-

Monterey 26 March 1779

Al Caro De Lerma

En este día se hizo notoria la  
R. oñ que antecede en el cita  
do R. oñ de que Certifico

Hecho

San, M. E. Abril 2 1779.

Este día se hizo notoria la R.  
oñ que antecede en el citado R. oñ  
sidio, E. que Certifico Como Ten. y Com.

Joseph Moraga

Misión de N. S. J. San. 16 de  
Abril de 1779.

Se publico la Orden de S. M.  
que antecede en este R. oñ  
de que certifico.

R. oñ. de Lerma



frequently the members of the expedition were overtaken by sickness, Padre Serra himself being a constant sufferer.

After the founding of Monterey, other settlements were formed and other missions established, many Indians had been baptized, colonization was progressing, and the history of California had begun. Of the leader of the first expedition in 1769, but little is known, less indeed than of any of his officers or the padres who accompanied him. Among the characters of those earliest days of California after her settlement, the figure of Gaspar de Portolá is a shadowy one. He was, until July 9, 1770, the first ruler of California, rather as military commandant than Governor, after which he returned to Mexico, and it is not known that he ever revisited California. Nine years later he was Governor of Puebla, Mexico, and then is lost to history.

Meantime the Bay of San Francisco, with its superb beauty and its great future possibilities, was unknown. No craft had yet crossed the Golden Gate, no keel had yet disturbed its silent depths, and no eye, save that of the aborigine, had ever gazed upon the glorious sweep of its length and breadth. Padre Crespi had seen the outer bay in 1769; José Francisco Ortega had explored part of the Peninsula of San Francisco; Pedro Fages in 1772 from the Berkeley hills had gazed through the Golden Gate, but beyond this nothing of the bay was known, and its city, destined to be its great metropolis, was unfounded. San Francisco, almost the last and greatest child of Spain's declining grandeur and fading glory, was unborn.

Several expeditions of exploration had been made, and the general locality having attracted a wider attention, an overland journey of great importance was undertaken, the results of which were more extensive than any as yet accomplished. This was the expedition in which Juan Bautista de Anza, accompanied by Padre Pedro Font, had in the early part of 1776 reached the Peninsula of San Francisco. The direct object of this expedition was to find a site upon which to establish a presidio and to build a mission at San Francisco. Anza and Padre Font returned to Lower California, but an order dated November 12, 1775, had come from Bucareli, the Viceroy of Mexico, wherein he gave directions for the foundation of a fort, presidio and mission on the Bay of San Francisco.

On the 17th of June, 1776, an overland expedition was formed at Monterey. It was under the command of José Joaquin Moraga, and with him were Padres Palou and Cambon. The other members of the party were one sergeant, sixteen soldiers and seven settlers, all of whom were married and accompanied by their families. With these also were a number of servants, herdsmen and drovers, for

they brought with them about two hundred head of cattle, together with the pack-train with provisions and the equipage necessary for the road. They arrived without delay on the 27th of June. A site near what is now that of the mission was found and formal settlement was made June 29, 1776. This historic event, five days before that of American Independence, was the founding of the city of San Francisco. Some time earlier, when several of the missions had already been established, Padre Junípero Serra had expressed his desire that one should be named in honor of San Francisco de Assisi, the founder of the Franciscan order to which Padres Serra and Palou both belonged, and so San Francisco received its name. The military establishment of the Presidio took place on September 17th, and the founding of the Mission bears date from October 8th of the same year.

The ceremonies took place in the afternoon. Padre Palou and his associates, Comandante Moraga and his soldiers, all the male colonists, and most of the crew of the *San Carlos*, assisted at the solemn function. A procession was formed headed by Padre Palou, who carried an image of the Seraphic San Francisco, which he placed upon the altar. With firing of musketry, the procession marched from the Presidio to the Mission site, where Padre Palou, assisted by the others, chanted a mass, and delivered a sermon upon the life and character of San Francisco de Assisi, the patron saint of the Fort, the Presidio, and the Mission, after which general feasting took place in the refectory. This was the beginning of San Francisco.

Of the original buildings in the Presidio, no trace now remains, though the site is the original one. A history of the old Presidio of San Francisco would form a large part of the history of California, for it was among the earliest of the Spanish establishments in this State, and its Comandantes governed a large part of its territory. Its inception was military, as has been its entire history. Three flags have waved over it, the flags of Spain, Mexico, and the United States, and the flags of three other powerful nations, England, France and Russia, if they have not thrown their shadows, have hovered very near. Among the ancient guns that formerly served as posts was one that bore the date of 1673, and the following inscription, which, although of cabalistic appearance, is readily decipherable:

GOVERNAN DOLOSSENO RESEDELARE ALAUDIEN CIADELIMA
--

The original mission building, undisturbed by the many tempests



of earth and air, still stands, the sole venerable landmark of San Francisco. The tangled vine-covered old graveyard adjoins, in which it is said ten thousand of our early population have found their last resting place. The Mission has undergone some restoration, but the original building as founded by Padre Palou remains almost unchanged and carefully conserved. The venerable padre, one of the ablest and most learned in all the annals of California, passed to rest in Mexico about 1790, having reached the allotted threescore and ten.

In the later annals of San Francisco there is a fabulous wealth of romantic history, some of which has been written, but much of which awaits the writers both of romance and history, and into which rich field we have not strayed.

In a few months will take place a festival which, as a commemoration of these early events, will mean much to San Francisco. The Portolá Festival is so designated, not because Portolá discovered the Bay of San Francisco or ever even saw it, or because he was concerned in the founding of its city. He had no part in any of these great events, but his memory has been justly honored because he led successfully and ably the first of those expeditions which later, in 1776, resulted in the foundation of what was, and soon again will be, the most beautiful city beside all the Western Ocean.

"Thou drawest all things, small or great,  
To thee, beside the Western Gate."

San Francisco.

---

## Song of the Sheep Shearers

By JESSIE DAVIES WILLDY.

**T**HERE, shearing sheep in the bright summer weather,  
Young Juan, and Rodriguez, and Pedro José,  
Bright glint the shears, and the white wool is flying,  
Under the shed where the frisky lambs play.

At noon, when the sun gleams as red as the cactus,  
And yucca-blooms droop by the white 'dobe wall,  
A dish of "frijoles," a corn-husk "cigarro,"  
And a rest in the shade where the mocking-birds call.

At night, when the flock is turned out in the pasture,  
And the slim moon shines white o'er the plain far away,  
The shearers sleep sound till the early "mañana,"  
Young Juan, and Rodriguez, and Pedro José.

Colorado Springs.

## THE FABULOUS

By R. C. PITZER.

### CHAPTER V.

#### DAD WELCOME.



THE Sawtooth Range with its flanking hills stretches east and west, from where the mountains first spring into being above the bleak prairies and lava plains, to lose itself finally in the Continental Divide. Almost parallel with the Sawtooth, but some thirty miles away, runs the Liver Ridge Mountain chain, in whose heart stood the golden mushroom called Pactolus City. The broken and uneven plateau lying between these ranges in Saw Valley, down which runs the Saw River, swelling with the waters of tributary streams, until at last it flows out past the mountains, tortuously crosses bare expanses of billowing tufa, and pours itself into the brown flood of Lava River. The west end of the valley is blocked by the towering peaks of the Great Divide, whose white vastnesses can be distinguished a hundred miles north or south. Saw River runs almost through the center of the valley; its north banks are broken and hilly, where trickling creeks wind down gravel beds and over long bare exposures of rock to dribble at length into the river; but the south banks are low and grassy, and toward the Sawtooth spread into frequent stretches of green and treacherous bogs.

There were numerous beaten ways traversing Saw Valley. The Kettleton trail went down from Pharos Peak and ran straight north to the Liver Ridge and Pactolus City, and in its course almost halved the valley. The Buster trail came down from the heights of the Great Divide, and, once fairly on the plateau, forked, one branch running southeast across the bogs until it met the Kettleton trail, the other clinging close to the Liver Ridge, where it soon lost itself behind a long "hogback," wormed its way between the foothill and the mountains, and twisted toward Pactolus City. There it joined the Kettleton trail, crossed the Liver Ridge Divide, and descended upon distant Fryingpan. The third beaten trail, closely clinging to Saw River, was to all intents a wagon road as well, for up this from the plains came the supply trains of the Downing Ranch and the mess wagons of the cowboys; and in the late spring and early fall the Downing herds lowed to summer grazing or to winter ranges.

Standing at the head of the pass above Hell's Door, with the prospectors' cabin on the slope behind him, and to his left hand the round heads of the Daisy Girl Peaks, Luke stared at the horizon of hills, his gaze wandering from peak to peak, from snowy range



to snowy range, now dropping into the dim valley at his feet, and now mounting treeless slopes to the scintillant crests of nearby Titans. Awe was upon him—his cheeks were flushed, his eyes were humid, and a tingling enthusiasm ran through his blood. A wintry gale was blowing, but he did not feel it. This indeed was Nature! In a flash he understood the deep fascination of prospecting. Not for gold could dumb men like Macdonald wear away their lives in the mountains, but for the mountains themselves.

Dow did not dismount; he turned his horse away from the wind, and sat listlessly, even as the animal drooped, the horse's tail and mane whipping the air, the man's neckerchief and shirt flapping against his chest.

"Had enough?" he asked at length. "The burros are getting restless. We'd better pike along."

Luke shook his head negatively. "I could die here," he almost whispered.

"Can't always arrange such matters to suit ourselves," Dow returned, with a rather wry smile. "I've had the same feeling from an opposite emotion."

"Where is the ranch?" Luke asked, staring below.

"Can't see any buildings from here. The house is about thirty miles northwest, pretty close to the Continental; the Kettleton branch of the Buster trail comes down past the corrals, and Saw River cuts the hay-farm in two." Dow turned his horse again until he faced the wind. "Ordinarily," he said, "we'd hit straight for the ranch, but at this time of the year the valley between is a bad bog formed by the snow water; it dries late in August and we get a good crop of wild hay. Our trail will have to be north to Saw River and the cattle road; as it is, we'll have some nasty land to cross. Forty miles of piking on this route. Ready?"

"Yes. Can we make it tonight?" Luke glanced at his watch. "It's not seven yet. We got off before sun-up, you know."

"We'll camp at the river," Dow grunted, and led the way down a steep and jagged gulch.

To Luke, already worn and sore from his long ride of the preceding day, the hours soon became toilsome and lengthening. Before noon he had lost all interest in his surroundings, and he rode after the burros in a lethargic stubbornness of spirit, and with a determination not to fall out of his saddle, but to follow wherever Dow should lead. At the noon camp he flung himself flat on the ground, but, despite his aching muscles, he felt content; a sense of satisfaction possessed him—a vague peace of mind that he had never known in the city.

Early in the afternoon the trail entered the spring bogs of the

valley. Dow had provided himself with long poles. More than once that afternoon one of the jacks stepped from the hardly discernible way to snatch a mouthful of the tempting new grass. Each time the small hoofs of the burro, borne down by the heavy weight on its back, plunged through quaking hillocks, until the animal became "bogged." Then would Dow Scammel swear with picturesque fervor. Belly-deep in the mud, the jack would snatch at the grass under its nose, while Luke and Dow would laboriously unpack it, run the poles under, and heave until they had bodily lifted the animal to the surface. Then, muddy, wet and tempestuous, they would whip the burro back to the trail, repack, and ride on—perhaps to repeat the performance in an hour. Luke that day learned many objurgations, and, before the afternoon ended, the most sulphurous phrases of Dow's extensive vocabulary seemed sweet to the ears of the tired and exasperated tenderfoot. Finally, at the very edge of the bog, the comedy was performed for the last time, and Luke emerged, dripping with icy water, while hot perspiration furrowed his dirty cheeks.

"I understand now," he gasped, "just what you fellows mean when you term a man a 'burro.' By the gods, if anybody ever calls me that I'll murder him."

"Thank heaven, we haven't any creeks to cross," Dow piously responded. "This isn't a circumstance to creeks. I've been delayed at a ford all afternoon by a dainty little jinny I could almost have carried over. Wouldn't wet her pretty footses. Built a fire under her, and she bolted down the back-trail. They're burros, all right. Talk about mules! In comparison a mule has wings."

Luke sighed wearily and grew silent again. The shadow fingers of the Great Divide were pointed to his very feet, and the red-rimmed sun looked tired and sleepy. Straight north a hedge of bare-branched and wintry-appearing cottonwoods and aspens marked Saw River, and Luke could now and again see where the waters flowed bank-high. As he looked, a white object caught his attention and he rode to Dow's side and pointed it out.

"Looks like a tent," he suggested. "Some of the prospectors are over here?"

Dow shook his head. "They don't sabe our trail. The first bunch got stalled at Cape Horn, no doubt, and couldn't have had time to come up the stream from where the trail crosses, east of us, even if they rode this way instead of hitting straight for Pactolus. Looks like a wagon-cover." He shaded his eyes. "Oh," he said, finally, "I guess it's Dad Welcome."

"Dad Welcome?"

"Yeh; one of the freaks of these parts."

"Expound," Luke commanded; "I'm interested."



"There's nothing to tell. Old peddler with a prairie schooner and a couple of horses. I've known him since I was knee-high. He drives in every spring from the plains, sells us a bunch of cheap truck, takes his wagon to the hanging tree and caches it, packs his horses, and pikes in to trade among the mining camps. Comes back in the fall with empty packs, and disappears down the cattle trail. Yes, I've known him all my life. He's bug."

"I don't quite sabe," Luke said, rolling the Spanish word on his tongue as if he enjoyed the smack of it. "He caches his wagon? I thought caching a thing was to dig a hole and hide it."

"It depends. He stacks his stuff in the wagon-bed, straps a tarpaulin over it, puts up a sign, and moseys. The boys 'u'd lynch anybody who monkeyed with it. We're not thieves."

"Do you still lynch people, then?"

"Never saw a bee, but they happen sometimes; it needs more provocation now than in the early days. We're Americans, that's all. Welcome is a rather odd chap; he will interest you. The fellows say he's loco, but I never could see much the matter with his mind, except when he's drunk. He boozes up now and again on his stock in trade."

"Oh!" Luke rather lost interest. "A traveling saloon? I see. I shouldn't fancy the Downings would care to have him near them. Don't your men patronize him?"

"He merely peddles a little moonshine on the q. t.; no harm in that, is there? He's licensed to sell tobacco, groceries, pots, pans, hardware, clothes, and the rest of such truck, but he keeps a few jugs of compressed suicide under the seat. My dad doesn't cotton to him; I remember years ago Dad ordered him out of the country. But Welcome went to Mrs. Downing and promised not to sell the booze to her men, so he was allowed to stay. He won't sell to any of us, except me. Coon and I are old pals of his."

"But the wagon isn't moving," Luke said after a time. "It's just where I first saw it."

"He's camped, I guess. He will probably drift in to see us tonight. As soon as we hit the water we'll stop and spread down our blankets. You're sore enough for one day?"

Luke sighed in acquiescence. The last half-mile lengthened itself until it seemed to the tired man that they must be riding into the Liver Ridge Mountains; and when at last the river was reached, Luke had lost interest, not only in Dad Welcome, but in everything except himself. He thought no more of the white-topped wagon, which stood perhaps a quarter of a mile farther down the trail, but he set his teeth together and painfully helped Dow unpack, unsaddle, and pitch the camp. Then he threw himself upon the

blankets under the tent, rather weakly permitting Dow to chop the wood, build the fire, and cook the supper. At last Dow called him, and he limped out to a seat on a horse-blanket beside the rubber poncho that served as a table.

"I'm a tenderfoot, all right," he confessed with a crooked smile; "I feel like I'd been through a flour mill. Sorry to let you do all the work, old man, but I'll make up by doing more than my share of the eating."

Dow laughed and passed his silver whisky-flask. "Take a mouthful," he persuaded, as Luke hesitated; "it'll straighten out the kinks and make you fit to wash the dishes. There's one time of day when I bless the old He that discovered booze, and that's before supper after a long hike."

"It isn't to be sneezed at," Luke confessed. "Pass the bacon, please, and throw me a plate or two of those biscuits. Um-m, that's good coffee! Glad I'm alive."

"The appetites of young men," said a low voice behind them, "remind me of range steers turned into a pasture."

Dow half turned. "Hello, Welcome," he said; "I thought you'd be over. Haven't seen you for a couple of years, have I? Take a drink."

"You weren't here last spring," Welcome said, advancing and nodding to Winne. "How, young man. Still own the silver flask, Dow? Gold would be better. You could trade it for more hell some day. The silver won't make but one drunk for you. I'll have to give you a gold one. Get after the grub pile; don't let me interrupt. . . . No, thanks; I've had supper."

He rolled a water-logged stump close to the fire and seated himself. He sat drooping and silent, and charged a dark corn-cob with black tobacco. He had been a tall youth, but age had bent him almost double; his hands were big and coarse, though his feet were small. A battered, almost useless hat covered a bald head and shaded a pair of blue eyes and a heavy Roman nose; a patriarchal beard flowed over his greasy shirt.

"How's Miss June?" the old man suddenly inquired.

"Haven't seen her," Dow rejoined. "I guess she's all right."

"Haven't—oh, yes, you've been away. Salt Lake? How's the Temple coming?"

"Wake up, Dad! Next you'll ask about Brigham's health."

"Just to be sociable—just to be sociable." Welcome's voice was low and soft, quite at variance with the loud, open-air boisterousness of tone to which Luke was becoming accustomed. "Just to be sociable," Welcome repeated for the third time. "Nothing like having a talk when you meet up with old friends; nothing like



passing the news. But then, you ought to know about such things. Somehow, young man," he said to Luke, "your face is familiar. Do I know you?"

Luke smiled and shook his head. "I'm a tenderfoot," he explained; "here to make a fortune finding gold. I'm going into the Pactolus boom district."

"Well, there's lots of gold up there," Welcome reflected between puffs. "I'll come along in the fall and loan you my pack-horses to get it out. They're great on such work."

Dow laughed. "Don't rub it in, Welcome," he said. "Luke's all right. He doesn't expect to take an axe and chop off slabs of the yellow. He's willing to work."

"Rather an odd pardner for you," Welcome returned without cracking a smile.

"Tag, you're it," Luke grinned.

Dow shrugged his shoulders. "He kind of rubs it in, doesn't he? Got a stomach-ache, Dad?"

"No," said Welcome, blinking at Dow; "merely sore eyes."

"Sore head," Dow grunted. "Was business good this winter?"

"It fed me, that's all. I expect to sell lots of stuff this year. How about it, Luke Whatsyourname? Don't need any frying-pans, kettles, tin plates, tobacco, sugar, pants, shirts, boots, or books yet?"

"Books? Is your van a library, too? I'll come over and look at your books."

"On second thought," Welcome said, "they're not for sale tonight. Miss June gets first whack at them always. You can have the ones she doesn't want."

"That leaves you the yellow-backs and the ten-centers," Dow said. "June buys out the whole stock every spring. She eats books."

"I've got her a new author this time," Welcome continued; "a book dealer in Denver recommended him. He's a Swede—Ibsen; ever heard of him? Plays. Is he all right for a girl to read? I don't like to give Miss June the wrong sort of books."

"She'll trade the ranch for them," Dow responded, grinning. "She doesn't believe in the apron-string theory of life."

"They're not for sale; a present," Welcome said. "I'm glad they are all right. I hear there are lots of you men going up to Pactolus," he went on, abruptly changing the subject. "You sure like gold, don't you? Is it a real boom? I haven't seen any signs of a stampede yet, except you two and the boys on the trail behind you."

"The what?" Luke cried. "Boys behind us?"

Dow stood with a black scowl on his face. "Tracey, for a dollar!" he exclaimed. "Are you sure, Dad? Men following be-

hind us? They're in the valley? They came down the Hell's Door trail? It's funny I didn't see them."

"Yes, it is rather funny. They weren't far behind. I thought you knew. And you a hillsman!" Welcome wagged his beard. "Don't see how you could help discovering they were after you."

"How do you know?" Dow uneasily demanded.

"I saw them. Three men on horseback. They camped on the far side of that butte." He pointed south, where, through the dusk, Luke could faintly distinguish the outlines of a tall, round knoll which he remembered passing a little while before he came out of the bog. "There's wood and a spring on the far side," Welcome added. "But they won't bite, I guess. Not with me camped near you."

"Three men?" Dow cried with heat; "Tracey and his packer and that Whiskers, I'll bet a hat!"

"They were four," Luke reminded him. "Mr. Clayton had an English partner, and Clayton wouldn't come this way. He's a business man, bent on getting into Pactolus City by the shortest route."

"Then it's just Tracey's outfit."

"Red Murphy is Tracey's only companion. You are sure they are three?" Luke asked Welcome.

"Oh, yes," the old man answered; "just the three riders, without a sign of a burro."

"Funny biznai," Dow grunted, reseating himself. "Maybe those gophers at Hell's Door are coming to Pactolus. But I'm suspicious of Tracey. He'd follow us in a minute if he guessed where we are bound."

"And so would the Pickett gang," Luke returned. "It sounds bad. I believe these outlaws are after—well, you know what. They wouldn't have a pack train."

"There were four of them; you said so yourself," Dow objected. "Just as likely to be Trace and Whiskers, minus one, as Little—Pickett, minus one. Most probably I nicked the bull's-eye when I suggested those Hell's Door prospectors, Poppleton and his two granddad pardners; the gophers in that cabin near the head of the pass. Yes, they're the fellows. They aren't following us at all. We told them something about Pactolus City, remember? Well, prospectors are scratch on a boom; it draws them like a dead cow draws flies. They're off to the new field, that's all. Have another drink, and I'll sing you a song I picked up in Buster last winter. Get me some water, Winne, and I'll mix a punch."

Luke took a pail. "But it was funny we didn't see them," he mused. "I looked back often enough. They must have kept pretty well hidden. Even then it's funny that Dow didn't see them."

(To be continued.)



## PIMA MYTHS

By FRANK RUSSELL.

(Continued.)



A'KANYIP married Kold Ha-akam, the daughter of Kak Si'siveliki, and lived with his father-in-law in the Salt River Valley near where Phoenix now stands. There his wife became pregnant and would eat nothing but green plants and game found in the mountains. So one day Ka'kanyip went to the mountains to search for provisions for his wife. He killed a deer which it took him some time to dress. In the meantime the Apaches surrounded him. He fought bravely, but they succeeded in killing him. His father-in-law awaited his coming during the evening and through the night; then he called the people together and told them that his son-in-law had disappeared. All searched until his body was found. This they burned to ashes before returning to their homes. After this event the people moved southward as far as Santa Rosa. There Ka'kanyip's son was born. He was named Pat' A'-anukam, and under his mother's care became a brave and noted man. While yet a boy he one day accompanied the people on a hunting expedition. Some of the hunters asked him many questions to learn if his mother thought about marrying them. He told his mother about these inquiries, which caused her to weep bitterly. She told him how his father had been killed. After hearing this sad story he went into the council house and told the people that he wished to see the springs and other places where the Apaches obtained drinking water, and also to see the trails they used.

At the time of the destruction of the earth, Coyote was saved in the manner already described, and he again appeared at the emergence of the underworld Pimas that Elder Brother brought up to fight his own battles. Then it was that Coyote looked down the opening to see the humans struggling upward like a long line of ants ascending a tree, and the sight provoked him to laughter, an act that caused the earth to close up and prevent many people from reaching Pima Land. After that Coyote disappeared again. Now we are to hear the story of his subsequent life.

Coyote wandered about alone somewhere in the West after we last heard of him, until one day he made two other coyotes from his image, which he saw reflected from the water; one he called the elder brother or Sandy Coyote, and the other younger brother or Yellow Coyote. He told each to fetch a log. When they brought the logs he told them to embark upon the sea and seek for land beyond it. They followed his directions and sailed for days and

nights across the water, the younger always behind the other. One day the elder said:

"Younger brother, why are you always behind? Why don't you come faster?"

"My log will not go any faster, that is why I am not with you," replied Yellow Coyote.

"How are you traveling, with your eyes wide open or with them closed?"

"My eyes are closed," answered Yellow Coyote.

"Oh, that is why you are so slow. Look up and open your eyes and your log will travel fast."

Yellow Coyote opened his eyes, but when he looked upon the water the wind blew the foam into his face and blinded him. "I am blind," he cried.

Sandy Coyote stopped and tried to restore his sight, but without success, finally concluding that they had better return to their father Coyote for assistance. After they had returned to land and Coyote had restored the sight of Yellow Coyote the two brothers went to dwell in the land lying between the Pima country and the Mohave territory, near the mouth of the Grand Canyon. There they built a house with the doorway toward the east, as is the Pima custom. When it was finished Sandy Coyote said, "Go in and take your choice of sides. You need only half the house, and I will take the other half."

Yellow Coyote said, "You take your choice and I will take what is left."

And so they continued telling each other to go in and take the first choice until the house grew old and fell down. They built a second house, and again their dispute lasted until it fell. The same result was reached with the third house, but when the fourth was built the elder brother went in and chose the south side of the house, leaving the north side for the younger.

When they went to gather the screw bean the elder brother took the beans on the south side of the trees and the younger brother took those on the north side. One day the elder said to the younger, "How do the beans taste on that side of the tree?"

"They are very good," replied the younger, but when they returned home in the evening he was taken sick.

"It is caused by the beans you ate," said Sandy Coyote. "The beans on the north side are not ripened by the sun as are those on the south side. Tomorrow you shall see the difference." And so the next day they went again and found the screw beans sweeter on the south side of the trees.

Every evening they sat and split sticks with which to build bins,



log cabin fashion, for the screw beans that they gathered. One day the elder brother said, "Let us play some kind of a game and bet our screw beans, and then we will not sleep too soon." So they made some kintskut. The younger lost all his screw beans that night and the next day the elder said, "We will not go for beans today." So that day the younger went hungry, and for many days thereafter, for the game of kints continued until the beans were rotten and not fit to eat. Then they wagered their arrows and other property. Sandy Coyote won the arrows, bow, sinew, and feathers belonging to Yellow Coyote and then went out and brought in all the large and fierce animals, but Yellow Coyote without a weapon could get nothing but the small creatures which were of little use to him.

In these straits Yellow Coyote sought the aid of Finish, who lived in the West. "I need your help, for I am losing a great deal," said he. Finish accompanied Yellow Coyote to the latter's home. When they reached the house Yellow Coyote went in first, but when the stranger tried to enter he was caught by sticks and held fast in the doorway. He saw that the house was divided into two parts before him; even the fireplace was divided, and no one said a word to indicate which side he should enter. For a long time he was silent. Then he said: "What kind of people are you that you do not speak to me? It is the custom to ask a stranger 'Where are you from?' or, if they come at night, 'Where were you when the sun went down?' Why are you not thus courteous? Am I a thief, a murderer, or a ghost that makes you speechless with fright?"

After the stranger had spoken, Mountain Lion got up, took his tobacco, rolled and lighted a cigarette.

"Ha, you are here also," said the stranger, "and have said nothing to me." But Mountain Lion put away his tobacco without offering any to the other, who exclaimed: "Do you think I have no tobacco? Don't you see that I am caught here in the door because I have so much tobacco in my bundle that it will not go through?" Then Yellow Coyote invited him to come to the south side of the house.

For many nights they played different games, but Yellow Coyote continued to lose at all of them. At last he told Finish that he had hit upon a game that he believed they could win with. So he called Tco'kokoi, or Black Beetle, and told him that they wanted him to run a football race with Vap'kai-iki' Duck. When Black Beetle heard that the south division of the house wanted him to run a race he said, "While you people were planning for this I had a dream. I dreamed that I had in my right hand a green ball, which I threw or kicked with my right foot toward the east. After I had kicked four times I reached the place when the sun comes up. When I turned around the darkness came behind me, but I kicked the ball

four times and reached the place where the sun goes down, and the darkness did not catch me."

All his party were glad to hear of Black Beetle's dream, saying that it was a sign of good luck. So the next day Yellow Coyote said to his brother, "We will draw a line here for the starting place. If your man kicks his ball over this line first he will be the winner, and if my man kicks his ball first over the line I shall be the winner." They agreed that whoever won should have the privilege of marrying at the end of four days.

Duck and Black Beetle started off and ran for miles, and after a long time the latter came in, kicking his ball first over the line, thus winning the race for Yellow Coyote. At the end of the four days Sandy Coyote acted in bad faith, for he went away in the evening and toward midnight returned with a wife whom he had taken among the Va-aki A-ap, who lived northwest of the Coyote home. Her name was Itany Of'i. Yellow Coyote said, "I am going to build a fire and see what kind of looking woman my elder brother's wife is." But the fire would not burn, and he got angry, exclaiming, "What shall I do? Here is that dirty syphilitic woman. I have passed her house many times, and I never thought she was to be my brother's wife. When she came in I smelled her breath, and the odor filled the house. What a lunatic my brother is to bring such a woman into the house." Then he covered the embers of the smoldering fire and lay down to sleep.

After four days Yellow Coyote went away in the evening toward the southeast and came home with a wife at midnight. She belonged to the people living on the Gila river supposed to be the ancestors of the Pimas, and her name was Ho-ony Of'i, Corn Woman. When they entered the house Sandy Coyote said, "I am going to build a fire and see what kind of looking woman my younger brother's wife is." But the fire would not burn, and he became angry, exclaiming, "What shall I do? Here is that dirty syphilitic woman. I know her. I have passed her house many times, and I never thought she was to be my brother's wife. When she came in I smelled her breath, and the odor filled the house. What a lunatic my brother is to bring such a woman into the house." Then he covered the embers of the fire and lay down to sleep.

(To be continued.)



## THE RECOIL

By EDITH LLOYD.



HE whistle of the sugar factory at Betteravia blew at sixty-three, and two hundred men rushed toward the Company's hotel for supper—a motley crowd of Americans, Italians, Swiss and Spaniards, big, strong, grimy and hungry. Fifteen minutes later they all spilled into the big dining-room. The last to enter was Guido Niboli, a young Italian of twenty-five. His clothes were dirty, his shoes half unlaced; around his face and neck was a grimy ridge which marked the water-line. But his face was beautiful. His eyes were big as half-dollars, velvety, black, and soft. His features were fine—his mouth really delicate, his chin square and strongly cut.

When he had flopped down in his chair, he found the men talking and laughing excitedly.

"What's the matter?" he asked Joe Cobla, his elbow neighbor.

"New waitress. Wait till she comes in again. Peach! 'An' her golden hair was hangin' down her back,'" bawled Joe, swaying his head and brandishing knife and fork to his leering tune.

The Company, until now, had employed Japanese waiters, but had sent to San Francisco for a girl to oversee the dining-room. Therefore, a young woman in their midst sent 'round a flutter of excitement.

Guido glued his eyes on the kitchen door until it swung open and the girl came in. Her hair was gold, gloriously, shingly golden, and pompadoured high. Her eyes were as big as Guido's, blue as the sky, and the guileless kind. Her nose was short and turned up a bit. Her mouth was small, the lips full and red as geraniums. She was big and soft—not flabby, just deliciously soft and all curves, and very white.

She sauntered down to Guido's table and caught his eyes. For a brief second they held hers; then he hastily looked down.

"God!" he said to himself, and again, "God!" Something new leaped into his body, brain and soul in that instant. It thrilled him, and dismayed him.

"Ain't she a peach, now?" urged Joe, nudging Guido suggestively. "Name's Hazel Daly. She's all right, huh?"

"I guess so," replied Guido, without any enthusiasm and not looking up.

"Humph! You're damned hard to suit all of a sudden."

Guido made no answer. He ate little supper, and, when he thought no one was looking, he watched Hazel through the heavy fringe of his eye-lashes. She did not come near his table again, nor look his way. She stood by the small table in the corner where the office men

sat, and was charmingly attentive. The office-men wore good clothes and collars and cuffs. The other men didn't.

As soon as he could, Guido left the table and went out-doors. It was late in June, and for the first time the beauty of a June evening in the Santa Maria Valley appealed to him. Until now, the long stretches of green beet-fields had meant only so many tons of beets to be hauled to the factory. But now, the pale-green beet-tops rippling in the light wind looked like a green sea to him, and he was conscious that it was all very pretty. He walked down one of the roads alone. Usually he went over to the store with the men and loafed for an hour on the store porch, but this time he didn't want the men around. He had something to think about and he wanted to think about it alone.

About half a mile down the road, he stopped and sat on a fence-rail.

"Her name is Hazel," he mused. (He pronounced it "Hasélle," with a hissing "s," and made the name very soft and tender.) And then his thoughts were massed of babyish blue eyes and gleaming piles of gold hair, and ripe, red lips. He thought very simply, for he was a simple man. He knew the girl had stirred him as no other girl ever had, merely by her presence. When he thought of talking to her, of touching her hand, of putting his hands on her wonderful hair, he bit his lips and said like an eager child, "Oh, if I could! if I could!"

He did not try to explain why she had taken such a hold of him; if he had tried, we would have failed, for such analysis is difficult even to tutored minds; and Guido did not understand inner workings of soul and the like.

When it grew dark, he went back to the hotel and into the big front room, where a hundred men were knotted in little groups, playing poker.

"Want a hand in the mess, Niboli?" someone called out.

"Guess not. Goin' to bed pretty soon."

"'S'matter?—sick?" laughed one of the boys. Guido had never before refused a hand. But now, he had a feeling that Hazel wouldn't like him to gamble, and for that reason he wouldn't. Long ago, when he was a boy, his good mother had told him not to drink, and play cards, and swear; she had told him that good women always liked good men, and that good men never did any of these things. Tonight, he remembered this, and although the memory of the mother who had died years before had failed to awaken in him any desire to be good, a dozen looks at Hazel Daly brought out all the finest things in him.

He soon left the room and went upstairs. He was restless. He



wanted to see Hazel again, and it would be a long time before breakfast. He peeped out of his window, which overlooked the kitchen and dining-room, to see if she were still down there, but it was all dark. Then he went to bed, although it was scarcely more than eight-thirty. But he wanted to get to sleep; he wanted the morning to come soon. He lay and thought and thought, staring wide-eyed at the ceiling. He had never before built air-castles which held a woman. In very joy of being near her, he ducked his head under the covers and smiled to himself.

"Every day, three times a day, I can see her. She will bring me my coffee for breakfast, maybe. She will come down to my table again." And so, hour after hour, he dreamed on, half aloud.

At five o'clock he was up. He hung round the dining-room door before the breakfast-gong sounded, and saw Hazel flit by now and then. He even went in ahead of time, in defiance of the rule, just to have a few minutes alone near her. His good angel must have been watching out for him that morning, because Frank, the Jap who waited on his table, was sick, and Hazel had taken his place. She came to Guido at once with a bowl full of mush.

"I never eat any mush," said Guido, not daring to raise his eyes higher than her pretty hands.

"Oh, don't you?" said Hazel good humoredly. "What'll you have—ham-and-eggs, or steak?"

"Guess I'll have some ham and eggs." This time, he met her eyes. She was smiling, actually smiling at him. His great eyes kindled and something impelled him to add gently, "if you please, Miss Daly."

Hazel looked at him sharply, then smiled again and went back into the kitchen.

The room filled quickly, and Guido had to share his lady with two hundred other men, who grinned at her and stared after her when she walked down the room. Her coming had created no small ripple among them, but, oddly enough, the ripple that went over Guido was not the kind that went over Joe Cobia, for instance. Guido could not have told why. It may have been because he was heart-lonely without knowing it, and this girl's magnetism struck fire with his because he was ready for such a kindling. Any woman whose hair was just that yellow, whose eyes were just that blue, whose lips were just that red, might have held him so. It was the psychological hour for his soul to mate, and it leaped out to Hazel. Her coming marked the beginning of his golden age. The joy of being near her continually sought expression. All the day long he whistled and sang bits of Italian operas he had heard his mother sing. But he sang oftenest the *Habañera*, of *Carmen*. He knew the Italian words, and a dozen times a day the seductive notes rolled off his tongue. In

his fancy he made Hazel the Carmen, singing to him, the Don José. His happiness radiated from him. He was always popular with the men, but these days they felt an almost womanish sweetness in his nature, and responded to it unconsciously. At noon, on the way to dinner, they threw their arms roughly about his shoulders and dragged him along, and they did not know how glad he was to be dragged to Hazel! The world lay in a new light to him. He rejoiced in the very life of the fields around him; the wide valley that stretched off to the rim of the San Rafael mountains smiled at him, and he felt its smile. The flourishing acres and acres of beans that bordered the Santa Maria River, the billowy fields of grain, higher than the fences, the miles of beet-tops, and the great beet-wagons piled to overflowing with beets, drawn by sixteen-horse teams to the factory—all this was a vivid, vigorous picture to him, where before it had meant nothing but work. His love had so beautified his own life that the beauty in all life appealed to him.

He had little opportunity of seeing Hazel outside of meal times, but he made the most of the minutes in the dining-room, and never failed to win a melting smile from her. With the first day, he had gradually improved his personal appearance, and by the time Hazel had been at the factory a month, Guido was wearing a neck-tie (before, it was a rare thing to see his shirt even buttoned at the neck); his feet were neatly shod in patent-leather ties; his socks were red and rather gaudy, but this was a great improvement over no socks at all; his face shone with soap-scrubbings, and his hair was brushed smoothly. So Hazel, being a woman and therefore susceptible to the allurements of black Italian eyes that caressed her in every glance, gave freely of her plentiful store of smiles.

Often he looked around for her after supper, but he seldom saw her. One evening, however, she went to the post-office, and Guido followed closely behind, trying to muster up courage to walk with her. She reached the store before he reached daring-point, and when she started back, he could not nerve himself to strike out by her side with all those grinning faces looking from the porch steps. The next minute he could have kicked himself, for Harry Bradley, one of the young office-men, deliberately left his crowd and hastened to catch up with her. Guido expected to hear a chorus of hoots, but the men seemed to pay no attention to it. He did not know Bradley at all, but those who did know him would have understood why no one laughed at him when he walked with Hazel. He had the elements in his nature that go to make up the boss. He had been at the factory three years, and had made money in speculating in the Santa Maria Valley Oil Company. His money gave him distinction, affluence. The men liked to be noticed by him. It was considered



a pretty good thing to be "in on things" with Bradley. He had a fine team of horses, and he occasionally placed them at the disposal of any one who might be able to do him a favor. It was five miles to Guadalupe, the nearest whiskey center, and seven to Santa Maria, next nearest. So, about the first of the month, it was mighty nice to have Bradley say, "Like to have my team tonight? Might as well take it—just eatin' their heads off."

But Guido was not on the inside track, and he could not understand why the fellows didn't clear their throats noisily, and cough, and scuffle their feet. Incidentally, he felt the first pains of jealousy.

The next morning he resolved to ask Hazel to take a walk with him, that evening. The day was so bright and beautiful, the glorious California sun so warm and penetrating, the air so soft and full of the smell of the growing fields, that he drew an inspiration from it all, and felt that no obstacle was too great for him to overcome in winning the girl he loved. All day long he studied over how he should ask her, where they would walk, what he would say to her.

He dressed with particular care before he went into the dining-room. He had waited as long as he could in order that he might be in there after the others had gone out. When he walked in, with a brand-new suit and a stiff shirt, the men greeted him hilariously. But he didn't care. His heart beat high with hope. His eyes were luminous with the light of love, and a new gentleness had crept over his face. The men felt the goodness of him, and in their hearts honored him. They did not understand what it was; they only knew, instinctively, that he had become better than they in heart, and they mentally paid tribute while they laughingly cursed him for a fool dude.

He slowly messed over his supper, and when the last man left the room, he was still sipping tea. Hazel had commenced to change the table-cloths.

"Miss Daly," he said, "will you come here a minute, please?"

Hazel went to him at once, smiling. She was so pretty then. She wore a little white shirt-waist with elbow-sleeves, and Guido could see her satiny throat and shoulders through the lace of the waist. Her smooth, white arms dimpled at the elbow—oh! she was so sweet to him—so sweet and fair and desirable!

"I just wanted to know if you'd like to take a walk tonight. There's going to be a fine moon, and it's nice outdoors these evenings."

Hazel thought rapidly. He was nobody, but she did get lonesome, and he was good looking, and maybe she could have some fun. Anyway, it would be something to do, and after all, he might be nice enough if you knew him.

"Why, yes, I guess so. Yes, really, I'd like to. I won't be through here for about half an hour."

"Well, I'll wait out on the porch for you."

"All right. I'll hurry up."

When Hazel joined him later, he led the way to the lake that lies just below the factory. They found an old boat on the shore, and sat down in it. For the first half hour, conversation ran easily. Hazel told him a few little bits about her life and remarked casually on factory things. Guido, after he had delivered the few sentences he had made up earlier in the day, began to grow ill at ease. He was not a stupid fellow; his tongue was loose enough with the men, and he had often taken girls to dances when he lived in San Jose, and had entertained them garrulously. But the near presence of this girl numbed the initiative in him. The quiet mystery of the night influenced him to silence. The lake shimmered in the light of the moon; all around the edge of the water, tall tules and cat-tails rustled in the gentle night wind. The kildees swooped low over the shore and cried out their dismal, haunting cry; high up in the silver gum-trees that lined the walk to the lake, the little owls screeched. Six miles across the fields, in the hills back of Santa Maria, gleamed hundreds of lights from the oil wells. Guido, just now, was keenly sensitive to such weirdness of atmosphere, and he felt that it was nicer not to talk. He had arrived at that stage in his love when talking seems superfluous, when communion of hearts is better than language of lips. But it troubled him that Hazel didn't seem to feel as he did. She rattled on so freely, so indifferently. When she didn't talk, she hummed popular airs and thrummed on the edge of the boat with her fingers, and he was dimly conscious of being annoyed by it. But, after a while, she talked herself out, and they both sat looking off into the lake, silent. With each moment, the atmosphere grew more intense. To have her so near, so approachable!

Guido impulsively caught her hand, and kissed it.

Hazel became interested at once. Men never kissed her hands; they usually sought her mouth. What a funny fellow this was anyway!

"Oh!" breathed the man, "I just love you, Miss Daly. I guess you know it already, don't you? I guess I've stared at you ever since you came, but I can't help it, you're so pretty."

He ended his little speech plaintively, pleadingly.

"My gracious! I don't see what you see pretty in me," answered the girl, prosaically shrugging her shoulders, but smiling back invitingly into his eyes.

"Well, anyway, you are. Do you like me? Do you think you could ever like me very much?"



He had taken both her hands, and was leaning toward her eagerly. Hazel was enjoying herself.

"Why, sure! I like you fine already. What makes you think I don't?"

"Oh, I don't know—I never supposed anybody could ever like me."

Then he put his arms around her and kissed her a great many times. Neither spoke a word, but Guido's love made the silence sing.

At eleven-thirty the train up from Los Angeles whistled hoarsely from behind the mountains and soon after twinkled past, three miles across from the lake, like a little theatre-train. Then Guido and Hazel went home.

Guido lay awake until early morning in a fever of ecstasy, going over every minute of the evening, and planning for future evenings just like this one. The very gates of Paradise had swung open for him. For the first time since he was a little boy, he made a prayer to the Virgin Mary.

Hazel, rather bored, and very sleepy, dismissed the evening from her mind with, "Gee, but he's got it bad!" and was asleep five minutes afterward.

The next day was pay-day. Guido carefully hid away his money. Now, he would save it. No more "jamborees" at Guadalupe for him! No more throwing away money on hiring horses to ride into Santa Maria, and gambling until day-break! All that was put behind him. Henceforth, his life was to be devoted to Hazel; he would live to be good for her, to save money for her. He glowed with pride in the new self he had found. He felt as if he were really somebody now, instead of the shiftless, lazy Niboli. He wished his mother were living so he might show her what a man he had turned out to be.

After supper, he went over to the store. Not long afterward, Hazel came. Guido looked at her stealthily, and gloated in the thought that he had spent the whole evening with her the night before, and perhaps, if he worked it well, he might see her a little while on this one. He decided that by starting at once for the hotel, and walking slowly after he turned the corner by the factory, Hazel could catch up to him. He did not yet dare to walk with her before that gang of men. Even if they didn't guy Harry Bradley, he knew they would give it to him. So he swung off the porch and went down the road toward the hotel. When he turned the corner, he came upon Bradley himself, and Phil Prentiss, Bradley's closest associate at the factory.

Guido had slackened his pace, and as he walked past the men, he

caught the name, "Hazel Daly." He walked still slower, and listened. Bradley was laughing, and followed up his laugh with something further about Hazel that sent Guido bounding to his side. Quick as a flash he struck out and smashed Bradley full in the face. Bradley went down, and Guido stood over him, panting like a gladiator, his eyes narrowed cruelly. Prentiss stood by stupidly, too surprised to move.

Then Hazel came around the corner. When she saw Bradley stretched out on the ground, his nose and mouth bleeding, his eyes shut, she gave a queer little cry, and ran up to him. With her woman's intuition, she comprehended the situation in a second. She took a quick step toward Guido. The baby look had left her eyes, her mouth had lost its softness, and was tight and hard.

"What did you hit him for?" she snapped, menacingly.

At the sight of her, Guido's face had become gentle, the anger had left his body. Now he answered her slowly.

"Why, because—why, Miss Daly, he was saying something about you that I didn't like, and I thought he—"

Before he could finish, Hazel tossed back her head, raised her hand and gave him a stinging slap on the cheek.

"You can just tend to your own business, you little black Dago, and let my affairs alone," she blurted out.

This burst of temper was due to two things. First, she cared a great deal for Bradley, and when she saw him helpless before her, the spirit of revenge leaped high. And then, to hear that he had said something of her that deserved a thrashing at the hands of Guido so humiliated and stung her, that the real nature of her jumped to the surface, and she retaliated like any hoodlum.

Guido put his hand to his face and half staggered back. A dozen emotions struggled in him for mastery, and of them all self-pity and black despair were paramount. That in him which had grown with his love, and had made him want to be a better man, became, in the first minute of realization of what Hazel had done, almost a physical part of him, and it sickened and reeled. Steel bars seemed clamped about his heart and they tightened and tightened until he crushed his hands to his breast for relief. In his throat, in his heart, in all his body, there was one tremendous sob of anguish. In the spiteful glint of Hazel's eyes and the set of her jaw, he saw his defeat. The dream-castles he had built for himself the past month crumbled into ruins. The black futility of everything spread dimly before him, and he could have lain down there in the road, and wept like a little boy.

When Hazel turned from him, she knelt down by Bradley, who



had opened his eyes, and began to wipe his face with her handkerchief.

"Oh," she moaned, "are you hurt much? Is there anything I can do? I am awfully sorry."

She tenderly brushed back his hair, and let the tears roll unchecked down her face. Then, turning to Prentiss, who was still standing like a dolt, so quickly had the whole affair taken place, she said, "Why don't you do something to that chump?" jerking her head toward Guido.

Then did his weak despair give place to strong ungovernable rage and hatred. A something, new-born the instant he saw the caress of her hand on Bradley's hair, rose within him and throttled his love, his goodness, his gentleness, and hurled him back lower than he had ever been before. The brute in him tugged and growled. His hands itched to torture something. Most of all, he wanted to hurt that girl. To take hold of her wrists and wrench them, to crush her fingers in his, to see her flinch under his rough strength! He gritted his teeth and snarled like a mad-dog. Then, as if afraid to trust himself near her any longer, he started down the road on a dead run, dashed into the hotel, up the stairs to his room, and tore excitedly around from corner to corner, muttering in Italian, cursing in English. He quieted down shortly, and began to pack his few clothes in an old straw telescope. He took out the money he had so proudly put away not an hour before, and with his basket slung over his back, he left the hotel. Only a few of the men saw him go. One called out after him, but was promptly told to go to hell. He took a roundabout way, avoiding the factory and store, and was soon on the railroad track that led to Guadalupe. Two hours later, when he reached the straggly little village, he lurched into a saloon and threw his bundle into a corner.

"Give me all the whiskey you got," he bawled to the bartender, throwing down a gold coin.

He drank and gambled and drank until he had no money or senses left to order more. About four o'clock in the morning, all the saloon hangers-on had gone, and the proprietor gruffly told Guido to clear out, shoving him outside the door.

The tipsy fellow staggered down a path, and after a few unsteady steps, fell at the foot of a tree. There he lay, sprawled in the damp grass, the big white moon shining over him. When dawn crept over the hills, he was still there, clutching at handfuls of grass, and whispering in his drunken stupor, "Hasé!le! Hasé!le!"

San Francisco, Cal.

# SCHOOL-DAYS ON THE HASSAYAMPA

By LAURA TILDEN KENT.

## VI.

### MR. JONES RE-BURIES BILL EASTMAN.



H! PAPA, what are these funny little things?" Isabel and Johnny charged pell-mell into the yard where Papa had been helping Mr. Jones at the work-bench a little while before. The "room or so" that Papa had said must be built before fall was now being added to the Thornes' "new" house, and Mr. Jones, who boasted himself to be a carpenter, as well as a miner, a mill-man, a teamster, and an old-timer, was doing the work, with Papa's help.

A momentary bashfulness fell upon the children on the discovery that Mr. Jones was alone now, but Isabel soon plucked up her courage.

"Mr. Jones," she said, "could you tell us what these funny little stone things are?"

"Them," replied Mr. Jones, "is Injun arrow-heads."

"Oh!" said Isabel and Johnny, in an awed chorus.

"They used to shoot piles o' Injuns 'round here, yuh see," Mr. Jones went on obligingly. "Mebby yer Pa's told yuh how Ole Man Peters use' to put up on the ranch here, in this here log house, an' how he use' to tie a horse out in this here flat, an' then watch at these here loopholes 'til a Injun 'ud sneak up to steal it, an' then 'ud shoot him?"

"No, I *never* did! *Why* did he want the Indian to steal his horse?"

"Didn't," said Mr. Jones. "Just wanted to give him somethin' to come fer. If they hadn't 'a' come to steal the bronco when he *wuz* watchin', they'd 'a' nacherly come an' stole it, or somethin' else, when he wuzn't."

"Mr. Jones," Isabel asked very respectfully, "did *you* ever see any Indians?"

"Slathers of 'em. Killed a plenty, too, an' I've come clost to bein' finished by 'em myself."

"*Here?*" asked the children.

"W'y hereabouts, an' in New México," replied Mr. Jones gently, planing away at a particularly rough-looking board. He looked little like an Indian fighter now, with his grizzled hair and his mild blue eyes. One could easily believe that he had had encounters in plenty with the elements, for he did look weather-beaten, and weather-seasoned, and weather-hardened—but Indians! Still, as Mr. Jones looked up now, his eyes seemed to grow brighter and



harder. Usually, he moved about his work in a very pottering way, but now his hands took on quicker and more decisive action. Then as Mr. Thorne came back, they stopped entirely, except for an expressive gesture now and then, and the new energy strengthened in his eyes.

"I've been a-tellin' these here kids about the Injuns," he chuckled. And he bit off an extra large "chew" of tobacco as he spoke. "An' I just happened to recollect somethin' 'ut happened along in the seventies down in New Mexico. Did I ever tell you how me an' some other fellers buried Bill Eastman?"

"I don't think so," replied Mr. Thorne.

"Well now! That wuz the time the' wuz some lively doin's 'round camp." Old Mr. Jones paused for a retrospective moment, and then went on: "Now, yuh see, it wuz this here way. I wuz out in New Mexico at the time, doin' some title work on a claim I'd took up near Deming—at Victoria, 'twuz. Victoria wuzn't hardly more'n a camp at the time. 'Twuz named fer the Apache chief, yuh know. Him an' Gerónimo wuz both on the war path at the time, an' all the prospectors 'round had to keep in camp, or else be mighty careful how they did when they went anywheres.

"Well, sir, one mornin' I wuz a-workin' away in a little prospect-hole that I wuz a-diggin' on that there claim I told yuh about, an' I heerd some kind of a little noise an' looked up, makin' a grab fer my rifle at the same time, fer we allus had to be watchin' out fer the Apaches them days. But it turned out this wuzn't no Injun. It wuz a couple o' fellers I knowed putty well—Jim Shaw an' Tom Jones—Tom wuzn't no relation o' mine, though—an' them poor devils wuz jest plumb scared to death, I could see the minute I clapped my eyes on 'em. They wuz a-pantin' an' a-puffin' an a-blowin' an' a-shakin' all over like they wuz a-havin' the ager, an' their ponies wuz so plumb give out that I thought *sure* they'd lay right down an' die in their tracks.

"Well, sir, as soon as I seen 'em I knowed, o' course, putty nigh what wuz up, an' I hopped out o' that there hole putty lively, an' says:

"'W'y, boys, what's the matter?' An' they wuz so plumb done up 't they could hardly make out to say a blame word, but they kind o' laid up agin the windlass I'd jest put up fer a minute an' then they says, 'W'y, Bill—poor Bill Eastman—the Apaches has got him,' they says.

"'The hell they have,' I says. 'How'd *that* happen?'

"An' they said 'ut the night before they'd been out prospectin' down near the Three Sisters—that's three peaks about thirty mile south o' Victoria—an' they thought they'd camp fer the night at

a spring that wuz right at the foot o' one o' the peaks, only they didn't want to stop right at the spring on account o' the Apaches. The' never wuz no tellin' when they'd turn up, yuh see, an' they didn't know fer sure, o' course, but what the' might be some camped at this here spring right then, though they hadn't saw no signs o' none all day.

"So they got in behind some mesquite that wuz growin' 'round there putty thick, an' kep' their animals in putty clost, an' kind o' laid low until putty nigh dark, an' then they wuz goin' to send one o' the bunch out after water, an' to do some gener'l kind o' reconnoiterin' 'round the spring. An' Bill said he'd go.

"Well, sir, he went, an' them fellers waited there fer him fer what they thought wuz a mighty long time, they said, an' then they heerd just one shot. They waited an' didn't hear nuthin' more, an' so they knowed that the Apaches had got Bill. An' they jest jumped onto their horses an' lit out acrost that there desert fer all they wuz worth—an' that wuzn't any too much, fer their horses wuz putty well wore out from travelin' all day.

"They hoped 'ut they could make out to git away without the Apaches seein' 'em, but when they looked back there wuz a whole band quite a piece behind 'em, jest a-bobbin' up an' down with the lopin' o' their horses, comin' on jest as steady as could be.

"Well, they wuz nacherly putty bad scared, an' they kep' goin' as hard as they could, but they couldn't seem to gain none on the Injuns. They thought *sure* 'ut the Apaches 'ud have 'em, same as Bill, but *they* didn't seem to gain none, neither, an' Sam an' Tom they figgered it 'ut they must 'a' rode putty hard all day, an' their horses wuzn't right fresh, or else they wuz jest a-havin' some fun with 'em an' they'd putty soon come up with 'em an' scalp 'em.

"Well, sir, they kep' a-ridin' that way all night. Sometimes their horses 'ud give out an' they'd have to rest 'em, an' they sort o' lost their bearin's an' didn't know hardly where they *wuz* at, but most o' the time they could see them Apaches ridin' behind 'em, bobbin' up an' down, up an' down, slowin' up when they did, an' ridin' faster when they hit it up some. An' then after a while they noticed 'ut the band wuz sort o' gettin' thinned out some, an' then they jest nacherly dropped behind entirely, so they knowed then 'ut their horses couldn't 'a' been fresh or else they'd 'a' got 'em. An' then they had some sort o' show to figger 'round an' find out where they wuz at, an' they finally got themselves located an' come on to Victoria.

"Yuh see, they told me some o' this then, when they first come to my hole, an' some when I wuz a-takin' 'em to camp.

"Well, I sent 'em off to sleep some, an' I went 'round an' got



together as many o' the boys as I could, an' we agreed to go back that evenin' an' bury Bill. So we started out that afternoon, kind o' toward night, an' we took Sam an' Tom with us to show us where they'd been. I s'pose they must 'a' been about twenty of us, all armed with every blamed weapon we could lay our hands on, fer Tom an' Sam wuz plumb sure they wuz anyhow thirty o' the Apaches in the band, an' they kind o' leaned to the idea that the' wuz more like forty or fifty.

"Now, I tell yuh, we felt putty solemn like. Bill wuz a putty darned good feller, an' we wuz all sorry 'ut the Injuns had to git him, an' we wuz putty tolerable anxious, too, fer our own scalps. An' so we wuz a-goin' along putty quiet like an' all on the lookout fer the Apaches, an' we come to another little spring, about ten miles from the Three Sisters, an' there we seen a man—'twas moonlight then—layin' stretched out alongside o' the spring, all alone, not even a animal anywhere 't we could see, an' he didn't have so much as a blanket under him.

"He set up when he heerd us, an' grabbed fer his six-shooter, an' then he seen who we wuz.

"W'y, hello, Pete," he says to me. "Where are you fellers a-goin'?"

"W'y, Bill!" I says; "I *do* be blamed! W'y, Bill, how in the devil 'd yuh git away? W'y, we wuz comin' to bury yuh!" I says.

"*Git away* from what?" says Bill, kind o' cool an' yet putty tolerable hot-like, too. "What 'd I git away from?"

"The Apaches!" we all yells out.

"Apaches! I ain't saw no Apaches!" says Bill.

"W'y, here's Sam an' Tom sayin' you wuz killed las' night by 'em,' we all started in sayin'. 'An' here's us fellers plumb sure we'd find yuh dead, an' likely we'd lose some o' our own scalps a-doin' it—an' Sam an' Tom chased putty nigh to Victoria by Apaches!"

"Well, sir, then Bill, he sure did let loose, an' the air it wuz plumb blue 'round there fer quite a spell.

"The blame fools!" he says, when he'd cooled down some. "W'y, it wuz this way: I started to the spring fer water, an' when I'd got my *reconnoiterin'* did an' wuz satisfied they wuzn't no Apaches 'round, I started off down the hill at a putty good lick, an' I caught my gun on a mesquite bush. I had it cocked, ready, an' it went off! An' then," says Bill, beginnin' to warm up some more, "when I come back, if there wuzn't them there damned lunatics hittin' it up acrost the desert like a couple o' cowardly idiots, plumb scared to death!—An' there wuz my horse an' the pack-mule a-follerin' after 'em! An' they'd look 'round, an' then they'd sock their

spurs into them poor old wore-out horses, an' away they'd go agin, harder'n ever!—An' there wuz me a-wavin' my arms 'round an' a-yellin', an' them not a-payin' no more attention to me 'n if I'd been so many coyotes a-yappin'! Gee whizz! he says, 'mebby you boys thinks I wuzn't mad!—An' I've been a-gittin' madder an' madder ever since,' he says, beginnin' to cuss some more. 'An' if you don't want them cowards to git killed, w'y, you keep 'em away from me!'

"'But the Apaches that chased Sam an' Tom?' somebody says.

"An' Bill, he began cussin' all over agin.

"'W'y, don't the fools know giant cactus when they see it?' he says. 'Jest start out acrost this here desert on a run, an' see if yuh can't see it bobbin' up an' down behind yuh!'

"Well, sir, Sam an' Tom, they tried every way to make up to Bill, an' they tried to tell him how sorry they wuz, but he jest nacherly wouldn't say a blame word to 'em. An' so we started out to find the pack-mule, an' found it dead about a mile from there, all tangled up in its picket rope. Bill's horse come in with the boys, an' we started back to Victoria.

"An' I'll be blamed if ever Bill would speak to either o' them two fellers agin!—An' them a-beggin' him, an' fairly bawlin' about it!" Mr. Jones paused meditatively. Then he burst into laughter.

"Haw! haw! haw! It does make me laugh to think how mad Bill really wuz! Haw! haw!"

Then he slowly put out his hand and picked up the plane.

"I reckon I'd better be a-gettin' to my work," he said.

"And there weren't any Indians, *at all?*" asked Johnny, rather disappointed that the ending of the tale should be so tame, though he rejoiced in the rescue of Bill.

"Not a Injun—that time," said Mr. Jones, biting off another large "chaw."

Maxton, Arizona.

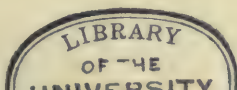






AMONG THE SAN FRANCISCO SKY-SCRAPERS

This and most of the following views of San Francisco are from photographs furnished by Sunset Magazine.





## THE NEW SAN FRANCISCO

By EDWARD ROBESON TAYLOR,  
*Mayor of San Francisco.*

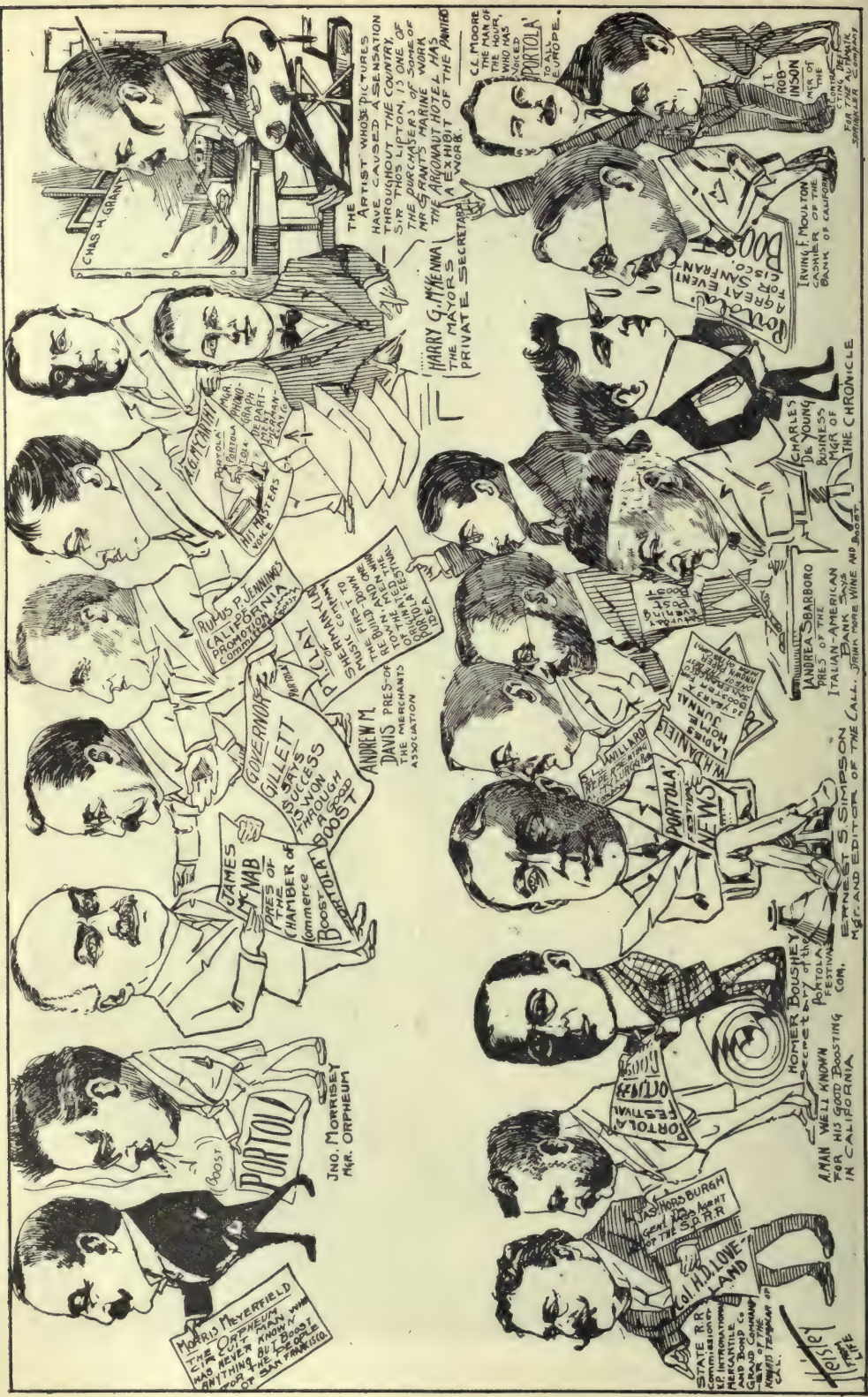


THE most significant, and at the same time, the most palpable result of the fire, is the spirit and energy of the people. San Francisco has truly taken on such new life, and has expressed and is expressing that new life in such fine architectural forms, and in such apparent determination to make the city great in all metropolitan ways, that what seemed at the time of fire to be a curse is veritably turning out to be a blessing. The fire has, indeed, speeded us toward far better things; the old buildings, which would have remained for years as sufficiently rent-producing, have been succeeded by new ones, which are not only structurally stronger but in design larger, and so attractive and satisfying to the eye as to put their predecessors quite out of countenance. There may be some people here, who, behind the barriers of their own little selfishness, look at everything around them through very small pin-holes; but the great majority of us are moved by the motto of "One for all and all for one," who, with eyes wide-open to the whole world, and with a stout and courageous heart, confidently expect a great future for the City, and intend to do everything possible to bring it about. Pessimism never flourished in the soil of San Francisco, nor negative optimism, which is as bad. We here are optimists, it is true, but such optimists as are active in trying to bring about what we confidently expect is in store for us.





LOOKING DOWN POST STREET FROM KEARNEY



MORRIS PEVERFIELD  
THE ORPHEUM  
HAS NEVER KNOWN  
ANYTHING BUT SUCCESS  
SINCE HE BOASTED  
OF SAN FRANCISCO

PORTOLA  
BOOST

JNO. MORRISSEY  
MR. ORPHEUM

JAMES K. WEBB  
PRES. OF  
THE CHAMBER OF  
COMMERCE  
BOOST PORTOLA

GILLETT  
SUCCESS  
THROUGH  
BOOST

ANDREW M.

DAVIS PRES-OF  
THE MERCHANTS  
ASSOCIATION

RUFUS P. JENNINGS  
CALIFORNIA  
PROMOTE  
COMMISSION

HARRY G. MYENNA  
THE MAYOR'S  
PRIVATE SECRETARY

THE ARTIST WHOSE PICTURES  
HAVE CAUSED A SENSATION  
THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY,  
SIR THIS LIPTON, IS ONE OF  
THE FINEST OF OUR  
MESSIAH'S MARQUE WORK  
THE ARGONAUT HOTEL HAS  
AN EXHIBIT OF THE PAINTED  
A WORK.

STATE R.R.  
UPPER MOUNTAIN  
MERCANTILE  
AND BOND CO.  
OF THE SAN JOSE  
CALIF.

JOS. HADSBURG  
GEN. AGT. MOUNT  
AT THE S.F.R.R.

ANAN WELL KNOWN  
FOR HIS BOOSTING  
COM. IN CALIFORNIA

HOMER BUSHLEY  
SECRETARY OF THE  
PORTOLA FESTIVAL

PORTOLA  
FESTIVAL  
NEWS

WILLARD  
PRES. OF THE  
PORTOLA FESTIVAL

LAURENCE BARBORO  
PRES. OF THE  
ITALIAN-AMERICAN  
BANK

CHARLES  
YOUNG  
PRES. OF  
BANK OF  
THE CHRONICLE

IRVING MOULTON  
CASHIER OF THE  
BANK OF CALIFORNIA

CL. MOORE  
THE MAN OF  
THE FUTURE  
WHO HAS  
BOASTED  
TO ALL  
EUROPE.

FOR THE CHRONICLE  
SPENCER & COMPANY



## THE PORTOLA FESTIVAL

*By P. V. CLAY.*



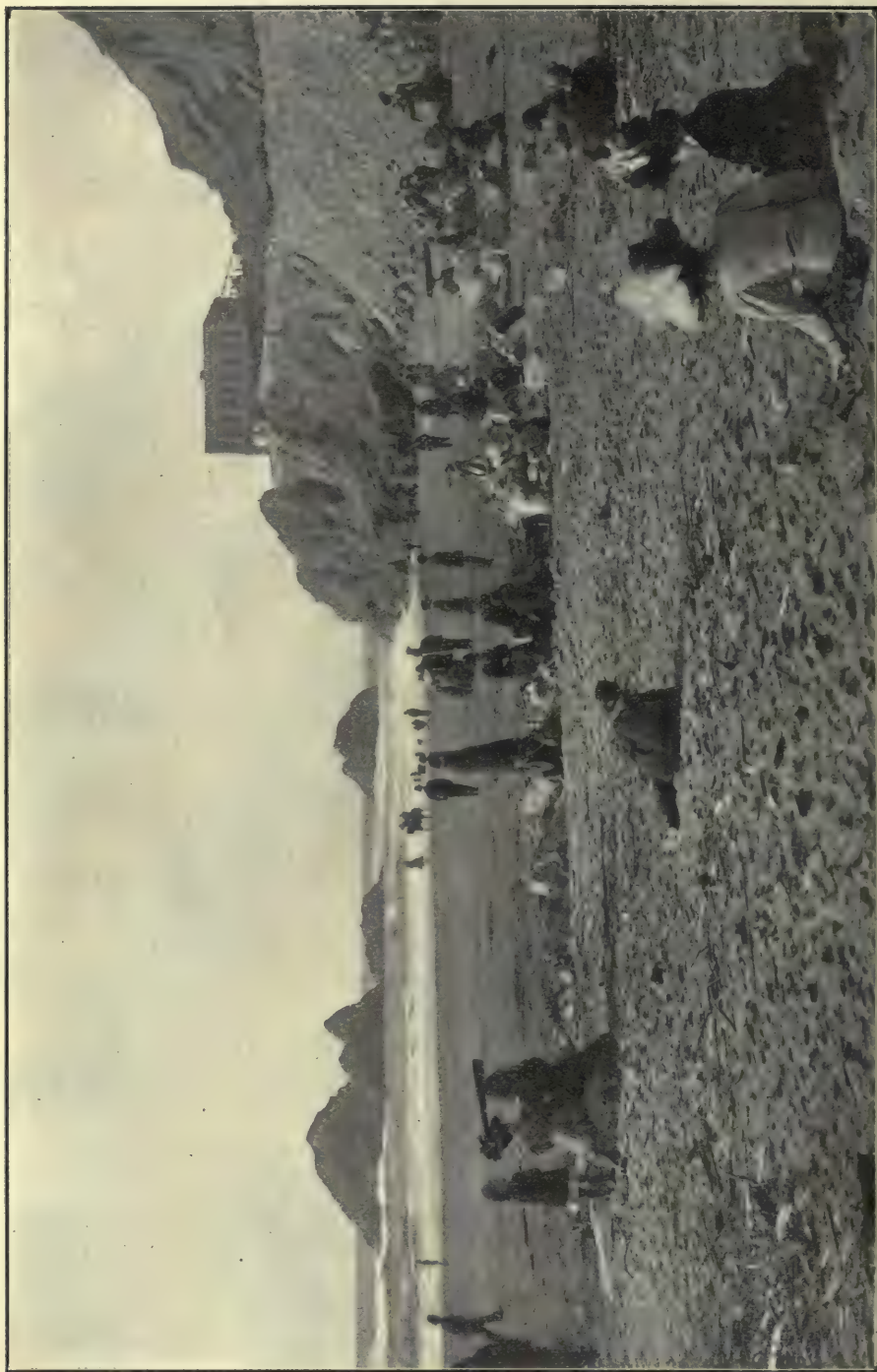
THE city of San Francisco is going to hold a Festival this year from October the nineteenth to the twenty-third, inclusive, ostensibly to celebrate the hundred and fortieth anniversary of the discovery of San Francisco Bay by Gaspar de Portolá, the first Governor of the State of California.

The real object of this celebration is to demonstrate to the entire world, that the spirit of the Argonauts is still supreme in the California people; that after having suffered the greatest disaster that ever befell a city, when it was predicted by pessimists and scoffers, that it would take five years to make the streets passable; after suffering the aftermath and going through the throes of a house divided against itself, through the dissensions between labor and capital and a corrupt political situation, the love of the State and City has risen supreme, and San Francisco realizes that her supremacy is dependent upon the doctrine of "All for one, and one for all." So cosmopolitan is San Francisco, that it has always been regarded as the home of mirth and joy, a city of care-free people, who dance and care not what they pay the piper. The world has felt that the spirit of Bohemianism was prevalent in San Francisco in its highest development; in order that the world may see that good fellowship, camaraderie and Bohemianism are still predominant, and part and parcel of the very atmosphere of the city, the Portolá Festival was originated to give to the visitor and stranger within our Gates five full days of unalloyed pleasure and a year of pleasant memories.

Gaspar de Portolá is to return to earth and resume for five days his sway over his dominions. This new Gaspar, however, is to be the rollicking, care-free, laughter-loving soldier of fortune; not the stern ascetic pioneer paving a way for the Franciscan friars and laying the corner stones of the future missions of California. He is going to partake more of the nature of King Rex of New Orleans, and the Carnival spirit is to have full sway during the five days of his reign.

Much has been accomplished already by the Portolá Festival committee—more than the outsiders realize. Invitations have been sent out by the Government of the United States, signed by President Taft and the Secretary of State, to all nations bordering upon the Atlantic and the eastern coast of the Pacific ocean, requesting them to send war-ships to San Francisco Bay to take part in the Portolá Festival, and to take official cognizance of the rebuilding of San Francisco.

Mr. Charles C. Moore has been sent as envoy to these various



THE NEW CLIFF HOUSE



nations, fully accredited by our Government with full power to interest them in this project.

President Taft has expressed his desire and signified his intention of being present at this Festival.

By the time this paper goes to press, a special train composed of Portolá boosters will travel the length and breadth of California, soliciting the aid and enlisting the support of all cities of five thousand inhabitants and over, requesting that they send floats to participate in the all California's Cities Parade.

The plans of the Entertainment Committee, while they are as yet in an embryonic state, will consist principally of the following items:

Gaspar de Portolá will arrive off the Port of San Francisco on the morning of Tuesday, October 19th. He will sail through the Golden



JAPANESE TEA GARDEN, GOLDEN GATE PARK

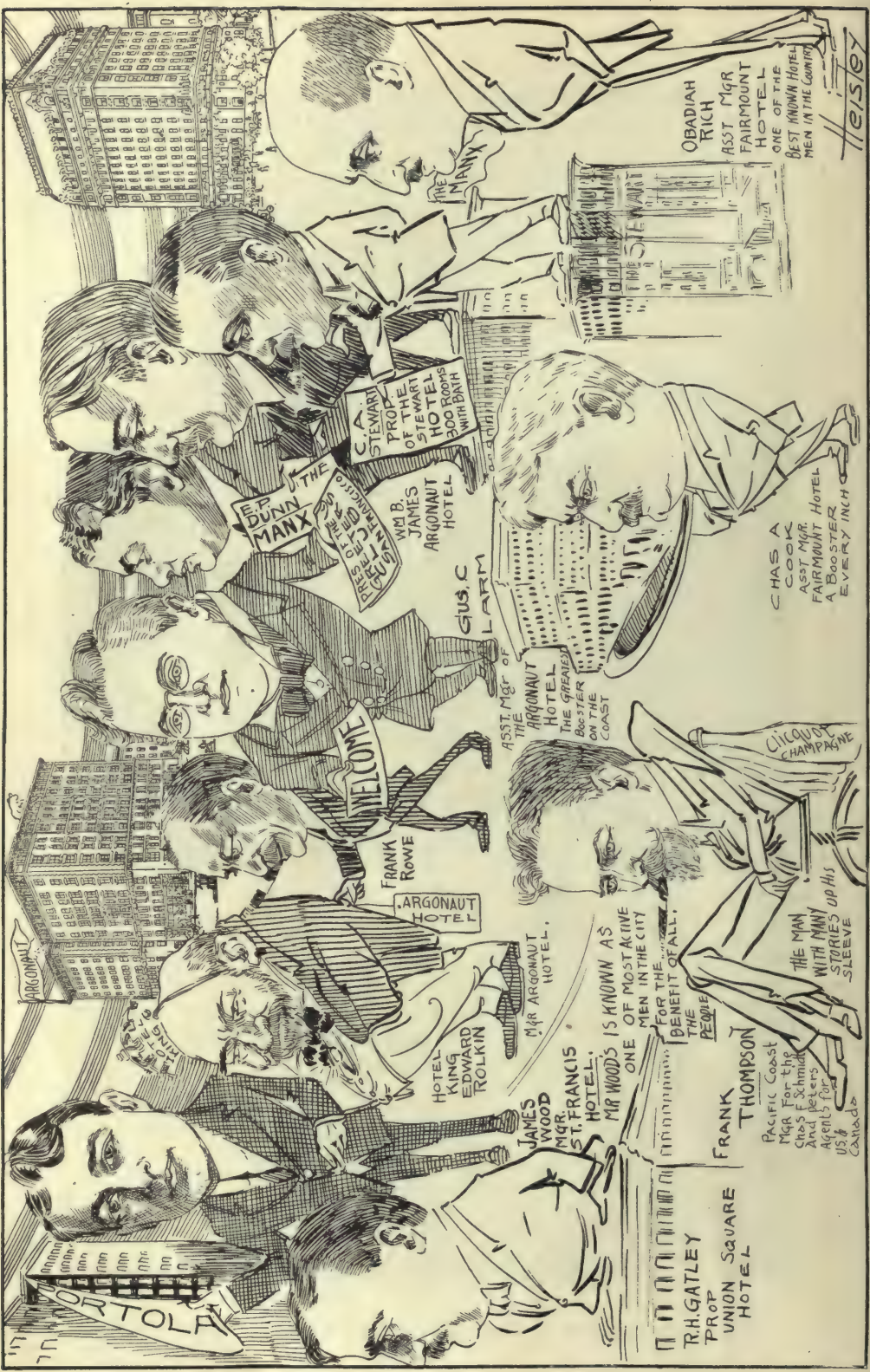
Gate and embark at the foot of Market street, where he will be met by the Portolá Dragoons, United States Troops, Sailors from the various war-ships, and civil and military authorities.

The next day the Queen of Spain, accompanied by her Maids of Honor, which will include several of the fairest daughters of Mexico and South America, will make her grand entree into the City of San Francisco.

There will be a parade of manufacturers and merchants, and also an all California parade.

The champion athletes of the world have signified their intention of participating in the athletic games to be held on October 21st, 22nd and 23rd.

On the night of October 23rd, there will be a grand illuminated parade of floats, showing the history and romance of California, such as the Landing of Sir Francis Drake, The March of Gaspar



PORTOLA

MINING  
WATER  
IRON  
COPPER  
GOLD  
SILVER  
ZINC  
LEAD  
NICKEL  
COBALT  
MANGANESE  
SODIUM  
POTASH  
LIME  
SODA  
GLASS  
CEMENT  
FERTILIZER  
PAPER  
TEXTILES  
FUELS  
METALS  
CHEMICALS  
MACHINERY  
ELECTRICITY  
TELEPHONE  
RADIO  
TELEVISION  
CINEMA  
MUSIC  
ARTS  
SPORTS  
RECREATION  
EDUCATION  
HEALTH  
WELFARE  
INDUSTRY  
COMMERCE  
TRANSPORT  
INFRASTRUCTURE  
GOVERNMENT  
LAW  
JUDICIARY  
MILITARY  
NAVY  
ARMY  
AIR FORCE  
SPACE  
DEFENSE  
SCIENCE  
TECHNOLOGY  
INNOVATION  
ENVIRONMENT  
CLIMATE  
ENERGY  
WATER  
FOOD  
AGRICULTURE  
FORESTRY  
FISHERIES  
LIVELIHOODS  
CULTURE  
HERITAGE  
LANGUAGE  
RELIGION  
ETHNICITY  
RACE  
GENDER  
SEXUALITY  
IDENTITY  
VALUES  
BELIEFS  
OPINIONS  
ATTITUDES  
BEHAVIORS  
PRACTICES  
CUSTOMS  
TRADITIONS  
RITUALS  
CELEBRATIONS  
FESTIVALS  
HOLIDAYS  
WEDDINGS  
FUNERALS  
BURIALS  
CREMATIONS  
TRANSPLANTS  
ORGANS  
TISSUES  
CELLS  
GENES  
PROTEINS  
ENZYMES  
HORMONES  
ANTIBODIES  
VACCINES  
DRUGS  
MEDICINES  
THERAPIES  
SURGERIES  
TRANSFUSIONS  
TRANSPLANTS  
ORGANS  
TISSUES  
CELLS  
GENES  
PROTEINS  
ENZYMES  
HORMONES  
ANTIBODIES  
VACCINES  
DRUGS  
MEDICINES  
THERAPIES  
SURGERIES  
TRANSFUSIONS

JAMES KING  
EDWARD ROLKIN  
HOTEL

MAR ARGONAUT HOTEL.  
MR ARGONAUT

WELCOME  
FRANK ROWE  
ARGONAUT HOTEL

THE GREENS  
BOOSTER  
ON THE COAST  
ASST MGR OF  
HOTEL

GIUS. C. LARM  
WM B. JAMES  
ARGONAUT HOTEL

C.A. STEWART  
PROP OF THE  
STEWART HOTEL  
300 ROOMS  
WITH BATH

THE MANX  
E.D. DUNN  
MANX

OBADIAH RICH  
ASST MGR  
FAIRMOUNT HOTEL  
ONE OF THE  
BEST KNOWN HOTELS  
MEN IN THE COUNTRY

FRANK THOMPSON  
PACIFIC Coast  
MGR for the  
Shes F. Schmidt  
And Peters  
Agents for  
U.S. &  
CANADA

MR WOODS IS KNOWN AS  
OF MOST ACTIVE  
ONE MEN IN THE CITY  
FOR THE  
BENEFIT OF ALL.  
PEOPLE

CHOUQUET  
CHAMPAGNE  
THE MAN  
WITH MANY  
STORIES ON HIS  
SLEEVE

CHAS A  
COOK  
ASST MGR.  
FAIRMOUNT HOTEL  
A BOOSTER  
EVERY INCH

THE STEWART

THE MANX

THE MANX

THE MANX

EISER

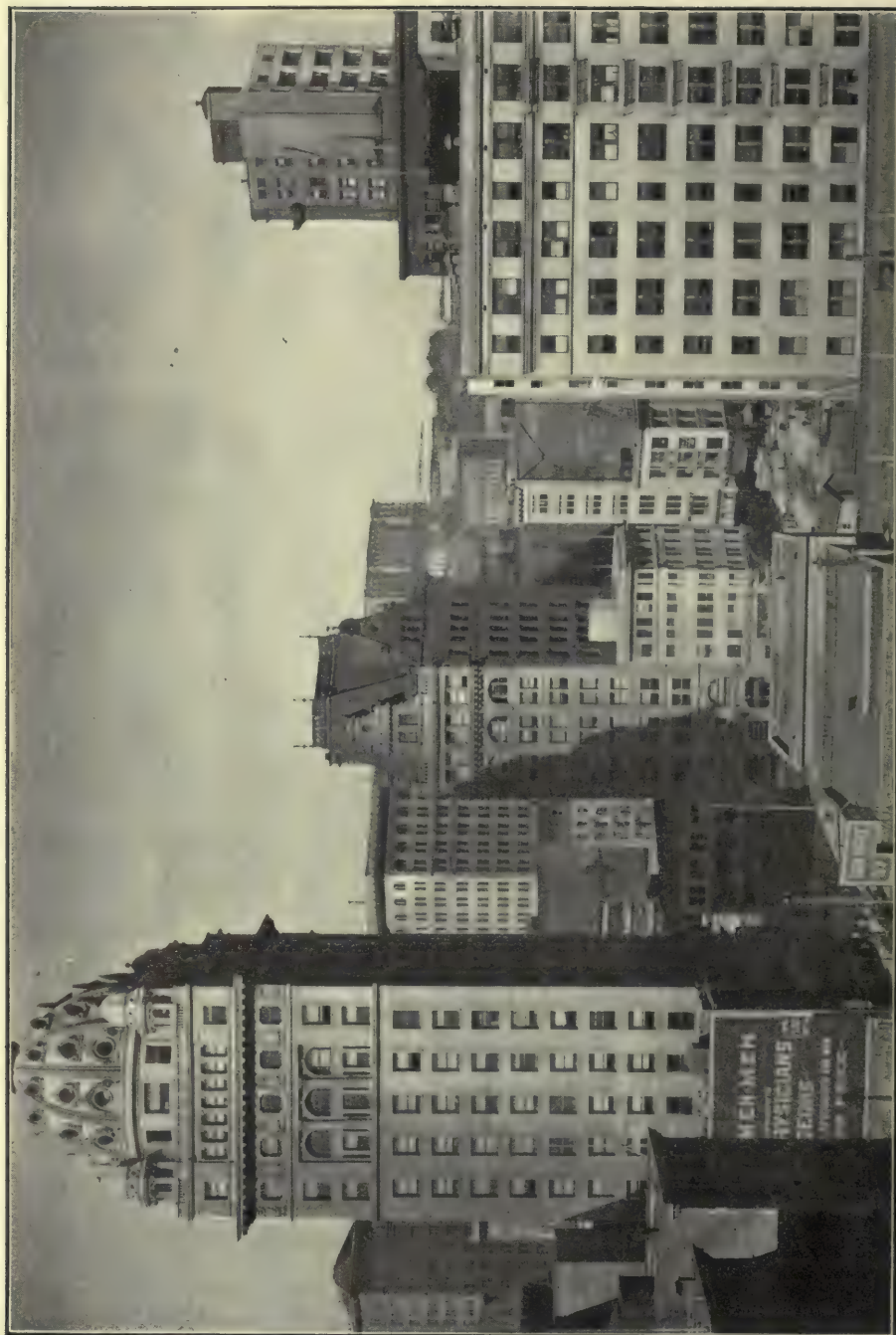


de Portolá, Junípero Serra, and the Founding of the Various Missions of California, Frémont's Soldiers, the Discovery of Gold, Pioneers Crossing the Plains, Indians, Cowboys, Mining Camps, California Troops who went to the Philippines during the Spanish War; and, in fact, a pictorial portrayal of California History.

The aims, ambitions and desires of the gentlemen composing the Portolá Festival Committee, are to bring from two hundred and fifty to three hundred thousand people into California and San Francisco; to entertain them so royally that these visitors will want to return and settle and live in the city where they can be adjacent to and in touch with the marvelous city of San Francisco.



IN THE HOTEL ST. FRANCIS



LOOKING NORTH FROM MISSION AND THIRD



# THE PORTOLA FESTIVAL

By HOMER BOUSHEY.



EARLY in January of this year this proclamation was issued:

“HEAR YE!

HEAR YE!!

HEAR YE!!!

“All good and loyal citizens of San Francisco, and of the Western Boundaries of the United States, the great and glorious State of California:

“Take notice that I, Gaspar de Portolá, who was your first Governor and saw your barren hills and sand-dunes in October, anno domini 1769, am about to return in the flesh to view the wondrous works which you have wrought—your palaces and parks: Your ponderous domes and fairy architecture; to praise or censure as the case may be. See to it then that ye receive me with all due pomp and pageantry, for I shall arrive upon your shores on the 19th day of October anno domini 1909; lay aside dull care, and make of this a joyous Carnival Season; lay aside all malice, and let the Spirit of Mirth and Folly have free rein, for if ye receive me well and give kindly greeting to these, my ministers, Mirth and Folly, I shall come again to visit you, each year, bringing rich gifts and great blessings; and laughter and songs shall abound throughout the land. See to them that ye fail me not!

“GASPAR DE PORTOLA,

*“Duke of the Golden Gate and Lord of the Peninsula.”*

From that moment up to the present time, his wishes have been and are being most carefully carried out.

When the Commercial Bodies of San Francisco decided that they would have a Festival in October, they determined it should be unique among the carnivals in the United States, that it should be historical in its significance and should be known as the Portolá Festival in honor of the Spanish explorer, the friend and companion of Father Junípero Serra, who led the famous expedition to San Francisco in 1769. An Executive Committee went quietly and systematically to work, and at the date of writing this article has made the coming festival not only a national affair, but world-renowned.

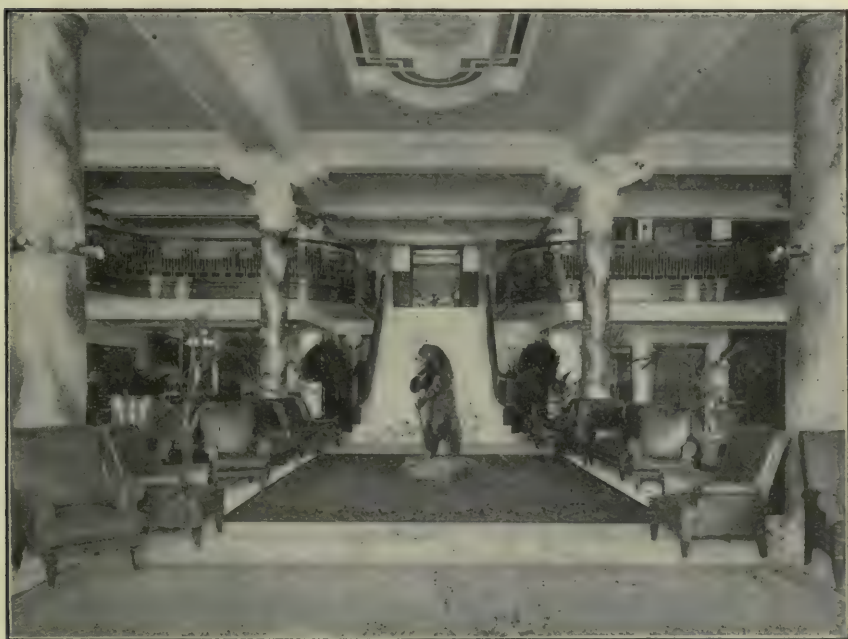
New Orleans has its Mardi Gras; St. Louis its Veiled Prophets, and Omaha its Ark-Sar-Ben, which yearly attract thousands and thousands of people to those cities, but to the Portolá Festival will come the world and his wife; for there is so much sentiment and historic romance centered about San Francisco that the festival is bound to be a most wonderful one. The early Spanish settlers, with





their old quaint ways, have thrown a cloak of romance over this section that is famed the world over.

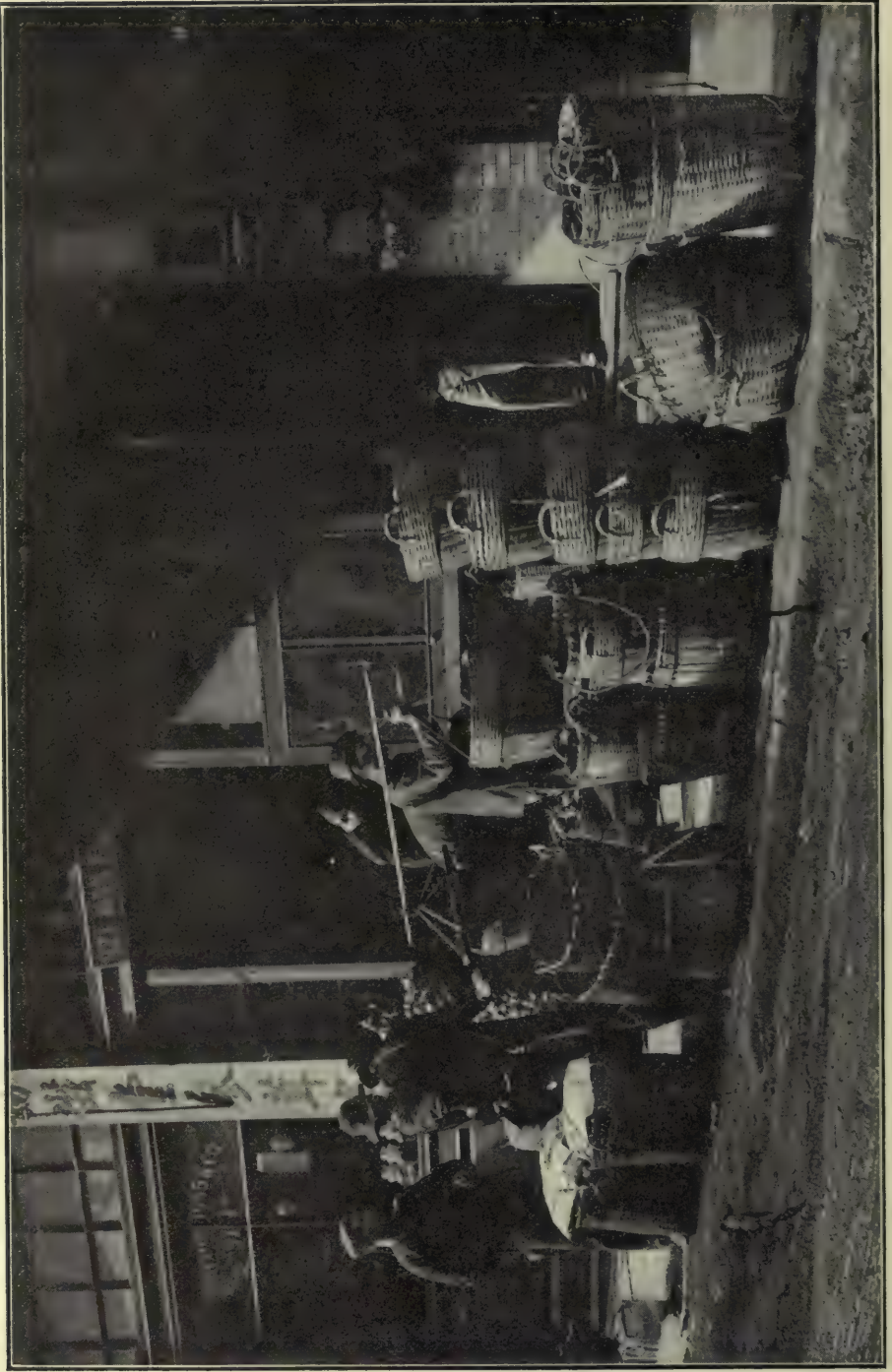
From its inception the Portolá Festival has had the indorsement of all the commercial, fraternal and civic organizations of San Francisco, and with what success their efforts have been crowned will be presently shown. While other cities have had festivals and celebrations annually for many years past, their affairs have been to a large extent local in their inception and aims. The Mardi Gras of New Orleans alone stands out among them as being at all cosmopolitan, and with the vast resources of California and the magnificent scale on which the Californian undertakes affairs of this kind, it was a foregone conclusion that the Portolá Festival would more



LOBBY OF HOTEL ARGONAUT

than eclipse it. The greatest asset which San Francisco has for a successful celebration lies in the carnival spirit of the community, which up to the present time has had to content itself with a few brief hours ushering in the coming year.

Early in the day, of course, much thought was given as to how the festival should be conducted, and it was immediately decided that it should be strictly Spanish in character—and San Franciscan spirit; the open hospitality of old California was to be the keynote and Bohemianism the watchword. That being settled, the various committees began to figure on the nature of the programme, and the city began to take notice. Then the Executive Committee of the Portolá Festival offered a prize amounting in value to one hun-



VEGETABLE SELLERS IN CHINATOWN



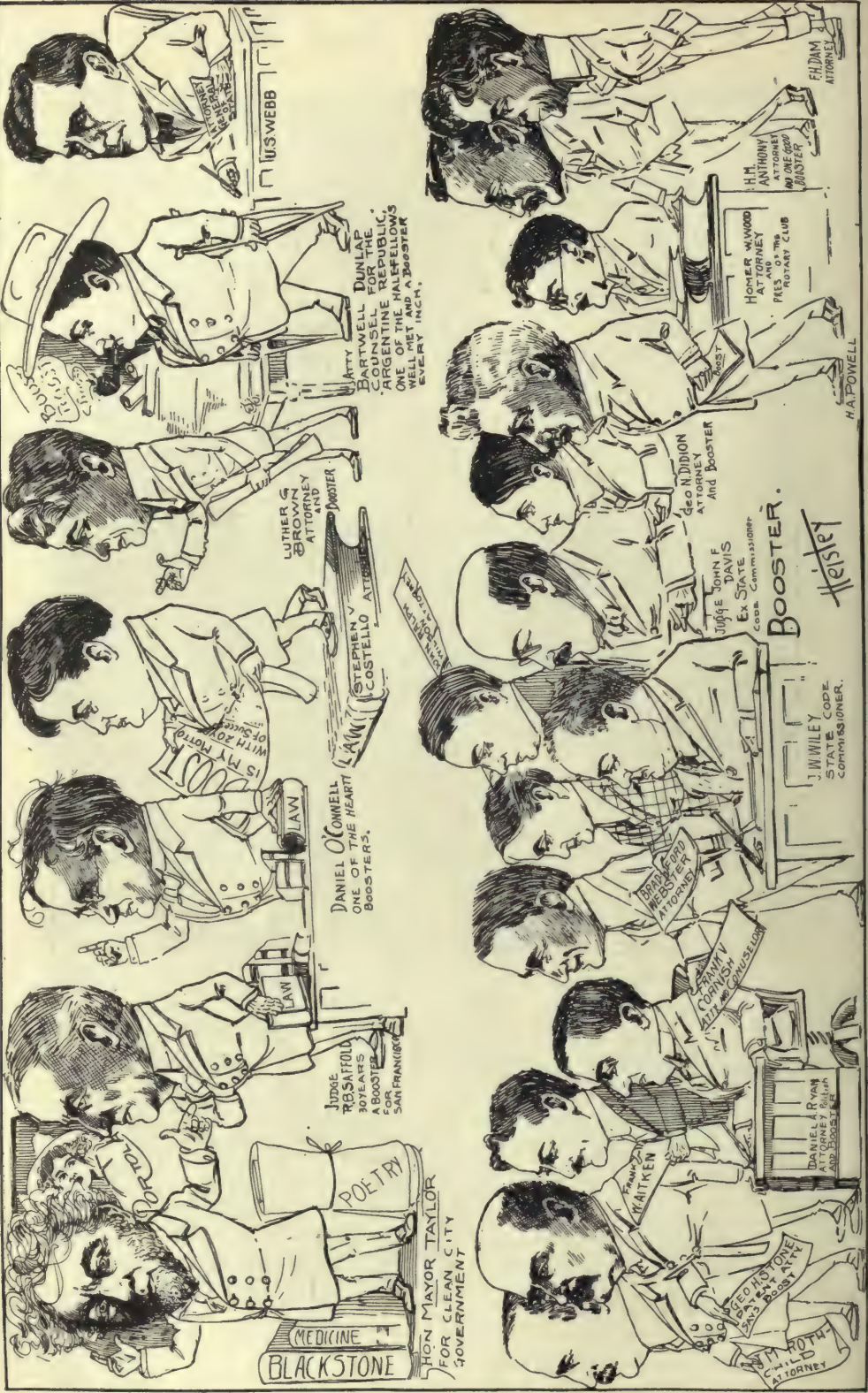
dred dollars for the photograph of the most beautiful young woman in the State of California, and she who was adjudged queen of beauty in the state-wide contest should have the honor of being the "Portolá Poster Girl." The newspapers now began to wax enthusiastic, and sailing became a little easier; for once the press becomes interested, its readers will quickly warm to the subject, especially when they see of what wide-world interest it is to them. Meeting followed meeting at which future plans were formulated. Then came the great Portolá banquet on March 26th, at which it was said that if the enthusiasm displayed that night was any indication of the feeling of the general public, if the wild hurrahs which greeted the mention of Gaspar de Portolá's name were to be a basis of judgment, if the hilarious applause which accompanied the appearance of Portolá himself, were suggestive of the spirit of the whole great



CHINESE CHILDREN IN SAN FRANCISCO

State of California, then the Portolá Festival was not only an assured success, but was destined to become as far-famed as the Mardi Gras of New Orleans. That was in March, now in July the whole world not only knows all about our Portolá Festival, but is going to contribute to its success. Truly the "stickatitiveness" of the men of San Francisco was bringing them in a rich reward.

As early as April there were whisperings abroad that arrangements were being made through Governor Gillette and Mayor Taylor and the Senators and Representatives in Washington, to have warships of all nations in port during that period. These whisperings have become facts, for the foreign consuls here have taken up the matter and already several nations have promised their vessels. With the prospect of the big Pacific fleet here at the time, there will



US WEBB

ATTY DUNLAP  
BARTWELL FOR THE  
ARGENTINE REPUBLIC.  
ONE OF THE HALF-DOZEN  
WELL MET IN A BOOSTER  
EVERY INCH.

LUTHER S.  
BROCKWAY  
ATTORNEY  
AND  
BOOSTER.

STEPHEN V.  
COSTELLO  
ATTORNEY  
AND  
BOOSTER.

DANIEL O'CONNELL  
ONE OF THE HEARTY  
BOOSTERS.

JUDGE REISATFOLD  
30 YEARS  
A BOOSTER  
FOR  
SAN FRANCISCO.

HON MAYOR TAYLOR  
FOR CLEAN CITY  
GOVERNMENT

BLACKSTONE  
MEDICINE

LAW

LAW

LAW

LAW

LAW

LAW

LAW

LAW

LAW

LAW

LAW

LAW

LAW

LAW

H.M.  
ANTHONY  
ATTORNEY  
AND  
BOOSTER.

HOSIER WOOD  
ATTORNEY  
AND  
BOOSTER.

Geo N. DIDION  
ATTORNEY  
AND  
BOOSTER.

Judge JOHN F.  
DAVIS  
Ex State  
Code Commissioner

BRAD FORD  
WEBSTER  
ATTORNEY

DANIEL RYAN  
ATTORNEY  
AND  
BOOSTER.

JOHN ROTH  
CHILD  
ATTORNEY

JOHN ROTH  
CHILD  
ATTORNEY

BOOSTER.

H. POWELL



probably be the biggest naval demonstration ever made on either the Atlantic or Pacific Coast.

On May 22nd came good news from Washington; two big things had been accomplished by C. C. Moore, the Commissioner selected to represent the Portolá Festival in the East and abroad. First of all, he had been assured that the Navy Department would give immediate orders for a change in the plans of the Pacific fleet so that the vessels might be in San Francisco for the festival; secondly he had induced the United States Government to invite all the Great Powers to send warships to represent them. Not only the navy, but every department of the Federal government is lending its efforts in support of San Francisco's great carnival. The Department of



—Photo by Marsh-Girvin Co.  
FOURTH AND MARKET STREETS

Commerce and Labor will send as many of the lighthouse and fish commission boats as possible, and the Treasury Department as many revenue cutters as can be spared.

Secretary of State Knox has given C. C. Moore letters to the American diplomatic representatives at Paris, London, Madrid and Rome, thus giving the San Francisco representative a favorable opportunity to get in touch with officials of these governments. It is therefore very apparent that our commissioners are having a splendid success, both in the East and abroad. The heartiness with which the whole country is entering into the plans for the festival is as gratifying as it was unexpected. It was the thought of the originators of the plan to provide for a cheerful festival for the pleasure of our



LOOKING EAST FROM HOTEL ST. FRANCIS



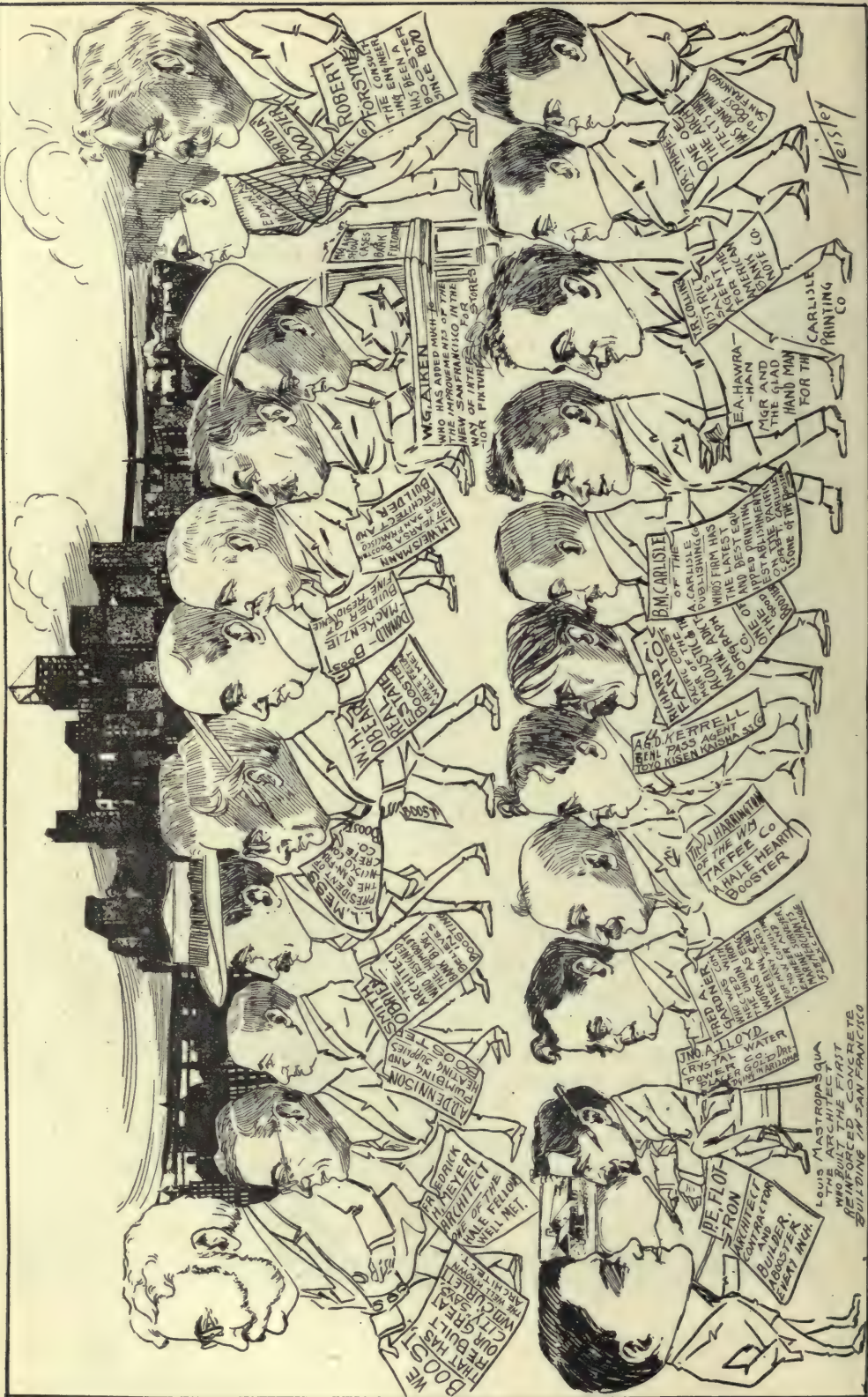
own city and State. The Nation has seized upon the idea, and is spontaneously undertaking to make the occasion a great international celebration of the rising of a city from its ashes.

If the world is coming to congratulate us, the world will be our guests and we must prepare for the appropriate rites of hospitality. Never before have we had the opportunity to entertain at one time official representatives of perhaps twenty nations, including all the great powers of the world, assembled to congratulate the people of this city and State on our speedy rehabilitation from one of the greatest disasters which history records. It will be an epoch in the history of our City. Happily we who know San Francisco have no fear that its people will not rise to the occasion.

In the meantime, while our envoys extraordinary are working hard in the East and Europe, the Committees are toiling even harder at home. Not so very long ago one of the best and most distinctive ideas yet propounded was hit upon for the Portolá Festival. It was a plan to bring all the big hotel-men of America and Europe to San Francisco in a special train designed and conducted exactly like a hotel itself. James Woods of the St. Francis Hotel conceived the idea and he felt that if he could but ally with him some of the big hotel-men of New York, his moving hostelry would be a success. Mr. Woods went east and there is little doubt that he has succeeded beyond his most earnest expectations.

What it is most desired to bring out in this article is the fact that the Portolá Executive Committee is devoting all its attention and energies to forming and carrying out new ideas, that may give our coming visitors pleasure and at the same time ennoble and benefit our City. That their efforts have been appreciated by the American Government has been more than proven, and that they have the admiration of the world for their splendidly conceived ideas, no one can deny. The wheels are well oiled and are now running smoothly. The energetic Executive Committee is not stopping at the size of things, as is shown by the acceptance of the invitation by President Taft to open the festivities on October 19th, and if Special Commissioner Woods has his way, he will gain the acceptance of the President to attach his private car to the perfectly appointed hotel on wheels, when this famous train comes out.

Each day brings fresh cablegrams from Europe telling of the notable success of the envoys with the great ones of the Old World, who are showing as great an interest as our Eastern brothers. One thing is sure—the world has seen great expositions from time to time, but the Portolá Festival will excel in beauty and grandeur any of the world's offerings of modern times.

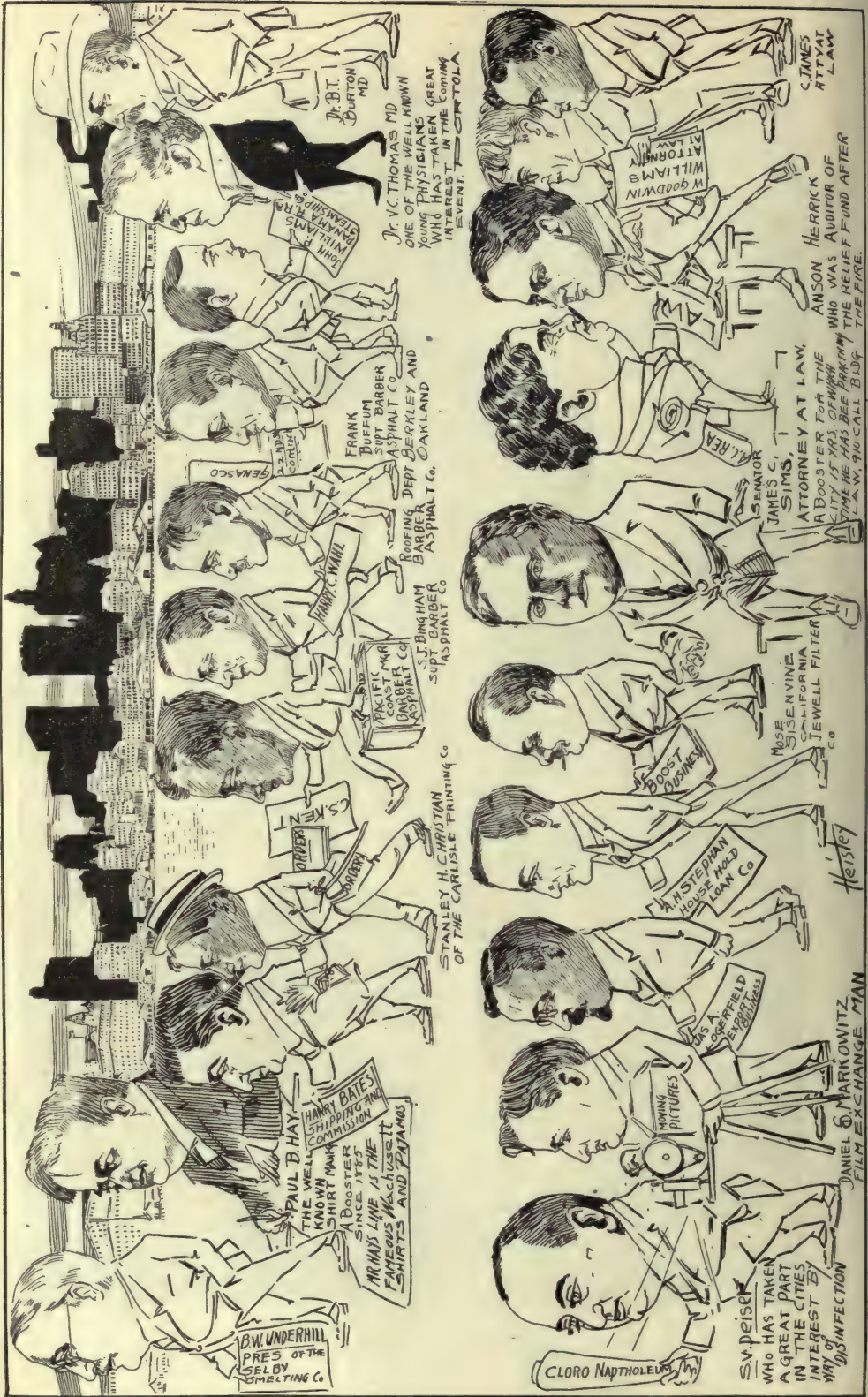


LOUIS MASTROPASQUA  
THE ARCHITECT  
WHO BUILT THE FIRST  
REINFORCED CONCRETE  
BUILDING IN SAN FRANCISCO





ENTRANCE TO HOTEL ARGONAUT



B.W. UNDERHILL  
PRES. OF THE  
SEELY  
SMELTING CO.

PAUL B. HAY  
THE WELL-KNOWN  
SHIRT MAKER  
A BOOSTER  
SINCE 1875  
MR. HAY'S LINE IS THE  
FAMOUS WACHSHEIT  
SHIRTS AND PATAMOS.

ORDER  
C.S. MENT

PACIFIC MAR  
GARBER CO.  
ASPHALT CO.

ST. BINGHAM  
SUPT. GARBER  
ASPHALT CO.

ROCKING DEPT. GARBER  
ASPHALT CO.

FRANK  
DUFFUM  
SUPT. GARBER  
ASPHALT CO.

J.C. THOMAS MD  
ONE OF THE WELL-KNOWN  
YOUNG PHYSICIANS GREAT  
WHO HAS TAKEN GREAT  
INTEREST IN THE COMING  
EVENT.

CLORO NAPHTHOLENE

SW. DEISEL  
WHO HAS TAKEN  
A GREAT PART  
IN THE CITIES  
INTEREST BY  
WAY OF  
DISINFECTION

MOVING  
PICTURES

U.S. A  
GERRARD  
CO. SHIPBUILDERS

MASTERMAN  
HOUSE AND  
LOAN CO.

BOOST  
BUSINESS

MOSE  
SILVERING  
JEWELL FILTER  
CO.

SENATOR  
JAMES C.  
SIMS

ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
CITY OF LOS ANGELES  
L.A.W. 90,000 CALL BLDG  
THE FIRE.

ANSON HERRICK  
WHO WAS AUDITOR OF  
THE RELIEF FUND AFTER  
THE FIRE.

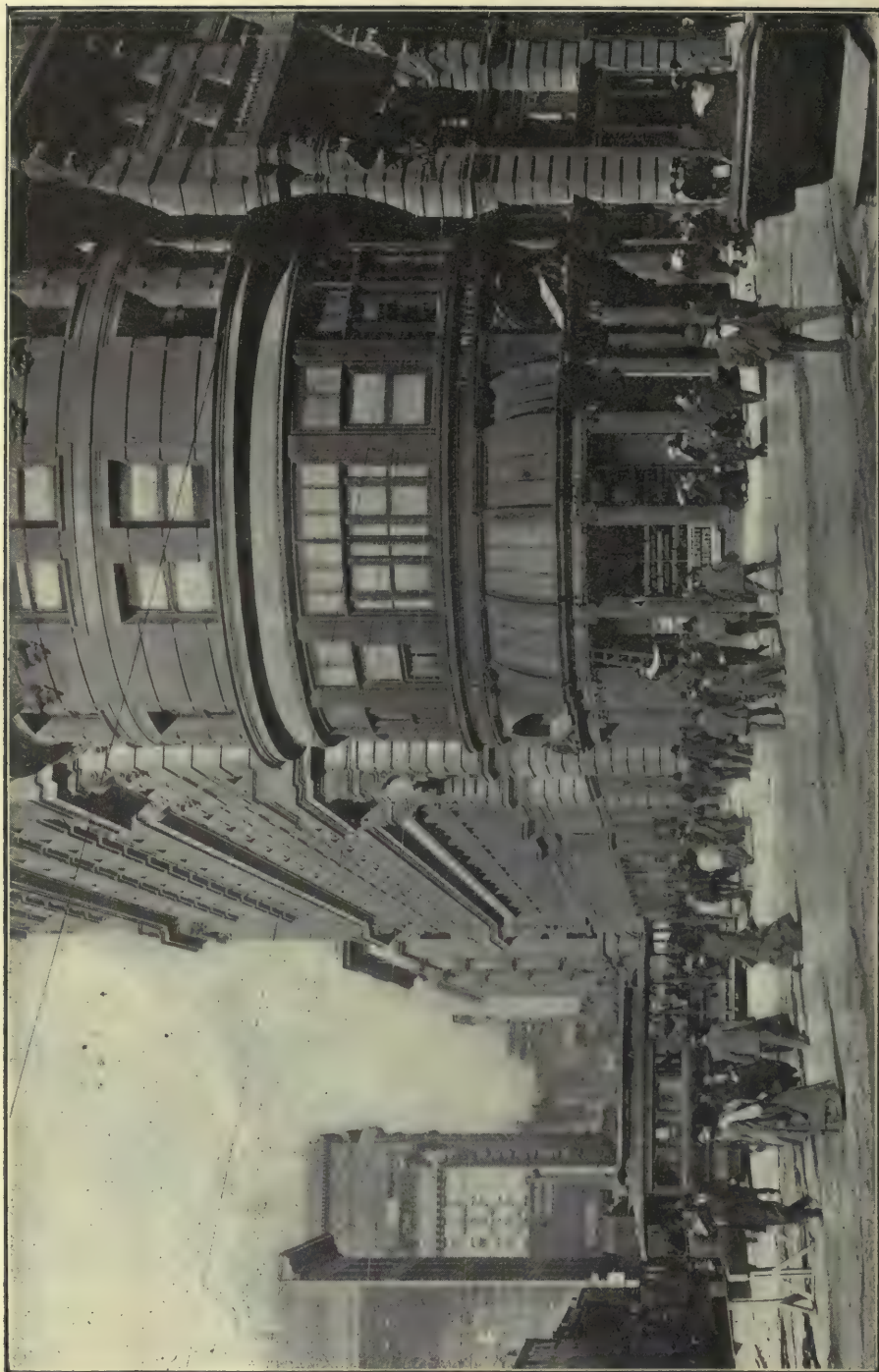
W. GOODWIN  
ATTORNEY  
AT LAW

CLIMES  
ATTYAT  
LAW



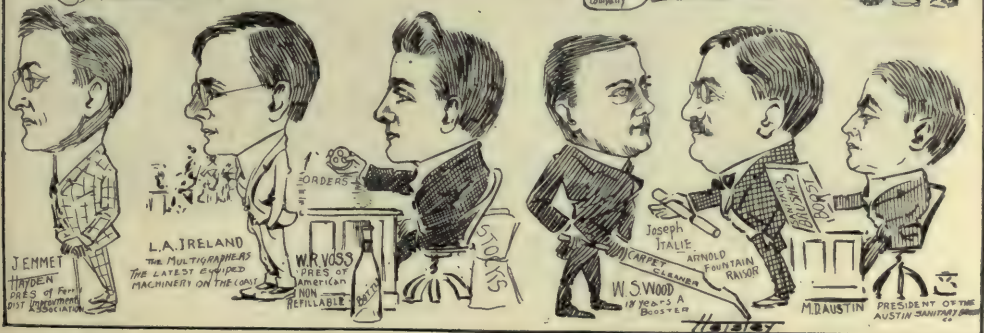
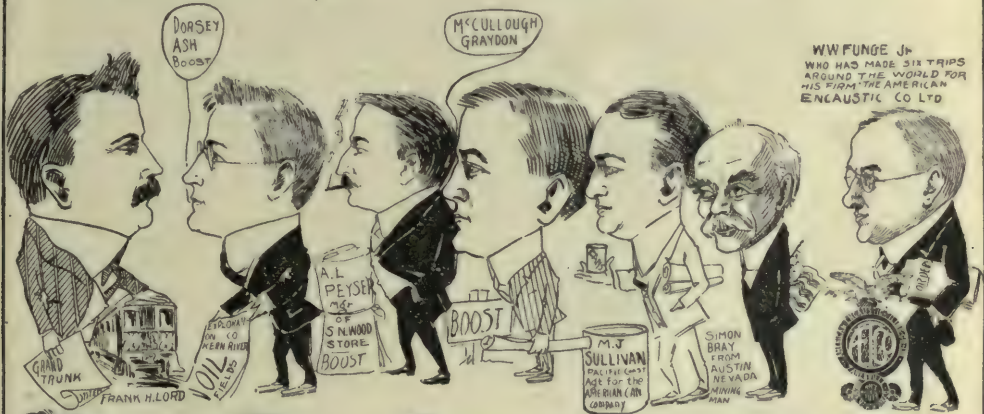
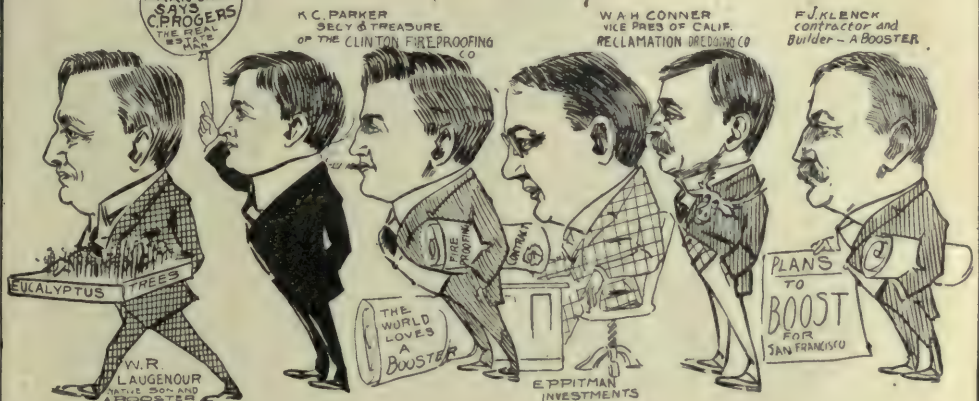
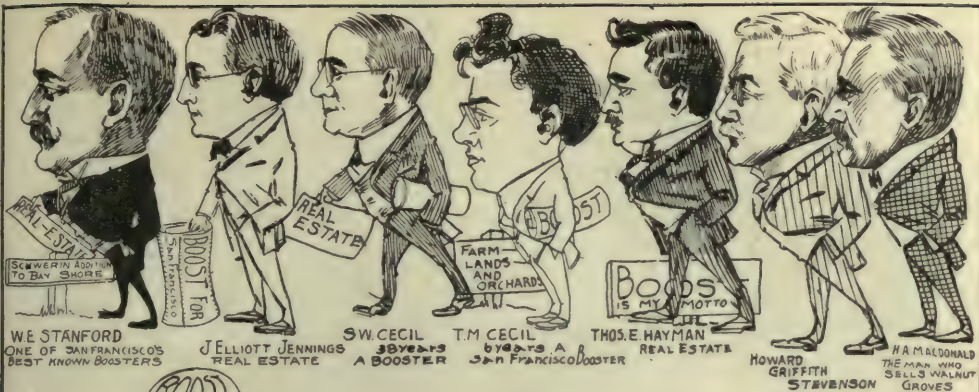


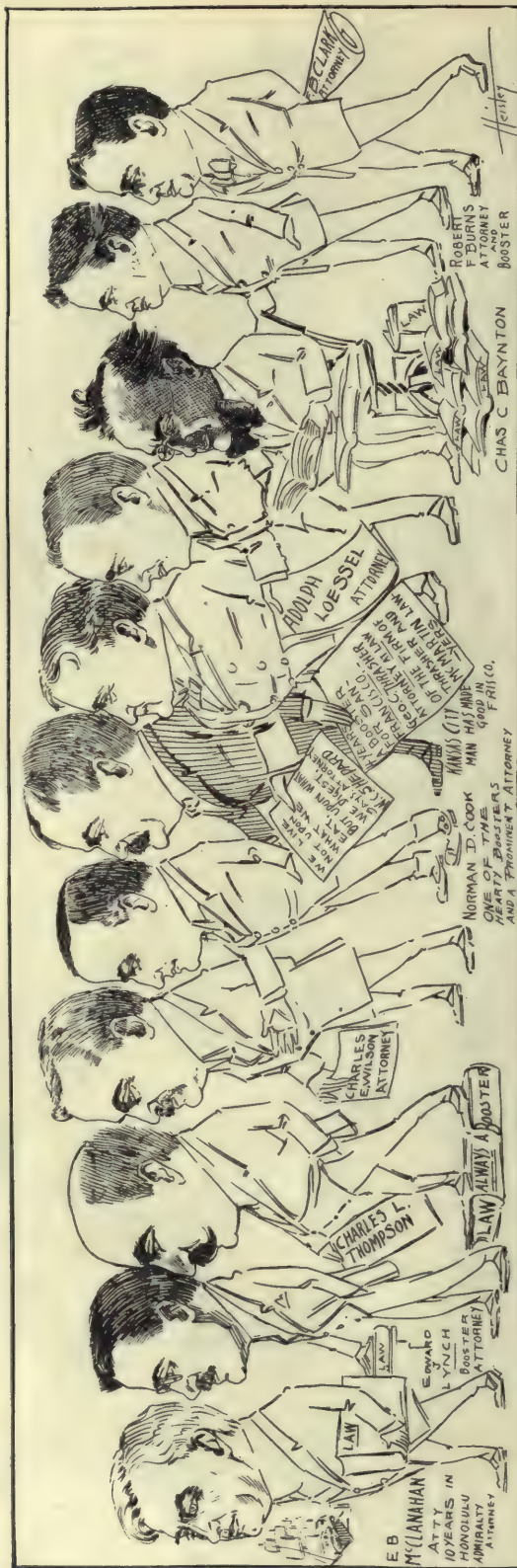
HOTEL ST. FRANCIS



LOOKING UP POWELL STREET FROM MARKET



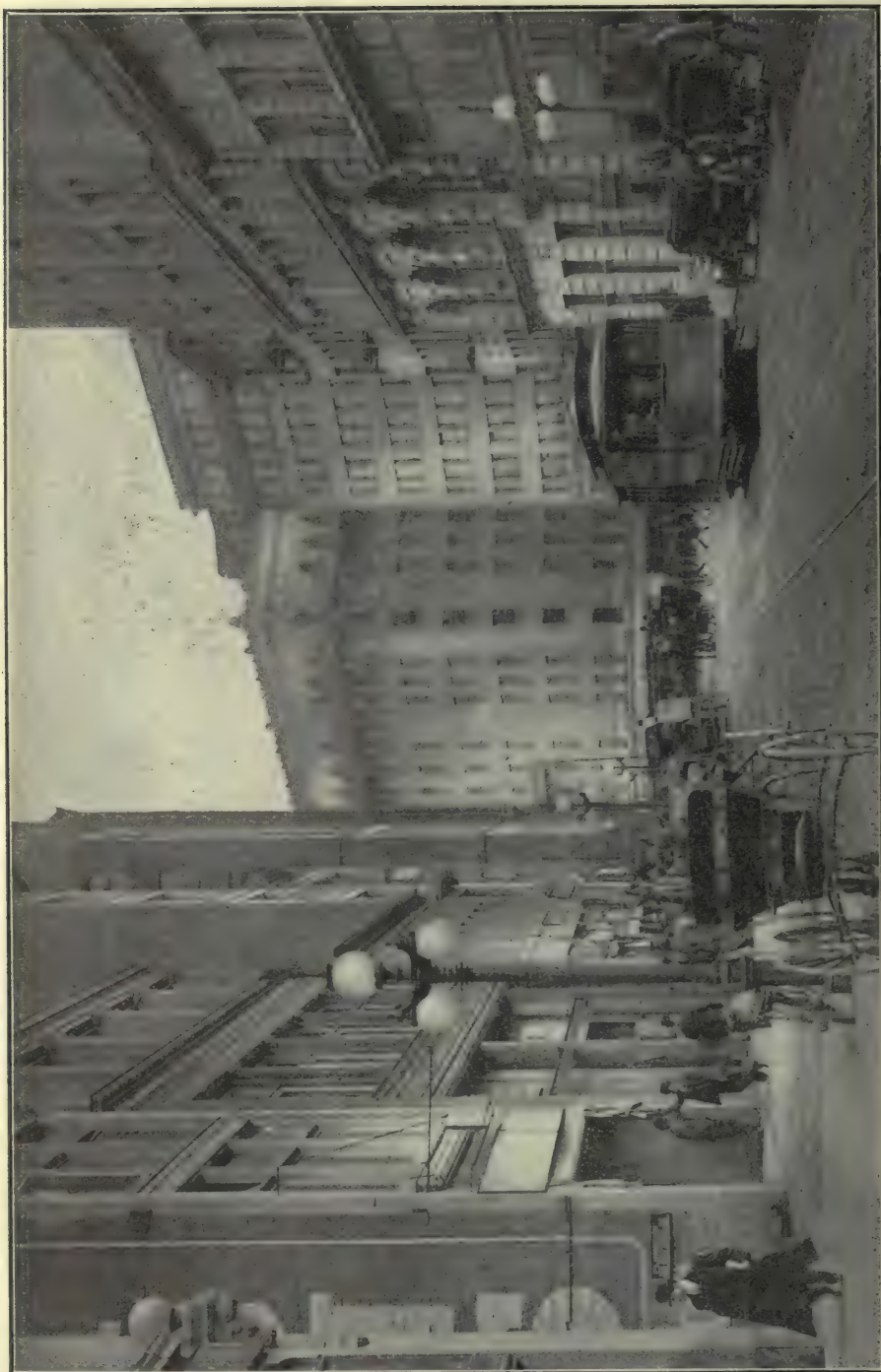








IN THE NEW CHINATOWN



GEARY AND MARKET STREETS





LOTIA'S FOUNTAIN

## § SAN FRANCISCO AS A CONVENTION CITY

By CHAS. E. NAYLOR.



It is now proposed to erect in San Francisco the ideal Auditorium of America, with a total seating capacity of 17,350.

Located on the eastern shores of the Pacific ocean this most westerly metropolis of the United States, with its half million people residing within its immediate boundaries and another half million in surrounding suburbs, rising from its ashes of three years ago, exhibits at the present time the most progressive and ambitious spirit that has ever possessed its citizens. These citizens have fully awakened to the belief that San Francisco is a city of destiny, which cannot be permanently destroyed by fire or any other element.

The marvelous growth in their midst of hundreds of the most modern, fire-proof sky-reaching and other substantial buildings has astonished even themselves and really opened their eyes to their own possibilities.

The untiring activity of their numerous and aggressive commercial bodies, improvement associations, and that great California advertiser and booster, the California Promotion Committee, just keeps everybody on the jump and stirs things from the bottom up all the time. The new annual festival-carnival to celebrate Portolá's discovery of San Francisco Bay October 19th to 23rd, the world already knows about.

Now there is a special committee of leading citizens out looking for conventions which it is hoped to secure, while a strong, well-organized and active movement is on foot for the early erection of the greatest of all Auditoriums in which to entertain these conventions.

This is to be one of the new features of the new city; for San Francisco has never had a really satisfactory building in which to house conventions or other large assemblies.

Taking their cue from Kansas City, the citizens have organized and incorporated the San Francisco Auditorium Association, with a capital of \$500,000, divided into 50,000 ten-dollar shares and are just ready to throw these shares open to popular subscription.

It is believed that the public-spirited people who have already done so much to create a beautiful modern city will not be satisfied until they have a suitable place in which every function that legitimately makes for pleasure, profit or charity, may have a home; and that they will quickly emulate the example of the sister city and subscribe the necessary funds to pay for this projected building.

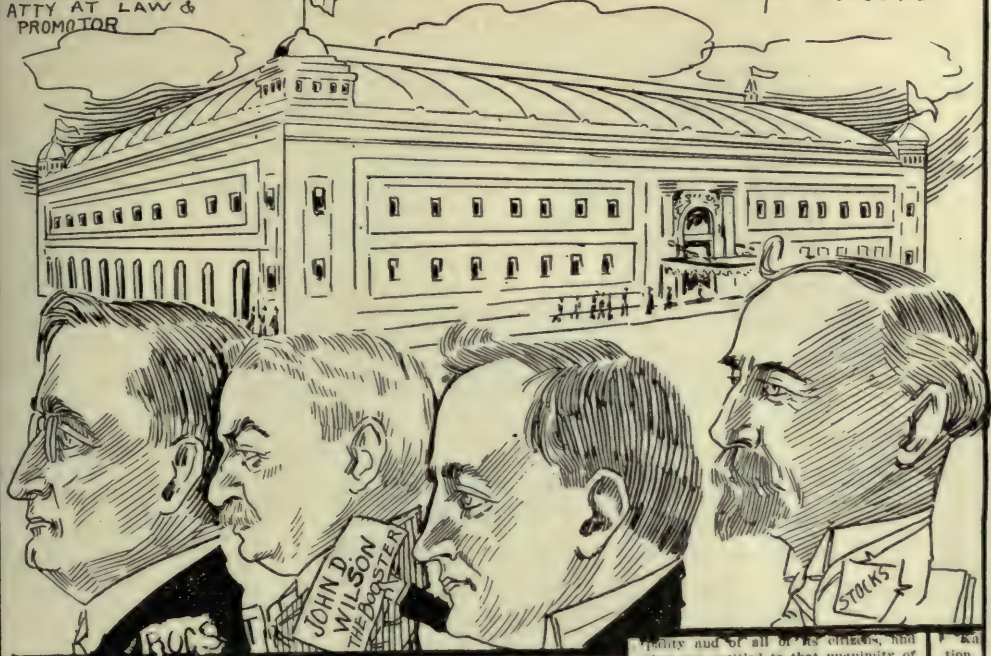
The location selected is the best in the city, being in the very cen-



CHASE E. NAYLOR  
ATTY AT LAW &  
PROMOTOR

AJ. CARMANY

JOSEPH F. FORDERER



# THE AUDITORIUM PROJECT.

Whether or not San Francisco secures a great public auditorium and concert hall commensurate with the city's importance depends upon the response of the public to the request for subscriptions to the stock of the San Francisco Auditorium Association, a corporation organized for that purpose and capitalized at \$500,000. The par value of the stock has been placed at \$10 a share for the purpose of procuring a popular subscription. Payments on the subscriptions may be made either in a lump sum, upon demand, or in monthly installments (not exceeding ten) as called, commencing as soon as subscriptions amounting to \$100,000 have been secured. Subscribers to receive, at their option, shares of the capital stock, either preferred or common, of the San Francisco Auditorium Association, incorporated, or construction certificates exchangeable within one year for stock of said association.

or a receipt for such payment as a contribution, selection of these options to be made at the time the first money is paid.

The proposed auditorium will be of Class A construction, 275 by 220 feet, and will, it is estimated, cost \$400,000. It will be erected on the old Mechanics Pavilion site, on which the corporation holds a fifty-year lease on favorable terms. In design the Kansas City Convention Hall will be followed, but a number of new and attractive features will be introduced.

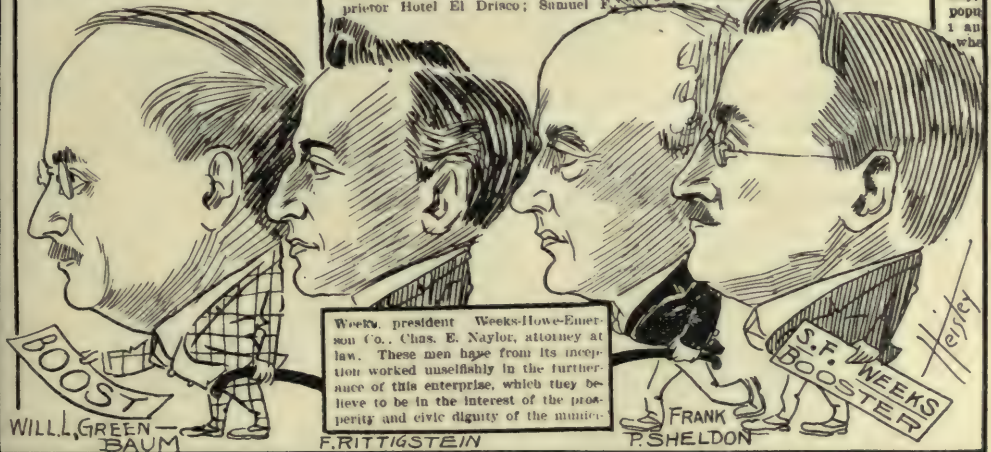
The directors of the enterprise are men well known in San Francisco business circles, and their standing in the community may be taken as an indication that the enterprise will be conservatively and successfully managed. The directors are: Joseph F. Forderer, president; Forrester Cornice Works; Will L. Greenbaum, treasurer; and theatrical manager; A. J. Carmany, manager; Title Insurance and Guaranty Co.; Frank P. Sheldon (Mark Sheldon Co.), capitalist; John D. Wilson, proprietor Hotel El Drisco; Samuel F.

party and for all of its citizens, and they are entitled to that unanimity of support in the shape of an oversubscription to the funds of this project that their faithful and efficient service merits.

The auditorium project has received the unqualified endorsement of the Chamber of Commerce of San Francisco, the Merchants' Association, the San Francisco Real Estate Board, the Merchants' Exchange, the Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco, and the Hotel Men's Association, and should receive the substantial support of all persons who believe in a progressive, up-to-date San Francisco.

The obvious necessity for an auditorium suitable for conventions of a national character, as well as for large local gatherings, must be apparent. San Francisco at this time has no such building in a conveniently accessible location, and so cannot, with reasonable hope of success, invite the great national conventions to meet here. With such a building the city could secure the great gatherings that now go elsewhere.

San  
tion,  
struct  
people  
stroy  
000 a  
three  
with  
torium  
a ma  
of ad  
hibit  
the b  
be a  
call  
evid  
world  
San F  
off th  
seve  
entire  
the  
atru  
will  
of a  
bulki  
en wi  
City,  
popu  
1 an  
who



Weeks, president Weeks-Howe-Emerson Co., Chas. E. Naylor, attorney at law. These men have from its inception worked unselfishly in the furtherance of this enterprise, which they believe to be in the interest of the prosperity and civic dignity of the munici-

F. RITTIGSTEIN

WILL L. GREENBAUM

FRANK P. SHELDON

S.F. WEEKS BOOSTER

ter of the natural civic center, directly across the street from the City Hall, and on the block occupied for twenty years by the Mechanics' Institute Pavilion, a wooden building of immense proportions in which many national conventions and hundreds of other popular affairs were held right down to the date of its destruction by fire. The street-car service is probably the best in the city.

A fifty-year lease has been secured on the land, and the building contemplated is to be a modern, class A structure, (steel and concrete) and of such shape and dimensions that it will accommodate the large audiences that will assemble within its walls in the most satisfactory manner. It will be so arranged that in addition to national conventions and similar assemblies, it will be possible to stage the largest spectacular dramas and operas so that these may be witnessed by the masses at popular prices.

While San Francisco is still in need of a City Hall and other civic improvements, all of which will in due time be provided through municipal bond issues, there is nothing that is really so urgent for the advantage of the commercial and social life of the city at the present time as the early acquisition of a great Auditorium.

No modern large city can properly aspire to be "a convention city," which is one of the most laudable ambitions that San Franciscans are charged with, unless it has a suitable hall to house conventions when they do come.

The plan of the San Francisco Auditorium Association above outlined is strongly advocated by the press of the city in leading editorials, and has received the unqualified endorsement of the Associated Savings Banks, the Real Estate Board, the Merchants' Association, an organization composed of over 1200 merchants and others, the Chamber of Commerce, the Hotel Men's Association, the Merchants' Exchange and many others, which shows how unanimous the people are in their support of the project.

It is anticipated that the banks, hotels, transportation and transfer companies, the restaurants, automobile agencies, livery stables, and others directly benefited by the coming of visitors in large numbers will subscribe liberally in aid of the enterprise, and that in a few months the corner stone of "the ideal Auditorium of America" will be laid in San Francisco by the Sea.





Dormitory and Garden—Cumnock School

# Cumnock School

Boarding and Day School for Girls  
Sixteenth Year Opens September 23

**Certificate Admits to College**

**ACADEMIC COURSE—**

Regular high school course, or elective courses adjusted to individual needs. All pupils given expression work. Small classes. Individual attention. Outdoor life and gymnastics.

**PREPARATORY—**

Fifth to eighth grade work.

**EXPRESSION COURSE —**

For general culture or teaching—embracing Oral and Written Expression, Literature, Dramatics, Voice and Physical Training. Private lessons given all pupils.

**PHYSICAL TRAINING COURSE—**

Normal course for training teachers and playground workers. Special faculty and advantages.

**ELECTIVE COURSES—**

Arranged in any department.

Send for Special Illustrated Catalogue.

**1500 South Figueroa Street, Los Angeles, California**

# Out West Magazine Company

CHAS. F. LUMMIS, *President*

W. S. DINSMORE, *Treasurer*

C. A. MOODY, *Vice-President and General Manager*

R. M. SHEPPARD, *Secretary*

W. B. MOSELEY, *Business Manager*

PUBLISHERS OF

## OUT WEST

Edited by { CHAS. F. LUMMIS  
CHARLES AMADON MOODY

Published Monthly at Los Angeles, California

Entered at the Los Angeles Postoffice as Second-class Matter.

**Advertising Rates** . . will be cheerfully furnished on application. Special discount of cover-pages and other preferred spaces (when available) will be named on application. The publishers reserve the right to decline any advertising not considered desirable. Size of column  $2\frac{1}{2} \times 8$  inches—two columns to the page. Last advertising form closes on the 15th of month preceding date of issue. Advertisers are earnestly requested to instruct as early as the 5th whenever possible.

**Subscription Price** . . \$3.00 a year delivered post-free to any point in the any other country. United States, Canada, Cuba or Mexico. \$3.75 a year to

All manuscript, and other matter requiring the attention of the editor, should be addressed to him. All letters about subscriptions, advertising or other business, should be addressed

### OUT WEST MAGAZINE COMPANY

312-316 Mason Opera House Bldg., Los Angeles, California

## Continental Building and Loan Association

(Established in 1889)

Junction of Golden Gate Avenue  
TAYLOR and MARKET STS.  
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

Paid-in Capital - - - - \$2,000,000.00

DR. WASHINGTON DODGE - - - - President  
JAMES McCULLOUGH - - - - 1st Vice-President  
DR. JOSEPH G. CRAWFORD - 2nd Vice-President  
GAVIN McNAB - - - - - Attorney  
WILLIAM CORBIN - - - - Sec. and Gen'l Mgr.

Write the Association for particulars regarding 6 per cent certificates of deposit, the safest investment in Calif.; interest payable semi-annually.

**ANYVO THEATRICAL COLD CREAM** prevents early wrinkles. It is not a freckle coating; it removes them. ANYVO CO., 427 North Main St., Los Angeles



# NOTICE

GET AN

## OUT WEST REPORT

Owing to the great number of letters received by the OUT WEST Magazine asking for information regarding localities, companies, and general subjects pertaining to the Pacific Coast, the Southwest and Mexico, it has been decided by the business management to open a department, in charge of competent persons, for the purpose of supplying reliable information and reports. The service is free and dependable—to all alike—and on any subject or locality embraced above.

An "OUT WEST REPORT"—a personal letter giving the desired information in detail so far as we have it or can obtain it, will be sent the enquirer—also literature on the subject where such is issued.

Persons desiring information regarding any particular locality will, by writing us, be supplied with an "OUT WEST REPORT" giving the information desired, also literature on the locality where any is issued.

Anyone desiring to find the locality best adapted for their particular purpose will, by writing and stating exactly what is wanted, receive an "OUT WEST REPORT," telling where it can be found and giving complete information regarding the locality, with literature on same if any is issued.

If information is desired regarding any particular land or mining company, an "OUT WEST REPORT" will give all the reliable information that it is possible to get on the subject.

If a new location is desired for reasons of health, let us know what is wanted or required, and an "OUT WEST REPORT" will immediately put you in touch with a suitable location.

If a hotel of a particular class is desired, write us telling just what is wanted, and we will send an "OUT WEST REPORT" telling where to find exactly the place.

If uncertain as to just what is wanted, where wanted or how to get it, and it pertains to the Pacific Coast, Southwest or Mexico, write us at once for an "OUT WEST REPORT" on the subject.

An "OUT WEST REPORT" can be depended on—all information will be prompt, complete and reliable. We have nothing to sell, except magazines and advertising space.

This department service is open alike to our subscribers and others. It costs the enquirers nothing, and may save much by helping to avoid expensive mistakes.

Always get an "OUT WEST REPORT"—then you are sure.

Address all letters of enquiry to,

OUT WEST MAGAZINE

Dept. OUT WEST REPORT

Los Angeles, California

**NOTE**—OUT WEST guarantees nothing more than the correctness of the statements in "OUT WEST REPORTS." It cannot guarantee that any particular investment will be profitable, or any particular place agreeable to the individual.

The department is conducted by the business management of OUT WEST,—not by the editorial staff.

# OUT WEST MAGAZINE

## CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS



### BRING BUYER AND SELLER TOGETHER

In this Classified Department will be inserted advertisements of a clean and reliable character, up to 14 lines, at the rate of 50 cents per line. None will be inserted of less than 4 lines. No illustrations nor display features will be permitted in this department. Our policy, which excludes medical, palmistry, fortune-telling, or misleading advertisements, or advertisements of unreliable parties or commodities, also prevails in this department, and the business management will appreciate prompt notice from OUT WEST readers of any such that may get in by false pretense. Address all letters pertaining to this department to

### OUT WEST MAGAZINE

CLASSIFIED DEPARTMENT

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

#### CALIFORNIA LANDS

**EUCALYPTUS** land for sale. We plant it to trees and care for it. We provide a market for the crop and insure highest price for commercial timber. Terms are cash or monthly instalments, as you prefer. A savings bank investment. No risk, no worry, no work, absolutely safe and the most profitable crop grown. For booklet and particulars address Eucalyptus Timber Corporation, 358 So. Broadway, Los Angeles, Cal.

**IRRIGATED FARM LANDS** in Fresno and Merced Counties, California—Sold in tracts of five acres and up. A postal card will bring you particulars regarding the finest lands in California. Address Miller & Lux, Los Banos, Merced County, Cal.

**FOR EUCALYPTUS** lands, investments and particulars address us. Ask for our Story of Eucalyptus, just off the press. It will tell you all the facts of this wonderful hardwood. Address Murrieta Eucalyptus Co., 211 Mercantile Place, Los Angeles, Cal.

**ORANGE LAND \$3 PER ACRE MONTHLY** in Southern California's sunniest climate. Your first opportunity to purchase a small piece of choice frostless fruit land in beautiful El Cajon Valley on long-time terms. Near schools. A good living in five acres. Special introductory prices. Write for illustrated booklet. J. Frank Cullen, San Diego, California.

**HEMET--HEMET--HEMET--SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA**—Investigate this valley. It will pay big dividends in health and prosperity. Most perfect conditions; water, soil and climate cannot be equaled; population right sort; town high-class, modern and up-to-date; orange, walnut, olives and deciduous fruit lands, improved and unimproved. Address Valley Realty Co., Hemet, Cal., or Los Angeles office, 553 So. Spring street.

**SUNNYVALE ACRES**—Beautiful acre and half acre lots. Rich sediment soil. Artesian water. Will grow berries of all kinds, garden truck, alfalfa, apples, pears, cherries, peaches, apricots and prunes. 1 acre will support you. ¼ mile from depot. Price from \$200 up. \$50 cash and \$10 a month. Write for catalogue. Sunnyvale Land Co., Sunnyvale, Calif.

#### MEXICAN LANDS

**MEXICO**, State of Sinaloa—Two days from Los Angeles. Fine climate, fertile soil. 100 to 2,000,000 acres of fine coast and foothill lands. Rich soil. Hardwood timber, farming, fruit and mineral lands. Worlds of water. Prices \$2 an

acre up. For literature and particulars address The West Mexico Co., 529-531 Byrne Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal.

**TEPIC, MEXICO.** On the West Coast. Shares are being offered in a producing plantation, operated on modern American methods. Growing corn, tobacco, garvanza, rubber, bananas, pineapples, hardwood and cattle. 300 per cent profit in five years. Share in the profits. \$5 per share, fully secured. Best of reference. Full information on request. M. P. Wright & Co., Delta Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal.

**MEXICAN TROPICAL LAND CO.**, 209-210 Union Trust Bldg., Los Angeles, are offering the subdivided Playa Vicente Plantation, State of Vera Cruz, Mexico, in 20 acre tracts at \$10 per acre on easy payments. A substantial investment. Address for booklet as above.

#### SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES

**LOS ANGELES BUSINESS COLLEGE**—One management 20 years. All preparatory, commercial and academic subjects. Also private tutors. Learn the Schrader way. Get new literature. 417 West Fifth St., Los Angeles, Cal.

**ISAACS-WOODBURY BUSINESS COLLEGE**, Fifth Floor Hamburger Bldg., Los Angeles. Open entire year. Thorough courses. Positions secured. Write for catalogue. E. K. Isaacs President.

**HEALD'S BUSINESS COLLEGE**, 614 South Grand Ave., Los Angeles, Cal. Thoroughly prepares young people for business. Positions secured. Full particulars free on application.

**BROWNSBERGER COMMERCIAL COLLEGE**, 953-5-7 West Seventh Street, Los Angeles. Elegant home, broad courses. Strong Faculty. Graduates assisted. Beautiful catalog free.

#### MISCELLANEOUS

**JUDSON FREIGHT FORWARDING CO.**—Reduced rates on household goods to and from all points on the Pacific Coast. 443 Marquette Bldg., Chicago; 1501 Wright Bldg., St. Louis; 736 Old South Bldg., Boston; 206 Pacific Bldg., San Francisco; 200 Central Bldg., Los Angeles.

**STIKPATCH** mends stockings without darning. Washes and wears better than darning. Buy of your dealer or send ten cents to us for package of 20 patches postpaid. Agents wanted. Leland Co., Box 376, Los Angeles, Cal.





## \$1.00 Mexican Palm Hat 50¢

For Men, Women and Children—  
All Sizes

Greatest hat bargain of the season. Over 50,000 sold and not one dissatisfied buyer. Guaranteed genuine Mexican hand-woven from palm fibre—colored design brim. Retail at \$1.00. To introduce our Mexican and Indian Handicraft, we send postpaid for only 50 cents. Three for \$1.25.



## \$1 Genuine Panama Hat \$1.00

Imported Direct

An exceptional introductory bargain. Differs only from a \$10.00 Panama at in being coarser weave. Weight 2 ounces, flexible and very durable. All sizes. Mailed prepaid for \$1.00; two for \$1.88. Money back if unsatisfactory. Catalog of Mexican and Panama Hats Free



FRANCIS E. LESTER CO., Dept. FM6 Mesilla Park, New Mexico.

## Get Our New Booklet

### A Story of *Eucalyptus*

Just off the press. Alive with facts about this wonderful new industry. Investigate now. A small payment down and small payments monthly will mean a perpetual income a little later on.



**Murrieta Eucalyptus Co.**  
211 Mercantile Place  
Los Angeles, Cal.



## Maier Brewing Company's "Select" Beer

**NOTED** for its Age,  
Purity and Strength.  
All shipments by bottles or  
kegs promptly filled. Family  
trade a specialty. :: :: ::

OFFICE AND BREWERY  
**440 Aliso Street, Los Angeles**  
BOTH PHONES: Exchange 91



GEORGE JR. SCHOOL

## SAN FERNANDO, CAL.

The Ideal Spot for a Home

**The Finest Citrus Fruits in the World**  
Are grown in the San Fernando Valley. 250,000 acres of the most fertile soil in Southern California, on which is grown every product of the soil.

For detailed information of the opportunities offered,  
write to any of the following:

R. P. Waite	Markham & Short	Stewart Fruit Co.
Van Winkle Bros.	John T. Wilson	Henry Hollye
Mrs. F. L. Boruff	F. A. Powell	S. N. Lopez & Co.



Los Angeles, Cal., May 18, 1909.

The Mathie Brewing Company,

1834-1858 East Main St., Los Angeles, Cal.

Gentlemen:

For several years I tried different doctors and medicines for indigestion, sleeplessness and nervousness, but to no avail. My father asked me to try MATHIE'S MALT TONIC, and after using it for some time I felt much better and my general health was much improved, and I still continue to use it.

Yours gratefully,

PEARL ALDERETE.

## **MATHIE MALT TONIC**

**\$1.50 Per Dozen**

- -

**Delivered**

**The Mathie Brewing Co.**

**Los Angeles, Cal.**

Home Phone Ex. 942

Sunset Phone East 66

Designing  
Engraving  
Printing



Estimates  
Promptly  
Furnished

**WE PRINT THE OUT WEST MAGAZINE**

# **Wayside Press**

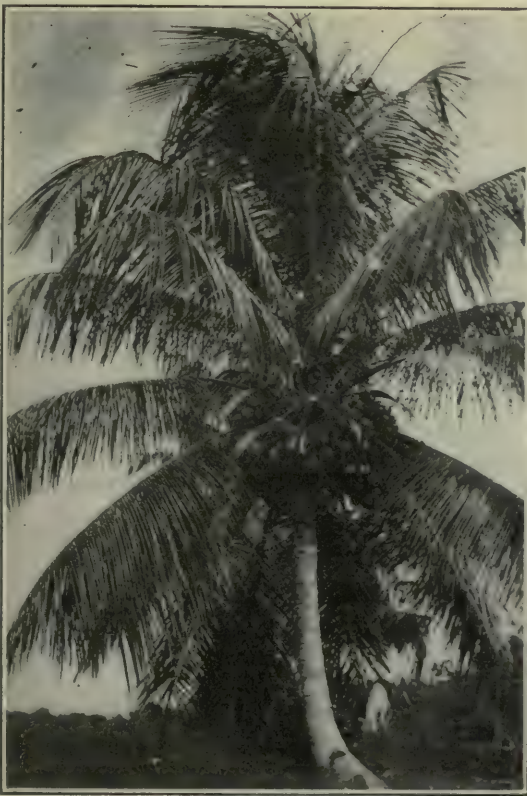
(INC.)

Commercial, Book and Catalogue

## **Printing and Binding**

**837 So. Spring Street, Los Angeles**





**A Coconut Palm**

## Playa Vicente Plantations

State of Vera Cruz

# MEXICO

**Produce Four Crops Yearly  
Soil is Always Producing**

**Fertile - Healthy - Accessible**

In a few years Mexico will be supplying the United States with the bulk of the products of the soil which we consume. The United States is becoming more densely populated each year. The productive acres are being cut up. The demand is getting greater—the supply less. The tide is turning to Mexico. The big transportation companies realize this and are rushing lines there.

In the Western United States and Canada all producing lands have been taken up at their original low cost and today bring their full high values. Colonization has but recently started on a large

scale in Mexico. With governmental encouragement large tracts of the cream of the Mexican Republic have been taken over by operating companies who agree to colonize them by marketing in small tracts to prospective settlers. As the lands pass from the companies, prices advance and it will be but a short time until \$10 land will be changing hands at \$100 to \$250 per acre. It was the same in the Southwest, the Northwest and Canada. Our experts after considering available agricultural land all over Mexico, selected the Playa Vicente Plantation, located in the most productive section of the most fertile region of Mexico.

Climate:—Equable, average 75 degrees past ten years. Rainfall:—About 100 inches. Altitude:—About 500 feet, no swamp or marsh land. Soil:—Produces four crops per year, reaching maturity with great rapidity and produces, among the products best known in the United States: Corn, bananas, tobacco, chocolate, oranges, lemons, limes, pineapples, rubber, sugar, rice, coffee, coconuts, vanilla, cotton, grape fruit, grapes, figs, nectarines, mangoes, olives, almonds, walnuts, apricots, prunes, pears, dates, kaffir corn, rye, barley, beans, peas, pumpkins, melons, beets, onions and berries. Also a great variety of timber.

**20 ACRES** of this land, when cultivated, will produce wealth and independence outside of increase in land. We have cut the Playa Vicente Plantation into 20-acre tracts which surround our townsite on the Xochiapa River.

**PRICE and TERMS** are out of all proportion to the value of the land as improved land in the same district, of the same character, is selling at \$100 and up per acre. Starting, we are going to offer a limited number of these 20-acre tracts at \$10 per acre—\$200 for a 20-acre tropical plantation which will make the buyer independent—on terms of \$20 as first payment and \$10 per month until paid for, when a deed will also be given for a lot in the townsite.

**Don't Delay** but write at once for our free, illustrated book which tells all about the land and answers all questions. Address

**The Mexican Tropical Land Co.**

**209-10 Union Trust Building,  
LOS ANGELES, CAL.**

**NOTE:**—Send a first payment (\$20) in order to secure an early allotment with the assurance that we will return it if our book and detail description do not prove it satisfactory. Make checks or drafts to the Company.

The men behind this project are of the highest character and will furnish any reference desired.

# ELK SPECIALS

## ASSORTED WINES

Send a couple of cases of pure California wines to your friends in the East or the folks at home. Germain wines are absolutely guaranteed pure. We pack free of charge and deliver freight prepaid to any point in the United States any of the following specials:



### SPECIAL NO. 1

Two cases of 8-year-old assorted California wines. Every drop pure and wholesome. Freight included to any point East. Only **\$10.00**

### SPECIAL NO. 2

Two cases of our 10-year-old assorted California wines. Boxed free and freight prepaid to any part of the East for only **\$12.00**

### SPECIAL NO. 3

Two cases of our 15-year-old California assorted wines. Made from old private stock. Boxed free and freight prepaid to any part of the East. Only... **\$15.00**

### SPECIAL NO. 4

#### Gold Medal Wines

Two cases of the famous gold medal wines. So perfect in flavor and maturity as to receive the highest honors at all the international expositions in recent years. None less than 20 years old. Freight prepaid, only . . . . **\$25.00**



**Edw. Germain Wine Co.**  
**635 South Main St.**

HOME-EX-919

SUNSET MAIN 919

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

**ANYVO THEATRICAL COLD CREAM**

prevents early wrinkles. It is not a freckle coating; it removes them. ANYVO CO., 427 North Main St., Los Angeles



# Great Enthusiasm Among Santa Fe Officials and Men



**Standard Railway Axle and  
Wheels equipped with the  
Seabrook-Box Differential  
Railway Axle Coupler.**

**THE SEABROOK-BOX DIFFERENTIAL RAILWAY AXLE COUPLER** has been placed in actual service on Santa Fe Oil Car No. 96307, and has been doing regular work since March 12th. The car has been used on the run between the Olinda Oil Fields and Victorville, which is the other side of the Cajon Pass. This gives the car the hardest possible service. It has made one trip into Los Angeles, where a large number of people witnessed a very severe demonstration.

The service of this car demonstrates fully that the **SEABROOK-BOX DIFFERENTIAL RAILWAY AXLES** are 50 per cent stronger than the rigid axles.

It is pressed together in the same way that the wheels are pressed on the axle. There are no bolts, screws, rivets or flanges employed in this axle coupler.

There are absolutely no loose parts except the journal movement which is perfect. It meets with the M. C. B. standards in every detail.

It does not in any way interfere with the vested interests.

It is interchangeable.

It is more efficient in every way than the rigid axle.

It adds to the life of the axle at least 100 per cent.

It adds to the life of the rails on curves more than 75 per cent.

All of the above statements are absolutely confirmed by the operation of the device, now on the car in actual operation on the Santa Fe railway. We are now equipping the idle axles of an electric car for the San Bernardino Valley Traction Company. We expect to begin at the earliest possible date to equip a passenger train, a freight train and a locomotive.

This device will save the railroads of the United States millions of dollars.

Stock is selling today at \$1.00 per share and may advance any day to \$2.00 per share.

It is the consensus of opinion by those who are qualified to judge, that this stock will eventually be worth from \$25.00 to \$100.00 per share.

For further information address

It adds to the life of the wheels 200 per cent.

It enables a locomotive to haul from 25 to 35 per cent greater tonnage without the expenditure of any additional fuel or labor.

It never has to be inspected.

It does away with 75 per cent of the flange wear.

It never has to be lubricated, as this is accomplished at the time of its construction by the use of graphite and will last the entire life of the axle.

It is endorsed by Railroad Officials, Superintendents of Motive Power, Master Car Builders and Master Mechanics all over the world.

## The Western Engineering Company

501-2-3 Herman W. Hellman Bldg. Los Angeles, Cal.

Bank References: Read the letter of endorsement on opposite page. Cut out Coupon and mail at once.

Please send me further information in reference to the Differential Axle stock.

Name.....

Address.....

# Redwood City



Plant of The Frank Tanning Co., Redwood City, Cal.

**T**HE county seat of San Mateo County. One of the oldest towns in California, yet one of the newest and most up-to-date. At the head of navigation on an arm of San Francisco Bay, and certain to become an important manufacturing center.

*For full particulars address any of the following:*

Curran Clark, Real Estate, 147 Main St., Redwood,  
or, Russ Bldg., 235 Montgomery Street, San  
Francisco.  
Redwood City Commercial Bank.

Redwood City Realty Co., Inc., Redwood City.  
Savings & Trust Co. of San Mateo County.  
Redwood City Lumber Co.  
Edw. F. Fitzpatrick, Attorney-at-Law.

# Oceanside

The Finest Home Site and  
Pleasure Resort in San  
Diego County

## THE SAN LUIS REY VALLEY

Which is tributary to Ocean-  
side, is a large, beautiful  
and fertile valley watered  
by the San Luis Rey river.  
Water in abundance is ob-  
tained from the underflow  
of the river by means of wells and pumping plants. Large and small tracts can be  
bought at reasonable prices. The land is adapted for fruits, vegetables, alfalfa, dairying  
and poultry raising. The San Luis Rey Mission is four miles from Oceanside in the valley  
and was founded in 1798.

Finest quail and duck shooting in America. Auto road complete from Oceanside to  
San Diego. Write Board of Trade, or the following:

H. T. Blake, Hotel  
Griffen Hayes, Livery  
Oceanside Electric & Gas Co.  
P. J. Brannen, Hardware  
First National Bank of Oceanside  
Nicholls & Reid  
M. N. Casterline, Lumber and Hardware

Wm. M. Pickle, Express and Drayage  
John Griffin, Box 185  
Geo. E. Morris  
Chas. G. Borden & Co., Dry Goods and Shoes  
A. Walker, Boots and Shoes  
J. M. Jolley  
C. S. Libbey, Vice-President Bank of Oceanside



Rebuilding Corridors at San Luis Rey Mission



# SOUTHERN PACIFIC

**ALASKA - YUKON - PACIFIC**  
Exposition, Seattle, Wash.

**\$45.50** From  
Los Angeles

STOP-OVER ANY PLACE—GOOD SIXTY  
DAYS

Three palatial trains daily between San Francisco and Portland.

## **The Exposition**

Is complete and ready to welcome you. A delightfully cool trip to the great Pacific Northwest.

### ***Shasta Route Scenery Rivals the World***

Mount Shasta in sight all day. You cross the tumbling, picturesque Sacramento River nineteen times in as many miles.

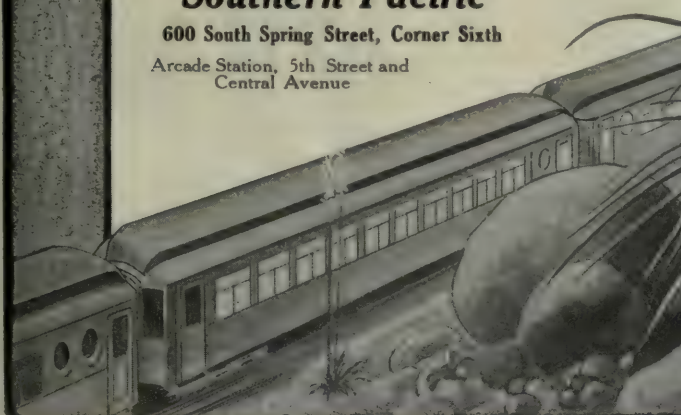
Correspondingly low rates from all California points.

Ask any agent for particulars.

## ***Southern Pacific***

600 South Spring Street, Corner Sixth

Arcade Station, 5th Street and  
Central Avenue



HAHAMER

# SOUTHERN PACIFIC

## Yosemite

All Rail All the Year

### To the Heart of the Valley

An easy and comfortable trip to Nature's greatest wonders. Pullman sleeper from Los Angeles on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 5 p. m. "Owl" train through without change to El Portal (the Park Line), reaching the valley at 11:30 a. m. the following day, a saving of a day over the old schedule.

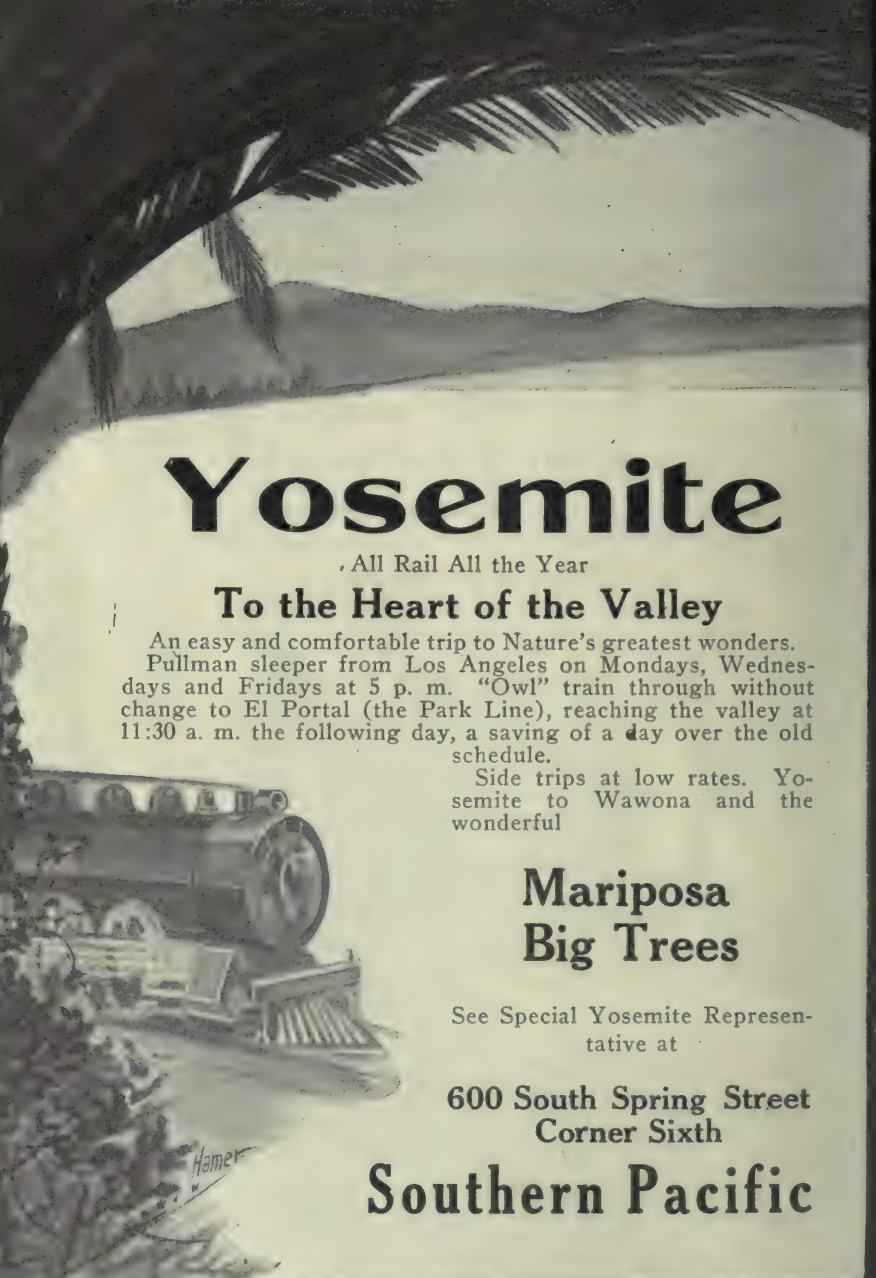
Side trips at low rates. Yosemite to Wawona and the wonderful

### Mariposa Big Trees

See Special Yosemite Representative at

600 South Spring Street  
Corner Sixth

## Southern Pacific







On....  
*The Trail*

# Grand Canyon

---

OF ARIZONA

ON Bright Angel Trail trip to the river—deep down in the earth a mile and more—you see the history of the birth and physical development of this earth and all glorified by a rainbow beauty of color. Trails are open the year 'round.

Excursion rates during summer

☐ Bear in mind when going East—The...

## California Limited

is the only exclusively first class train to the East via any line. Our folders tell.

JNO. J. BYRNE, A. P. T. M.  
LOS ANGELES

# Back East Excursions



## SALE DATES

Aug. 9 to 13, inclusive.  
Sept. 7 to 10, 13 to 15, inclusive.

## ROUND TRIP FARES (Direct Routes).

Atchison, Kans. ....	\$ 60.00	Mineola, Texas .....	60.00
Baltimore, Md. ....	107.50	Minneapolis, Minn. ....	73.50
Boston, Mass. ....	110.50	Montreal, Que. ....	108.50
Chicago, Ill. ....	72.50	New Orleans, La. ....	67.50
†Colorado Springs, Colo. ....	55.00	New York, N. Y. ....	108.50
Council Bluffs, Ia. ....	60.00	Omaha, Neb. ....	60.00
†Denver, Colo. ....	55.00	Pacific Junction, Ia. ....	60.00
Duluth, Minn. ....	79.50	†Pueblo, Colo. ....	55.00
Houston, Texas ....	60.00	Philadelphia, Pa. ....	108.50
Kansas City, Mo. ....	60.00	St. Joseph, Mo. ....	60.00
Leavenworth, Kans. ....	60.00	St. Louis, Mo. ....	67.50
Memphis, Tenn. ....	67.50	St. Paul, Minn. ....	73.50
Washington, D. C. ....	107.50		

These tickets are first class and will be honored on the California Limited, the only train between Southern California and Chicago via any line that accommodates exclusively first-class travel. All others carry Tourist Sleepers and second-class passengers.

## LIMITS

Eastbound trip must begin on date stamped on back of tickets and passengers must be at destination within ten days from that date. Tickets will be good for return within ninety days, but in no case later than October 31.

†Tickets to Colorado Springs, Denver and Pueblo will be sold at these special rates only on July 1 to 6; Aug. 9 to 14.

## Stopovers

East-bound, stopovers will be permitted at any point east of the California state line and at or west of Chicago, St. Louis, Memphis or New Orleans, within 10 days from date of sale.

West-bound, stopovers will be permitted within final limit at Chicago, St. Louis, Memphis or New Orleans, or any point west thereof.

Drop me post card for folders.

J. J. BYRNE, A.P.T.M., Los Angeles





\$63.25 from Los Angeles and other main line stations of the Salt Lake Route, going via Salt Lake City and returning via San Francisco.

## Visit Yellowstone Park En Route

Side trip from Salt Lake City costs only \$45.00 for a four days' tour of the Park, seeing all important points of interest, and includes hotel accommodations.

## A Through Sleeper from Yellowstone to Portland

Is now operated, avoiding the former change and lay-over at Pocatello. Get an illustrated booklet at 601 South Spring street, Los Angeles, or other Salt Lake Route offices anywhere about this

## Delightful Trip Through Wonderland

F. A. WANN. T. C. PECK,  
Gen. Traffic Mgr. Gen. Pass. Agt.  
Los Angeles



# The Value of Personal Knowledge

---

---

Personal knowledge is the winning factor in the culminating contests of this competitive age and when of ample character it places its fortunate possessor in the front ranks of

## **The Well Informed of the World.**

A vast fund of personal knowledge is really essential to the achievement of the highest excellence in any field of human effort.

A Knowledge of Forms, Knowledge of Functions and Knowledge of Products are all of the utmost value and in questions of life and health when a true and wholesome remedy is desired it should be remembered that Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna, manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co., is an ethical product which has met with the approval of the most eminent physician and gives universal satisfaction, because it is a remedy of

**Known Quality, Known Excellence and Known Component Parts** and has won the valuable patronage of millions of the Well Informed of the world, who know of their own personal knowledge and from actual use that it is the first and best of family laxatives, for which no extravagant or unreasonable claims are made.

This valuable remedy has been long and favorably known under the name of—Syrup of Figs—and has attained to world-wide acceptance as the most excellent family laxative. As its pure laxative principles, obtained from Senna, are well known to physicians and the Well Informed of the world to be the best we have adopted the more elaborate name of—Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna—as more fully descriptive of the remedy, but doubtless it will always be called for by the shorter name of—Syrup of Figs—and to get its beneficial effects, always note, when purchasing the full name of the Company—California Fig Syrup Co.—printed on the front of every package, whether you call for—Syrup of Figs—or by the full name—Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna.

---

---

## **California Fig Syrup Co.**

**SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.,**

**LOUISVILLE, KY.**

**U. S. A.  
London, Eng.**

**NEW YORK, N. Y.**



## A Summer Stove of Unusual Convenience

Your kitchen is really incomplete without a New Perfection Wick Blue Flame Oil Cook-Stove.

Not only does this stove do anything that any other stove will do, but it does it quicker, better, at less cost for fuel, with less trouble to you *and all without perceptibly raising the temperature of the kitchen.*

Think what comfort and convenience it means to have a



## NEW PERFECTION Wick Blue Flame Oil Cook-Stove

for summer cooking. Note the CABINET TOP for warming dishes and keeping cooked food hot. Also the drop shelves for holding small cooking utensils, and bars for holding towels—features entirely new to oil-stoves. It is as substantial in appearance and as efficient in practice as the modern steel coal range. In convenience it far surpasses any other stove. Three sizes. Can be had with or without Cabinet Top. If not with your dealer, write our nearest agency.



The **Rayo LAMP** If you are troubled by flickering gas and large quarterly bills for the same, get a Rayo Lamp—the best, handsomest and most economical light for a home. If not with your dealer, write our nearest agency.

**STANDARD OIL COMPANY**  
(Incorporated)

STYLE  
NEATNESS  
COMFORT  
THE IMPROVED

# BOSTON GARTER

The Name is stamped on every loop—Be sure it's there

THE  
*Velvet Grip*  
CUSHION  
BUTTON  
**CLASP**

LIES FLAT TO THE LEG—NEVER  
SLIPS, TEARS, NOR UNFASTENS

WORN ALL OVER THE WORLD

Sample pair, Silk 50c., Cotton 25c.  
Mailed on receipt of price.

GEORGE FROST CO., Makers  
Boston, Mass., U.S.A.

INSIST ON HAVING THE GENUINE  
REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES



A Delicious Drink

# Baker's Cocoa



Registered,  
U. S. Pat. Off.

made by a  
scientific  
blending of  
the best  
tropical fruit

52 HIGHEST AWARDS

WALTER BAKER & Co. Ltd.

Established 1780

Dorchester, Mass.

# Bishop's Tomato Catsup

The King of  
Condiments

The gardens of California contribute their finest, full-ripe tomatoes for this Catsup. Don't be satisfied with inferior catsups. Any dealer.

BISHOP & COMPANY  
CALIFORNIA

## Severe Tests Prove Its Superiority

Although a comparatively new product, Zerolene has been more severely tested under all conditions than many other lubricants, and, distinctly better than any of these, has triumphed in every test.

# ZEROLENE

Auto Lubricating Oil

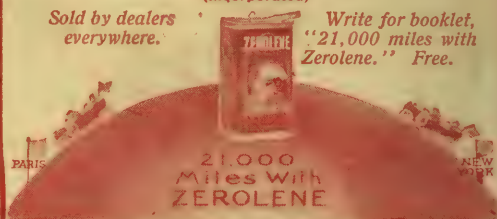
lubricated the winning Thomas car in the famous New York to Paris race, also the Protos and Zusta cars which ran second and third. Zerolene proved its perfect lubricating and non-carbonizing qualities, and its zero-working ability, in the most severe tests to which a lubricating oil has ever been put.

Zerolene is the only "all round" oil that serves all types of cylinders and bearings. There is only one kind of Zerolene, produced in only one place in the world. Put up in sealed cans with patent pouring spout that cannot be refilled. Also in barrels for garage trade.

STANDARD OIL CO.  
(Incorporated)

Sold by dealers  
everywhere.

Write for booklet,  
"21,000 miles with  
Zerolene." Free.



# VOSE PIANOS

home free of expense. Write for Catalogue D and explanations.  
VOSE & SONS PIANO CO., 160 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

have been established over 60 years. By our system of payment every family in moderate circumstances can own a VOSE piano. We take old instruments in exchange and deliver the new piano in your



AUGUST, 1909

Vol. XXXI, No. 2

# OUT WEST

THE NATION  
THE WORLD

BACK OF US  
IN FRONT



A MAGAZINE  
OF THE OLD  
PACIFIC  
AND THE NEW

EDITED BY  
CHAS. F. LUMMIS

25c. PER  
COPY

LOS ANGELES, CAL.  
MASON OPERA HOUSE

\$3 A  
YEAR



Create a New Skin with  
**Anita Cream**



Nothing better for Removing Tan and Freckles

**50 Cents a Jar**  
Of all druggists or from

*Anita Cream & Toilet Co.*

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

# GOVERNMENT

Irrigation now under construction in Glenn County. The cheapest Alfalfa and Orangeland in California. The Central Irrigating Canal, the largest in California now ready to furnish water to all. Our oranges are ripe one month earlier than southern California. **Write for prospectus.**

**W. E. GERMAIN**

P. O. Box 65

Willows, Glenn Co., California

# SINALOA LANDS

In Sinaloa, Mexico, 2 days from Los Angeles, Delta of the Fuerte River. Everything green all the year. Water and R. R. transportation. Fine climate, extremely fertile soil. German colony within a mile. 50 Americans within 25 miles. 6500 acres in lots of 100 acres at \$10 an acre. \$25 down and \$10 per month. Also 2500 acres near Bamoa, 10 miles to R. R., 8 miles to gulf. Rich soil, hardwood timber, Farms of 56 to 175 acres. Same price and terms. Also 2,000,000 acres of coast, foothill and timber lands at \$2 to \$25 per acre. Mines, little and big. Call and see our exhibit of Mexican products. Write for booklet.

The West Mexico Co.

529-531 Byrne Building

Los Angeles

# NAVAJO BLANKETS

## AND INDIAN CURIOS AT WHOLESALE

I have more than 250 weavers in my employ, including the most skilful now living, and have taken the greatest pains to preserve the old colors, patterns, and weaves. Every blanket sold by me carries my personal guarantee of its quality. In dealing with me, you will get the very finest blankets at wholesale prices. I also handle the products of the Hopi (Moqui) Indians, buying them under contract with the trading posts at Keam's Canyon and Oraibi and selling them at wholesale.

I have constantly a very fine selection of Navajo silverware and jewelry, Navajo "rubles" cut and uncut, peridots and native turquois. Also the choicest modern Moqui pottery, and a rare collection of prehistoric pottery.

**J. L. HUBBELL,** Indian Trader

Write for my Catalogue  
and Price List

Ganado, Apache Co., Arizona



# Irrigated Farms

OF FIVE ACRES  
AND UPWARDS

in the Counties of

**Fresno and Merced  
California**

**MILLER AND LUX**

Los Banos, Merced County  
California

# A GOOD SUIT

For Men or Boys

IT is a source of great satisfaction to get one that will fit well, tailored properly, with quality and good value that is sure to please. Our guarantee of satisfaction has made our success for over a quarter of a century.

**Mullen & Bluett**

CLOTHING COMPANY

Cor. Spring & First  
Los Angeles, Cal.

*The*  
Quality Store

## Eucalyptus as an Investment

33 1/3 % per annum compound interest

We sell you land --not stock--plant it to eucalyptus trees—California mahogany—780 to each acre—care for it—guarantee it—give you a lead to it—provide a market for the crop—the volume of sales and enormous acreage insures market—also insures highest price for commercial timber—you buy land for cash—or on easy monthly instalments—a savings bank investment—so much deposit every month—and in a few years you own a competence.

No risk—no worry—no work—absolutely safe—as certain as the rising sun—the most profitable crop grown—better for most people than life insurance—than ordinary real estate—than stocks or bonds—than savings banks—send for beautifully illustrated booklets—bulletins—maps, etc.—all free for the asking—your investment will earn 33 1-3% per annum compounded—a deferred dividend, cumulative endowment—best for you, your future and your family—do it today.

**Eucalyptus Timber Corporation**

358 South Broadway Los Angeles, California

## The German Savings and Loan Society

[A member of the Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco]

526 California St., San Francisco, Cal.

Guaranteed Capital	\$ 1,200,000.00
Capital actually paid up in cash	\$ 1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	\$ 1,504,498.68
Deposits June 30, 1909	\$36,793,234.04
Total Assets	\$39,435,681.38

Remittance may be made by Draft, Post Office, or Wells, Fargo & Co's. Money Orders, or coin by Express.

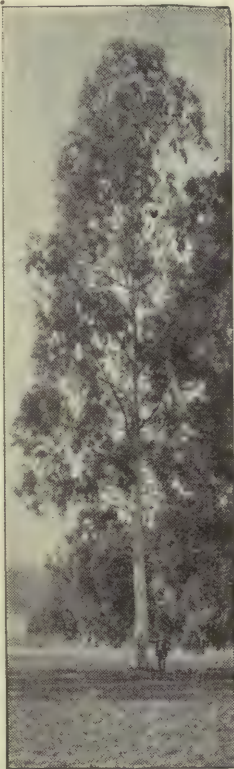
Office Hours: 10 o'clock A. M. to 3 o'clock P. M., except Saturdays to 12 o'clock M. and Saturday evenings from 7 o'clock P. M. to 8 o'clock P. M., for receipt of deposits only.

OFFICERS: President, N. Ohlandt; First Vice-President, Daniel Meyer; Second Vice-President, Emil Rohte; Cashier, A. H. R. Schmidt; Assistant Cashier, William Herrmann; Secretary, George Tourny; Assistant Secretary, A. H. Muller; Goodfellow & Eells, General Attorneys.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS: N. Ohlandt, Daniel Meyer, Emil Rohte, Ign. Steinhart, I. N. Walter, J. W. Van Bergen, F. Tillmann, jr., E. T. Kruse and W. S. Goodfellow.

MISSION BRANCH, 2572 Mission Street, between 21st and 22nd Street. For receipt and payment of Deposits only. C. W. HEYER, Manager.

RICHMOND DISTRICT BRANCH, 432 Clement St., between 5th and 6th Avenues. For receipt and payment of Deposits only. W. C. Heyer, Manager.



## Get Our New Booklet

### A Story of *Eucalyptus*

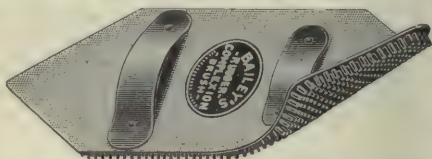
Just off the press. Alive with facts about this wonderful new industry. Investigate now. A small payment down and small payments monthly will mean a perpetual income a little later on.

**Murrieta Eucalyptus Co.**  
211 Mercantile Place  
Los Angeles, Cal.



## Bailey's Rubber Complexion Brushes and Massage Rollers

Make, Keep and Restore Beauty in Nature's own way



### IT'S THE **FLAT-ENDED TEETH**

with circular biting edges that remove dust caps, cleanse the skin in the bath, open the pores, and give new life to the whole body. BAILEY'S RUBBER BRUSHES are all made this way. Mailed for price. Beware of imitations. At all dealers.

Bailey's Rubber Complexion Brush	\$ .50
Bailey's Rubber Massage Roller	.50
Bailey's Bath and Shampoo Brush	.75
Bailey's Rubber Bath and Flesh Brush	1.00
Bailey's Rubber Toilet Brush (small)	.25
Bailey's Skin Food (large jar)	.50

### Bailey's Won't Slip TIP



This tip won't slip on ANY SURFACE, on smooth ice, or mar the most highly polished floor. Made in five sizes, internal diameter: No. 17,  $\frac{1}{2}$  in.; No. 18,  $\frac{3}{4}$  in.; No. 19,  $\frac{1}{2}$  in.; No. 20, 1 in.; No. 21,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  in. Mailed upon receipt of price, 30c. per pair. Agents wanted.

100 Page Rubber Catalogue Free.

C. J. BAILEY & CO., 22 Boylston St., BOSTON, Mass.

### KIDDER'S PASTILLES

STOWELL & CO., Mfrs., Charlestown, Mass.

Standard relief for **ASTHMA**  
50 years. Sold by all  
Druggists. 35 cents.



## Maier Brewing Company's "Select" Beer

**NOTED** for its Age,  
Purity and Strength.  
All shipments by bottles or  
kegs promptly filled. Family  
trade a specialty. :: :: ::

OFFICE AND BREWERY

440 Aliso Street, Los Angeles  
BOTH PHONES: Exchange 91



# OUT WEST MAGAZINE

## CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS



### BRING BUYER AND SELLER TOGETHER

In this Classified Department will be inserted advertisements of a clean and reliable character, up to 14 lines, at the rate of 50 cents per line. None will be inserted of less than 4 lines. No illustrations nor display features will be permitted in this department. Our policy, which excludes medical, palmistry, fortune-telling, or misleading advertisements, or advertisements of unreliable parties or commodities, also prevails in this department, and the business management will appreciate prompt notice from OUT WEST readers of any such that may get in by false pretense. Address all letters pertaining to this department to

### OUT WEST MAGAZINE

CLASSIFIED DEPARTMENT

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

#### CALIFORNIA LANDS

**EUCALYPTUS** land for sale. We plant it to trees and care for it. We provide a market for the crop and insure highest price for commercial timber. Terms are cash or monthly instalments, as you prefer. A savings bank investment. No risk, no worry, no work, absolutely safe and the most profitable crop grown. For booklet and particulars address Eucalyptus Timber Corporation, 353 So. Broadway, Los Angeles, Cal.

**IRRIGATED FARM LANDS** in Fresno and Merced Counties, California—Sold in tracts of five acres and up. A postal card will bring you particulars regarding the finest lands in California. Address Miller & Lux, Los Banos, Merced County, Cal.

**FOR EUCALYPTUS** lands, investments and particulars address us. Ask for our Story of Eucalyptus, just off the press. It will tell you all the facts of this wonderful hardwood. Address Murrieta Eucalyptus Co., 211 Mercantile Place, Los Angeles, Cal.

**HEMET--HEMET--HEMET--SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA**—Investigate this valley. It will pay big dividends in health and prosperity. Most perfect conditions; water, soil and climate cannot be equalled; population right sort; town high-class, modern and up-to-date; orange, walnut, olives and deciduous fruit lands, improved and unimproved. Address Valley Realty Co., Hemet, Cal., or Los Angeles office, 553 So. Spring street.

**SUNNYVALE ACRES**—Beautiful acre and half acre lots. Rich sediment soil. Artesian water. Will grow berries of all kinds, garden truck, alfalfa, apples, pears, cherries, peaches, apricots and prunes. 1 acre will support you.  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile from depot. Price from \$200 up. \$50 cash and \$10 a month. Write for catalogue. Sunnyvale Land Co., Sunnyvale, Calif.

#### MEXICAN LANDS

**MEXICO**, State of Sinaloa—Two days from Los Angeles. Fine climate, fertile soil. 100 to 2,000,000 acres of fine coast and foothill lands. Rich soil. Hardwood timber, farming, fruit and mineral lands. Worlds of water. Prices \$2 an acre up. For literature and particulars address The West Mexico Co., 529-531 Byrne Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal.

**MEXICAN TROPICAL LAND CO.**, 209-210 Union Trust Bldg., Los Angeles, are offering

the subdivided Playa Vicente Plantation, State of Vera Cruz, Mexico, in 20 acre tracts at \$10 per acre on easy payments. A substantial investment. Address for booklet as above.

**TEPIC, MEXICO.** On the West Coast. Shares are being offered in a producing plantation, operated on modern American methods. Growing corn, tobacco, garvanza, rubber, bananas, pineapples, hardwood and cattle. 300 per cent profit in five years. Share in the profits, \$5 per share, fully secured. Best of reference. Full information on request. M. P. Wright & Co., Delta Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal.

#### SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES

**LOS ANGELES BUSINESS COLLEGE**—One management 20 years. All preparatory, commercial and academic subjects. Also private tutors. Learn the Shrader way. Get new literature. 417 West Fifth St., Los Angeles, Cal.

**ISAACS-WOODBURY BUSINESS COLLEGE.** Fifth Floor Hamburger Bldg., Los Angeles. Open entire year. Thorough courses. Positions secured. Write for catalogue. E. K. Isaacs, President.

**HEALD'S BUSINESS COLLEGE**, 614 South Grand Ave., Los Angeles, Cal. Thoroughly prepares young people for business. Positions secured. Full particulars free on application.

**BROWNSBERGER COMMERCIAL COLLEGE.** 953-5-7 West Seventh Street, Los Angeles. Elegant home, broad courses. Strong Faculty. Graduates assisted. Beautiful catalog free.

#### MISCELLANEOUS

**JUDSON FREIGHT FORWARDING CO.**—Reduced rates on household goods to and from all points on the Pacific Coast. 443 Marquette Bldg., Chicago; 1501 Wright Bldg., St. Louis; 736 Old South Bldg., Boston; 206 Pacific Bldg., San Francisco; 200 Central Bldg., Los Angeles.

**STIKPATCH** mends stockings without darning. Washes and wears better than darning. Buy of your dealer or send ten cents to us for package of 20 patches postpaid. Agents wanted. Leland Co., Box 376, Los Angeles, Cal.

**JAMES R. TOWNSEND**—Patents, Copyrights, Trade-Marks and Labels. Los Angeles, Cal., from 1832 to 1909. 430 Bradbury Block, 304 So. Broadway. Phones: Main 347, Home A4619.



## Nothing Holds the Family So Closely Together As Music

The boys and girls love music; so, also, must you. Why not, then, have music in the home now?

A Good Piano for \$250.00—on Easy Terms.

A Splendid Victor for \$32.50—on Easy Terms.

A Late Style Edison for \$30.00—on Easy Terms.

## Something New in an Edison Phonograph The New Fireside Model

This splendid new style will prove highly popular with everybody. Neat and compact and playing both the 2-minute and the 4-minute **AMBEROL RECORDS**, it offers exceptional qualities at a very modest price—\$22.00.

Every intending purchaser should hear and know the remarkable tone quality of this beautiful new machine.

Special terms will be arranged so that even the most humble home may have a "Fireside Phonograph." Investigate. Mail inquiries solicited.



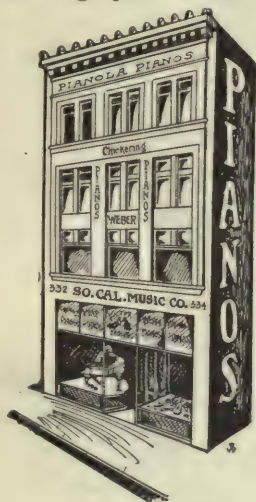
## Regarding Pianos

We would like you to consider that with all the offers of low prices and claims of superiority made for certain very ordinary pianos, the fact remains that the demand for the better grades, sold on their actual merits, is increasing.

People with sound reasoning faculties are not deceived by statements which will not stand when intelligent investigation and fair comparisons are made.

The FAIRBANKS PIANO will stand the closest investigation. If the intending purchaser will compare it with other pianos of its price and will make a careful, painstaking examination of its construction, of the materials used and of its tonal quality, it will be found to possess a higher order of merit than any piano of its price offered the public today.

The Fairbanks is the ideal home piano and every intending purchaser of a piano should investigate it. We are sole agents.



THE HOUSE OF MUSICAL QUALITY

# Southern California Music Co.

332-334 S. Broadway, Los Angeles, Cal.



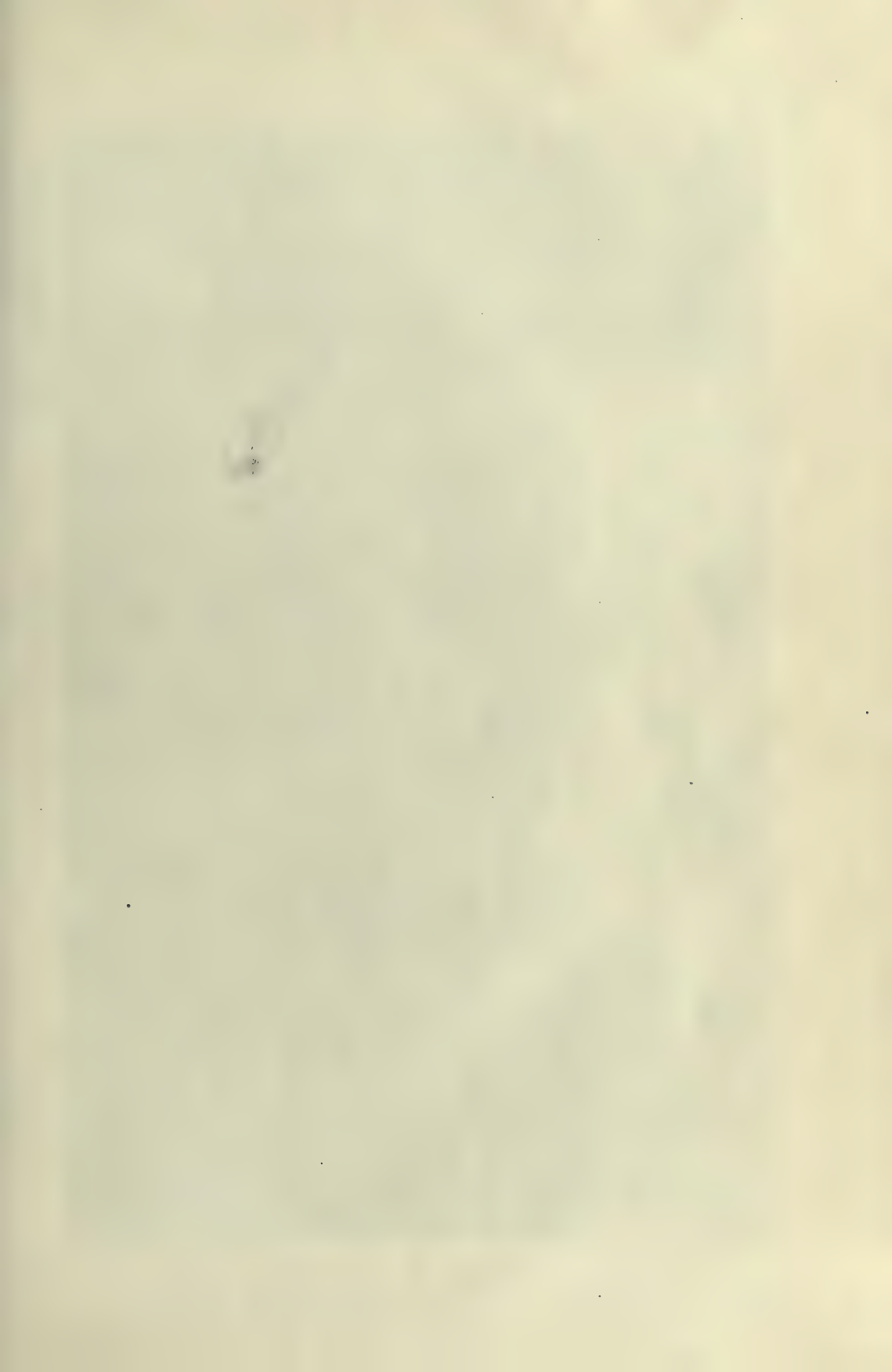




PLATE Ia—THE ROCK OF PUYE

—Photo by Craycroft.





Vol. XXXI, No. 2

AUGUST, 1909

## ARCHÆOLOGY OF RIO GRANDE VALLEY

By EDGAR L. HEWETT.

San Francisco.

*Following is the first article on the monumental work done by the Southwest Society, A. I. A., under the supervision of Dr. Hewett, Director of the School of American Archaeology (founded last year principally through the efforts of the Southwest Society, whose headquarters are in Los Angeles). The establishment of the American School, on a par with the world-famous Classical Schools in Rome, Athens and Jerusalem; the Americanizing of the work of the Archaeological Institute of America, the foremost of American scientific bodies; the systematizing of such work in a national system beginning with the incorporation of the Institute by Act of Congress and the unification of the government departments and the foremost universities and museums of the country to this work; the foundation of the Southwest Museum in Los Angeles, and of the Museum of New Mexico in Santa Fé—these are among the achievements in which the Southwest Society has been a leader. Besides this, it has the largest membership of any similar body in the world, by some 50 per cent.*

*The work described by Dr. Hewett has left a monument comparable to the work of governments and scientific bodies in Italy, Greece, Palestine, Mexico, Egypt, etc. This noble American ruin is already visited by hundreds of tourists. The wonderfully interesting antiquities from it now rest in the Southwest Museum rooms in Los Angeles.*

*It is admitted that "the development of American archaeology in the Institute dates from the organization of the Southwest Society." It is also admitted that no other archaeological society in the United States has accomplished so much in active work for its own community as well as for the world of science.*

CHAS. F. LUMMIS.

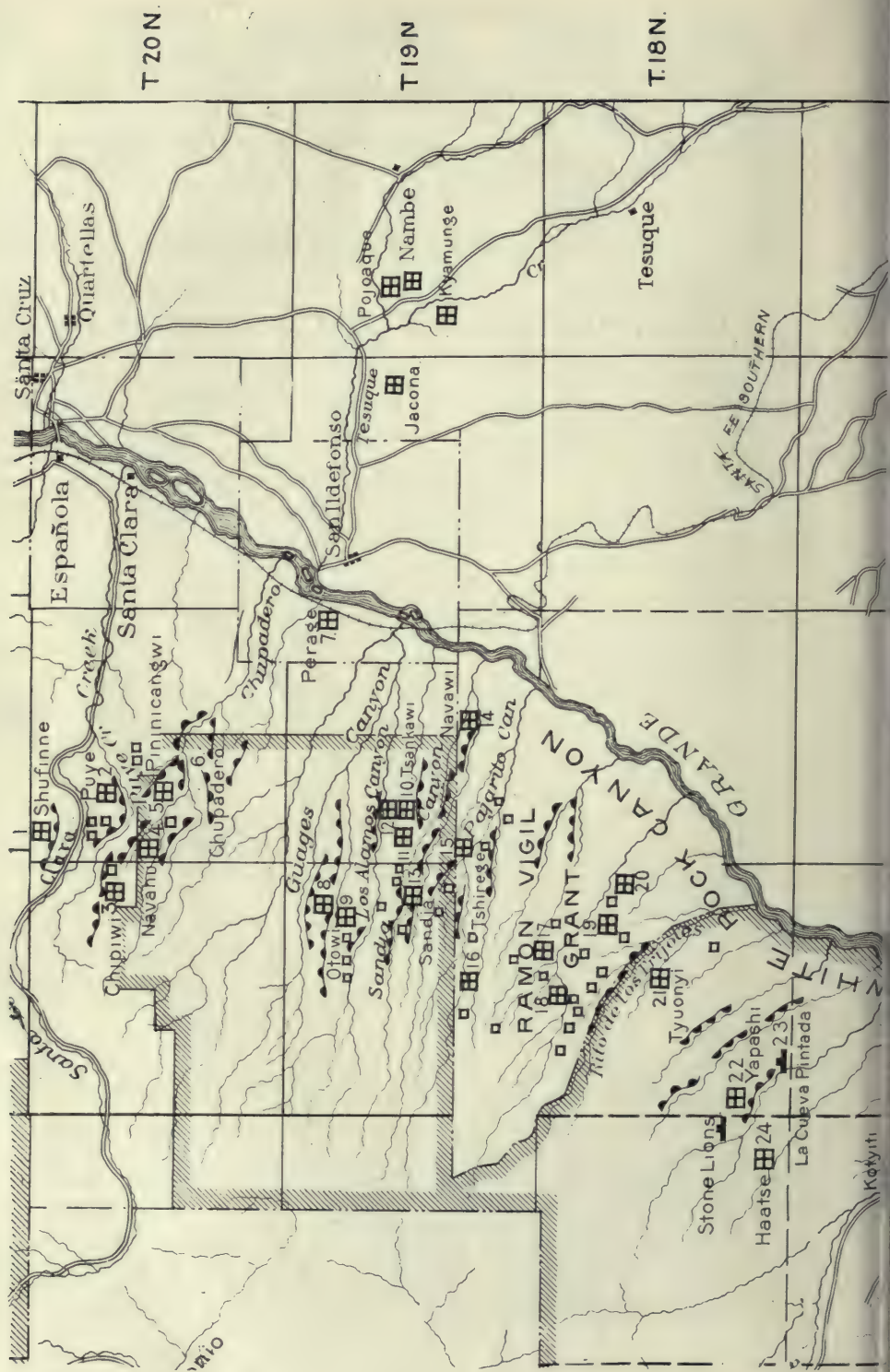
## THE PUYÉ.



IN THE summer of 1907 work was begun under the auspices of the Southwest Society of the Archaeological Institute of America on the ruins of Puyé<sup>1</sup>, in New Mexico. This is the first of the ancient pueblos of the Rio Grande Valley to be systematically excavated, and the second ruin in the United States to be scientifically treated with a view to its permanent preservation as a National Monument.

(1) The derivations of Tewa place names mentioned in this and in succeeding papers, that will be presented on the Archaeology of the Rio Grande Valley, have been determined by my assistant, Mr. John P. Harrington.

Puyé: assembling place of cottontail rabbits. Pu, cottontail rabbit; yé, to assemble, to meet. The word Puyé must not be confused with púye, buckskin.





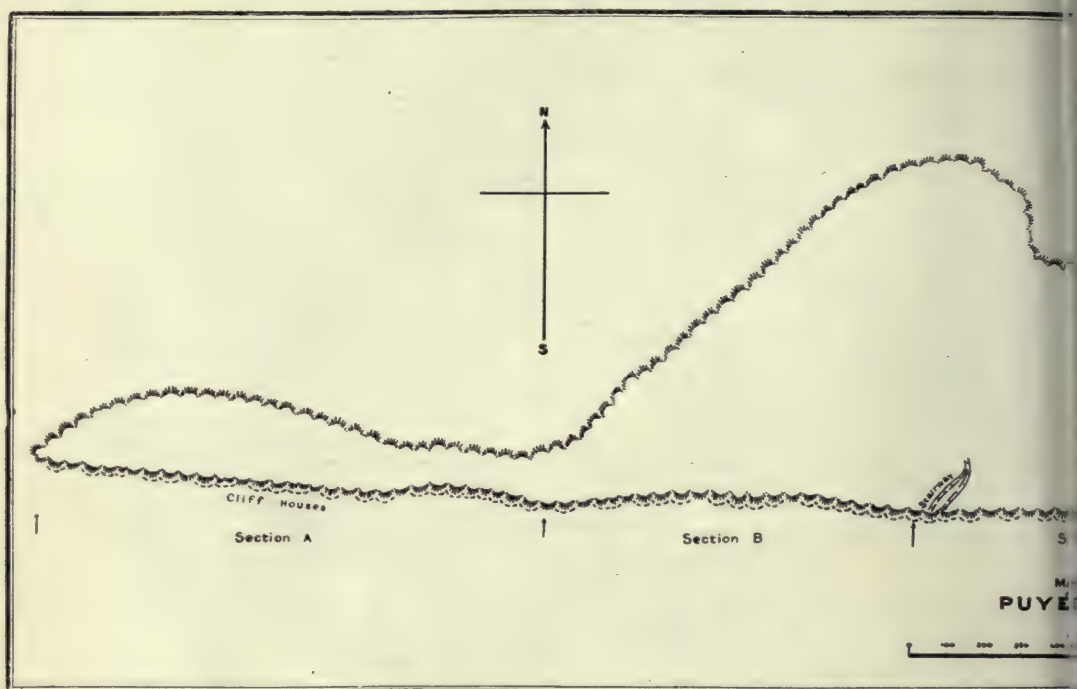


# LEGEND

- Inhabited Pueblo
- Important Pueblo Ruin
- Minor Pueblo Ruin
- Cliff Dwellings
- Shrines
- Game Pit
- Forest Reserve Boundary
- Land Grant Boundary

## SCALE

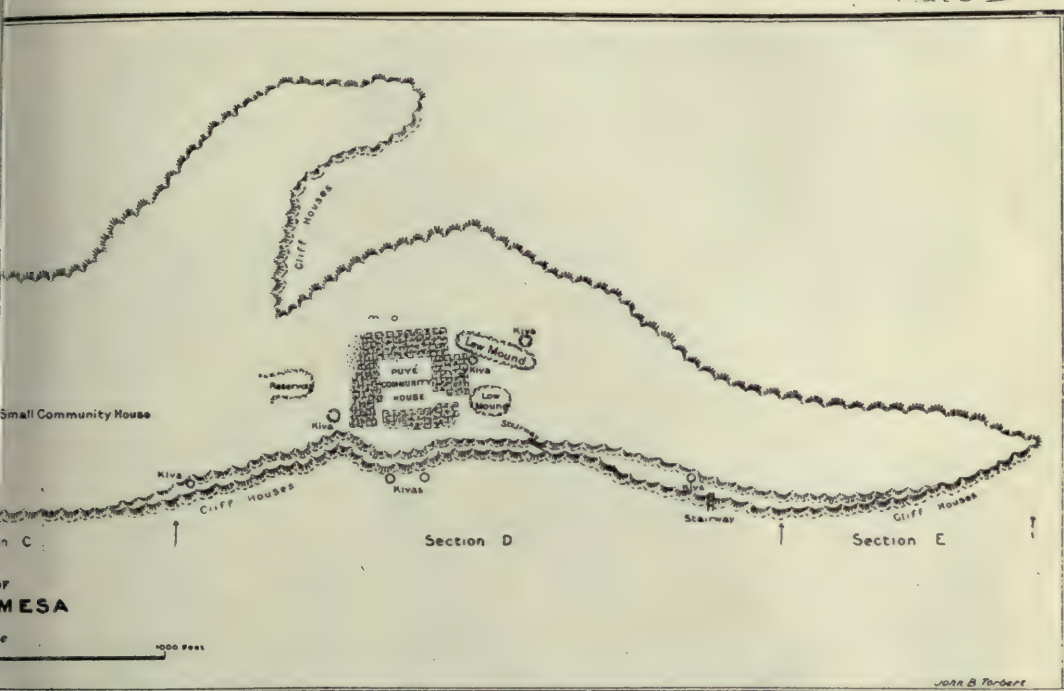
10 MILES



Puyé is one of the most extensive of the ancient "Cliff Cities" of the Southwest. It occupies an imposing situation (Plate 1-a) on the Pajarito plateau, ten miles west of the village of Española and thirty miles northwest of Santa Fé. Since 1880 the place has received some attention in the writings of Powell, Bandelier, Lummis, and the present writer. Through widely published photographs its general appearance has been well known for some years, and much has been said concerning its history, based upon surface evidence and Tewa story. But here, as in archæological research all over the world, it is the spade that must be depended upon to lay bare the irrefutable record.

At first, determined opposition to the excavation of the ruins at Puyé was offered by the Indians from the nearest Tewa village, Santa Clara, ten miles away in the Rio Grande Valley, on whose reservation the site is located. The governor, head men, and representatives of the caciques, or religious rulers, were met in council and the whole matter frankly laid before them. It was explained to them that this was our way of studying the history of the Indian tribes; that we believed that the thoughts and works of their ancestors and of the other peoples with whom they had been in contact constituted a noble record, worthy of being recovered and preserved for all time. Some appeal was made to their sense of gratitude for assistance rendered them in the past in securing from the government a much-needed and justly-deserved extension of their





reservation, and a law releasing them from the payment of taxes on their lands, which at one time had threatened the extinction of the titles to their homes. Bare reference was made to the fact that under the permit of the Department of the Interior we were acting entirely within our rights in making excavations on their reservation, for it was desired to rely mostly upon their higher sentiments in the matter. I greatly regret that I am unable to reproduce the speeches of the head men on this subject. They abounded in incisive and cogent argument which demanded unequivocal and logical answer. On the whole, their contention was on a high plane, and their deliberation marked by much lofty sentiment. It ended in all objection being withdrawn and most cordial relations established, which were afterward expressed in a perfectly friendly attitude toward, and interest in, our work.

It is not an exaggeration to speak of Puyé as a "cliff city," though it must be understood that the term "city" does not imply anything of civic organization comparable to that of our modern municipalities. Nevertheless, there were, in the social organization that existed here, elements of collective order that characterize the civic group that we designate by the term "city." There were closely-regulated community life, definite societary obligation, and in point of numbers the population was ample to constitute a modern city.

Geologically, Puyé is a rock of grayish-yellow tufa, 5750 feet long,

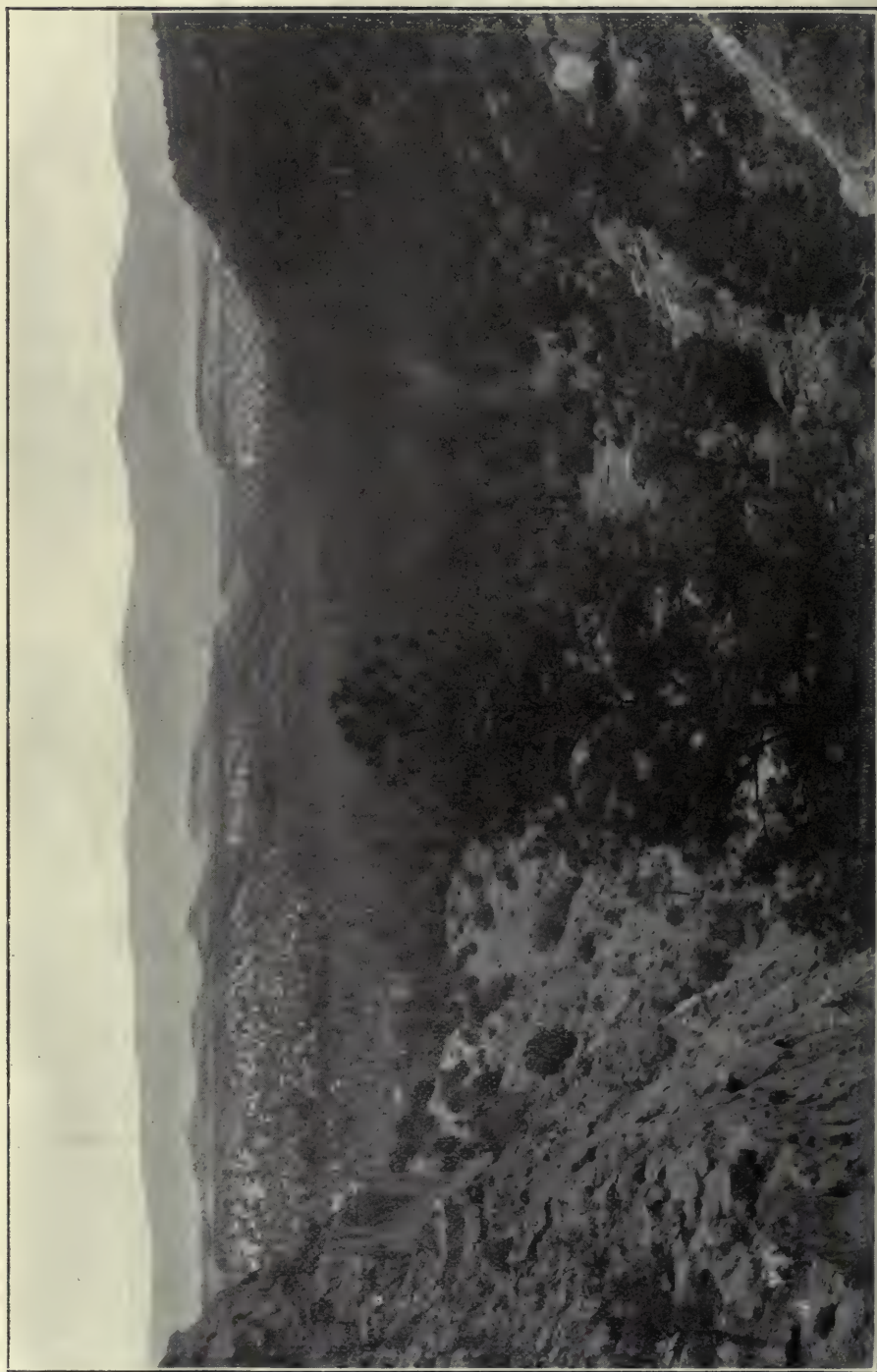


PLATE VIII.—PANORAMA OF PAJARITO PLATEAU

—Photo by Craycroft.



varying in width from 90 to 700 feet. Its outlines are shown in the map (Plate II), and something of its general aspect in the panoramic photograph (Plate VII-b). It is a fragment of the great tufaceous blanket that once covered the entire Pajarito Plateau to a thickness of from 50 to 1500 feet. This covering of tufa has been completely dissected by ages of water and wind erosion. In the northern part not over 10 per cent of it remains. These fragments appear as a multitude of geological islands (Plate I-b), some almost circular, but mostly long strips (in Spanish, *potreros*), extending east and west from the base of the Jemez Mountains towards the Rio Grande. They present, on the south side, vertical escarpments rising above talus slopes that reach usually almost to the dry arroyos in the valley bottoms. The north side is always less abrupt,

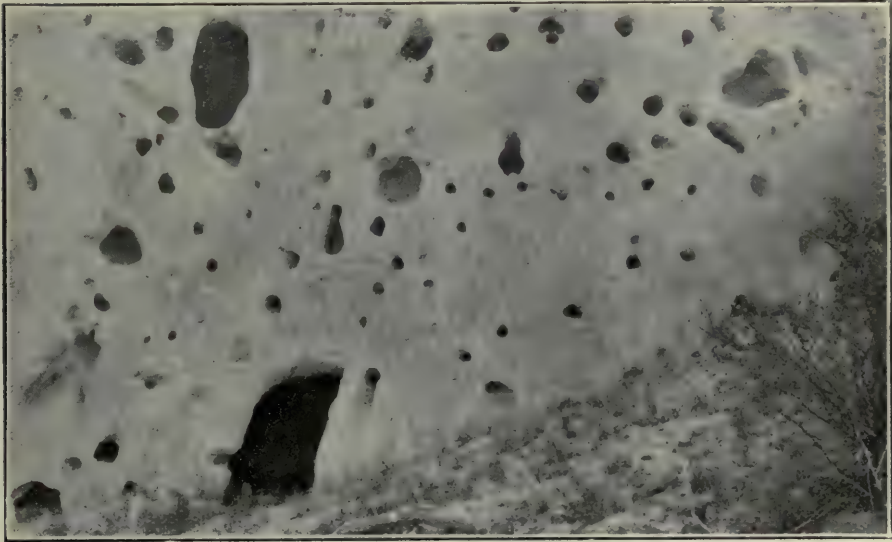


PLATE Va—EXCAVATED CLIFF ROOMS

presenting only small escarpments and long gentle slopes to the valley. There is scant soil on the tops of these mesas, and vegetation is limited to grass, juniper and piñon. The valleys are lightly forested with pine of not very ancient growth. The altitude is about 7000 feet above sea-level.

The view from the top of the rock of Puyé is almost beyond compare. A few miles to the west is the Jemez range, with its rounded contours and heavily forested slopes (Plate I-a.) On the eastern horizon one sees a hundred and fifty miles of the Santa Fé range, embracing the highest peaks in New Mexico. The northern extremity of the panorama lies in the State of Colorado, and at the south end, near Albuquerque, is the rounded outline of the Sandia Mountain, Oku, the "Sacred Turtle" of Tewa myth-

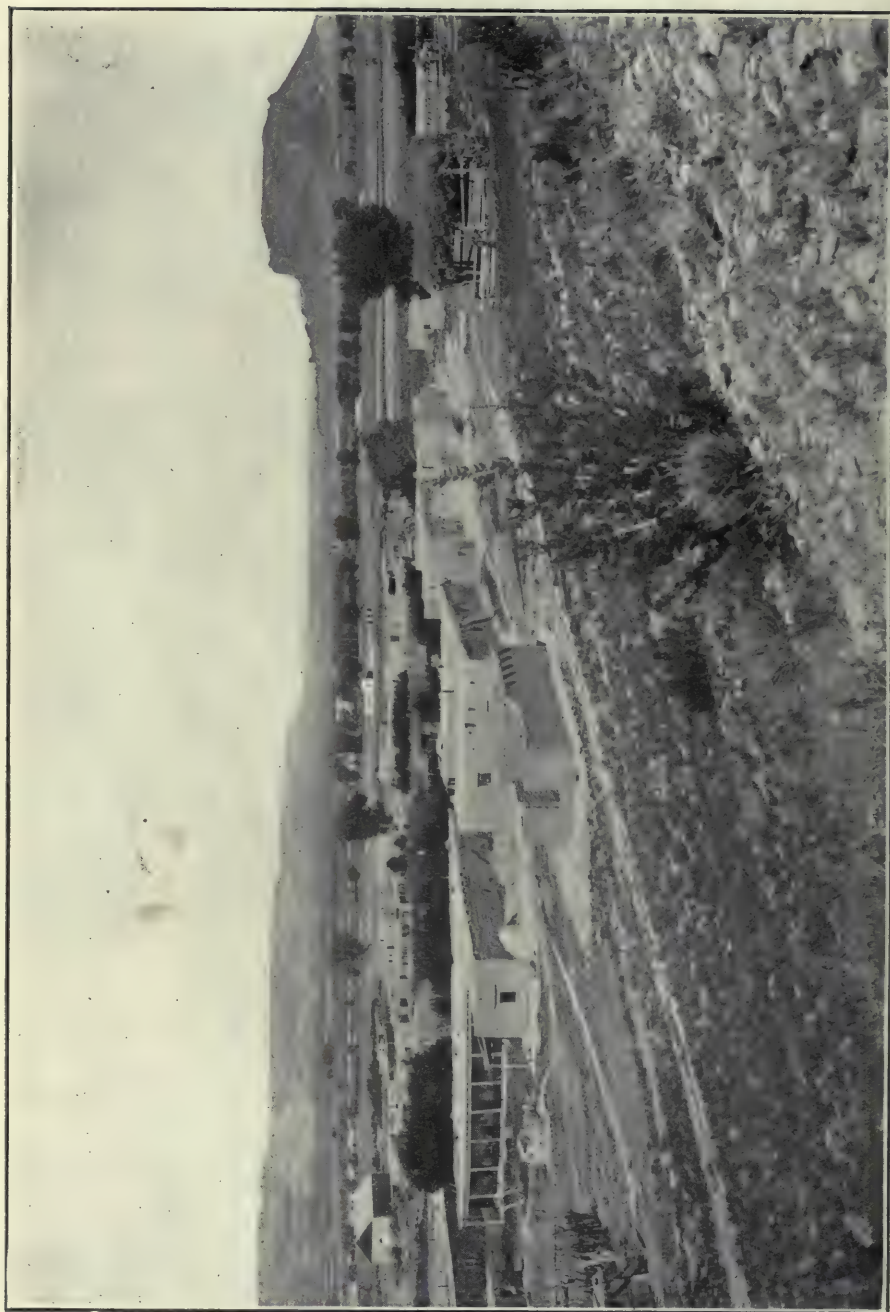
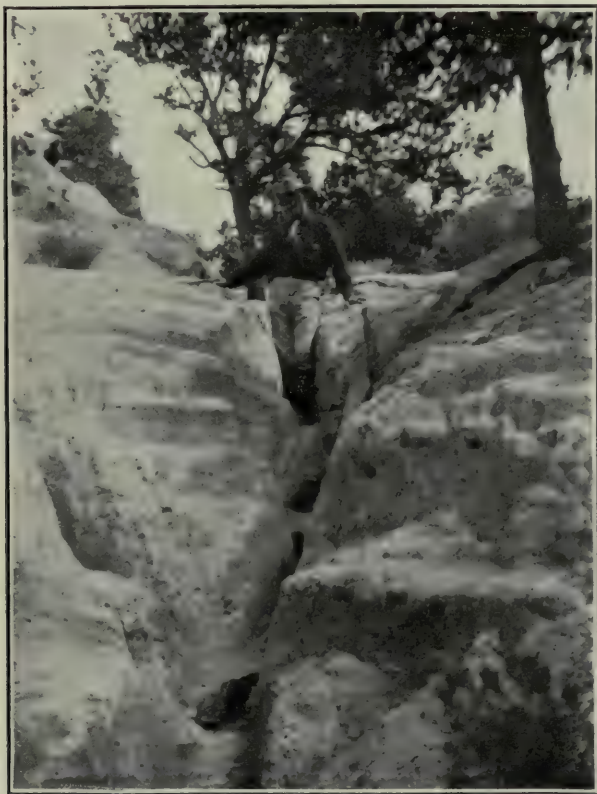


PLATE IXb—TUYO, THE BEACH MESA, FROM SAN ILDEFONSO



ology. The great synclinal trough of the Rio Grande extends from north to south between the two ranges. The portion of it here seen formed the bed of a Miocene lake. The great expanse of yellowish Santa Fé marl, which the winds have piled into rounded dunes and trimmed into turreted castles, present at all times a weird and fantastic appearance. In the immediate foreground to the east one looks down upon the level plateau stretching away to the valley. In the summer and fall this is variegated by masses of yellow flowers, which cover the open parks among the junipers, marking the fields of the ancient inhabitants. Beyond this lies several miles of open grass lands. To the northwest about a mile and a half

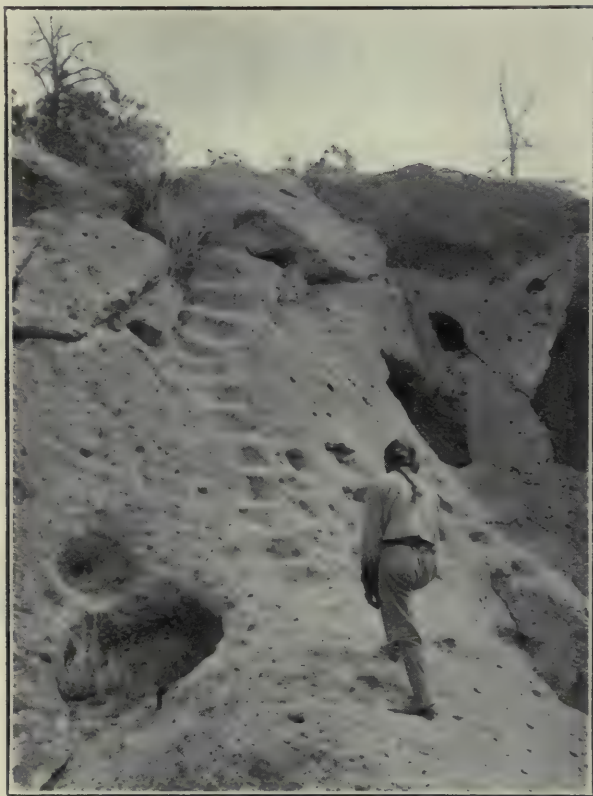


—Photo by Dixon.

PLATE IIIa—ROCK TRAIL AT PININICANGWI

the yellow rock of Shufinné dominates the plain, and to the west and south lie numbers of the detached masses which I have spoken of as geological islands. Southwest about ten miles the round black bulk of Tuyo rises from the edge of the Rio Grande Valley (Plate IX-b.) Here is an example of the geologically recent basaltic extrusions which characterize the Rio Grande Valley from this point south through White Rock Cañon. This is the historic "Black Mesa," the scene of many stirring events of the early period of Spanish occupation. In Tewa mythology, Tuyo is the "Sacred Fire Mountain." Its top is covered with the remains of semi-subterranean dwellings, and fire shrines are still maintained there by the Indians of San Ildefonso.

Puyé was the principal focus of a population that occupied a number of villages in the northern part of this plateau. The distribution of the outlying settlements of this group will be briefly described before considering Puyé itself. There are many "small house" ruins, containing anywhere from two to fifty rooms each, scattered all over the district, that are not taken account of in this paper. The villages are for the most part found on the tops of the mesas, on almost every one of which, of any size, some house remains are found. The large settlements consisted of from one to



—Photo by Bean.

PLATE IIIb—STAIRWAY AT NAWAWI

three quadrangular pueblos, one or more small houses near by, and a village of excavated rooms in the nearest adjacent cliff wall.

The northernmost settlement is the Shufinné<sup>1</sup> above mentioned.

This town lay to the northwest of Puyé about a mile and a half and was separated from it by the deep gorge of Santa Clara Cañon. It occupied a small tufa island, the only one north of the cañon. The rock of Shufinné is a commanding feature of the landscape, being plainly visible from the Tesuque divide, just north of Santa Fé, a distance of about thirty miles. The settlement here consisted of a small pueblo on the top of the rock, and a group of

(1) From *Tsiphenu*, dark colored obsidian flakes; *Tsi*, obsidian flake; *phenu*, dark. In the Santa Clara dialect, the form is *Tsifeno*.



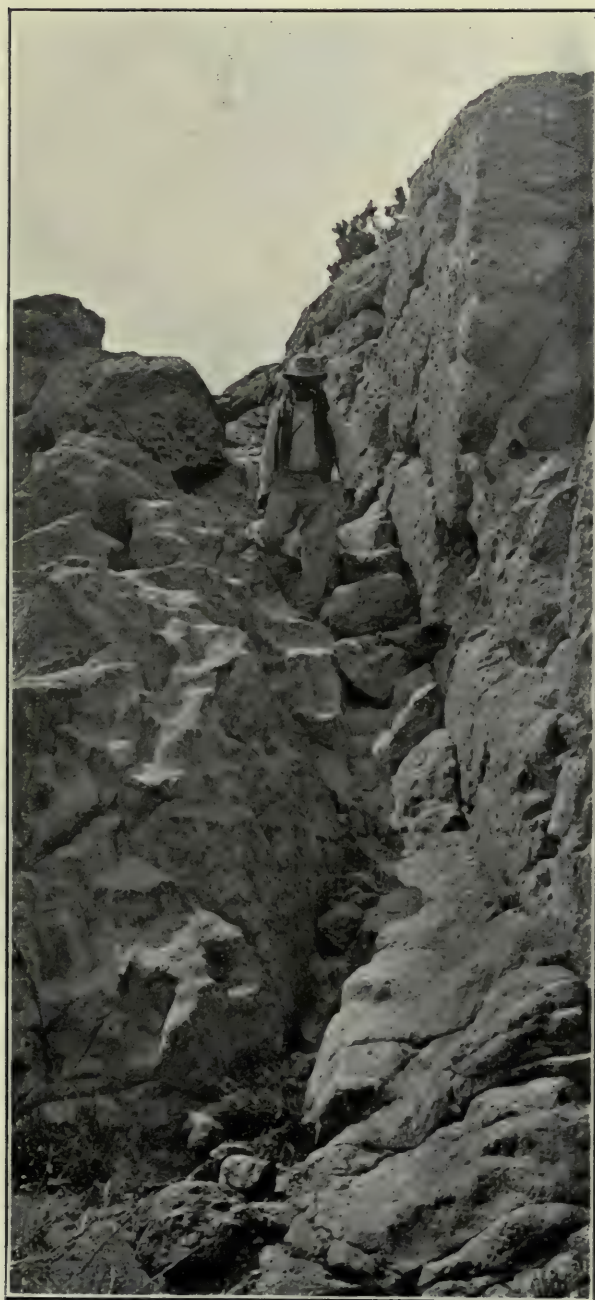


PLATE IIIc—STAIRWAY AT PUYÉ

houses built against the vertical wall forming the southern face of the cliff.

On the next mesa and in its adjacent valley south of the Puyé are three small pueblos, one on the mesa rim and two in the valley, these being the only valley pueblos of any size in this region. There is also a cliff village of several hundred excavated rooms in the rock wall. There is a lack of certainty in Tewa tradition with reference to these ruins, but from the most reliable information obtainable I now believe that these taken together constituted the settlement of Navahu'. The derivation of the name of this community was mentioned by me in a note in the *American Anthropologist* in 1906, and is of sufficient interest to warrant repetition here:

"In the second valley south of the great pueblo and cliff village of Puyé, in the Pajarito Park, New Mexico, is a pueblo ruin known

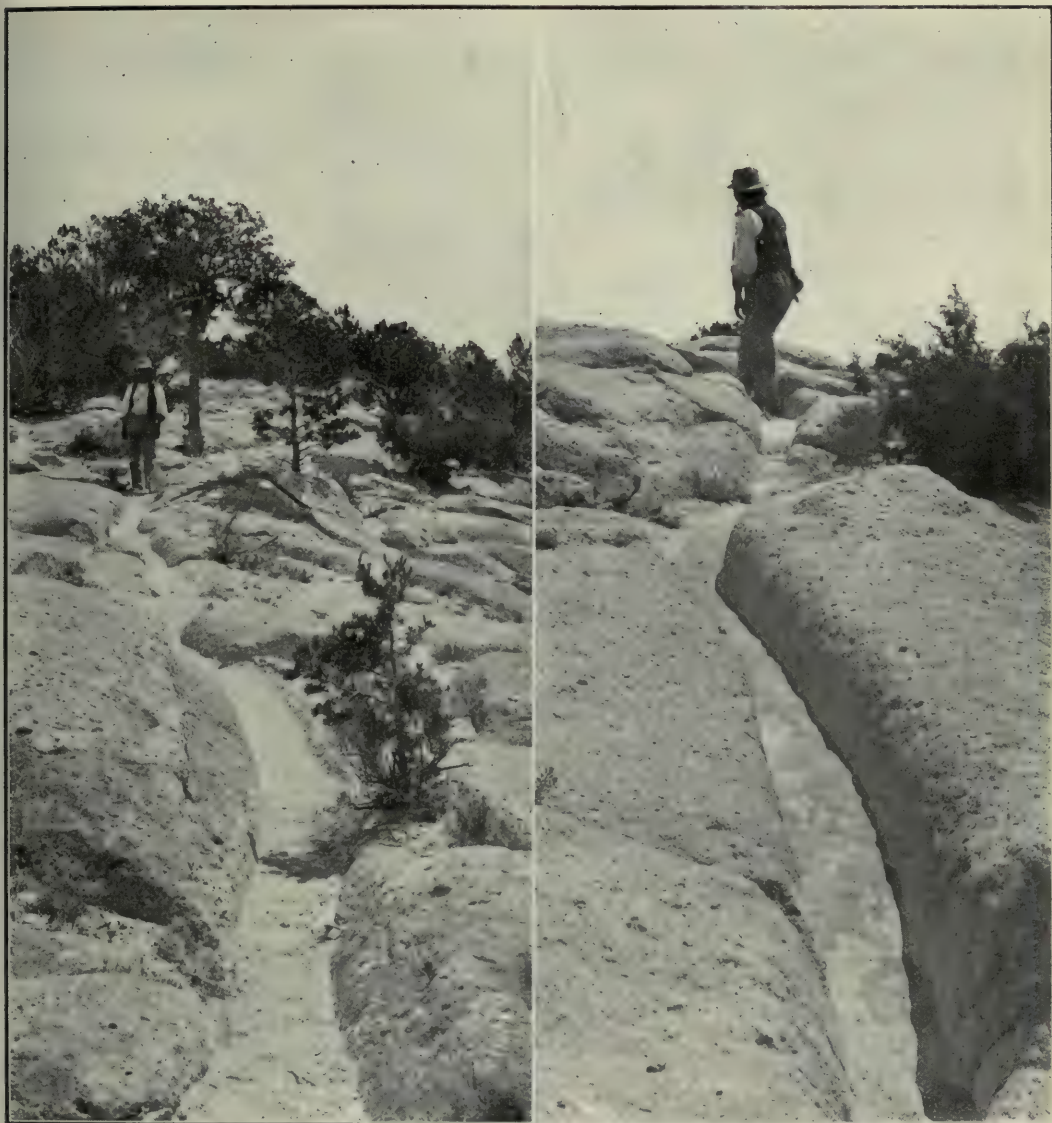


PLATE IVa—ROCK TRAIL AT TSANKAWI

to the Tewa Indians as Navahú, this being, as they claim, the ancient name of the village. The ruined villages of this plateau are Tewa of the pre-Spanish period. This particular pueblo was well situated for agriculture, there being a considerable acreage of tillable land near by—far more than this small population would have utilized. The old trail across the neck of the mesa to the north is worn hip deep in the rock, showing constant, long-continued use. I infer that these were the fields of not only the people of Navahú, but also of the more populous settlements beyond the great mesa to the north, where tillable land is wanting. The Tewa Indians assert that the name 'Navahú' refers to the large area of cultivated lands. This suggests an identity with *Navaho*, which Fray Alonso de Benavides, in his Memorial on New Mexico published in 1630, applied to that branch of the Apache nation ('Apaches

(1) *Navahu*, or *Navahuge*: place of the cultivated fields. *Nava*, field, flat land; *ge*, place.





PLATES IVb and c—ROCK TRAIL AT TSANKAWI

de Navajo') then living to the west of the Rio Grande, beyond the very section above mentioned. Speaking of these people, Benavides says: 'But these (Apaches) of Navajo are very great farmers (*labradores*), for that (is what) Navajo signifies—"great planted fields" (*sementeras grandes*).'

These facts may admit of two interpretations. So far as we know, this author was the first to use the name Navajo in literature, and he would have been almost certain to have derived it from the Pueblos of New Mexico among whom he lived as Father Custodian of the Province from 1622 to 1629, since the Navajo never so designated themselves. The expression, "the Apaches of Navajo,"



PLATE III—RUINS OF THE GREAT COMMUNAL

may have been used to designate an intrusive band that had invaded Tewa territory and become intrenched in this particular valley. On the other hand, the Navajo, since the pastoral life of post-Spanish times was not then possible to them, may have been so definitely agriculturists, as Benavides states (although he did not extend his missionary labors to them), and have occupied such areas of cultivated lands that their habitat, wherever it was, would have been known to the Tewa as Navajo, "the place of great planted fields."

On the next mesa to the south, a potrero several miles in length, are two groups of ruins which I now believe constituted the settlement known in Tewa tradition as Pininican<sup>gwi</sup>. The western group is composed of one quadrangle and four small-house ruins, the group occupying a space of not over a quarter of a mile in length. About half a mile to the east is the other group, consisting of one quadrangle and two small houses. All the buildings of this settlement

(1) *Pininican<sup>gwi</sup>*: *Phininikan<sup>wi</sup>*, popcorn meal mesa-neck. *Phinini*, popcorn; *kan*, flour; *phininikan*, meal made of roasted corn; *wi*, a narrow place between two mesas formed where two cañons, one on each side of the mesa, have their sources near together. *Wi* is a geographical term much used by the Tewa. A trail often leads up one cañon, across the *Wi* and down the other cañon. There are a few of a clan known as *Phininit'owa* or Popcorn People still left at San Ildefonso.





HOUSE ON SUMMIT OF THE PUYÉ

are within a few rods of the mesa rim, and in the face of the escarpments are many excavated cliff houses.

Of the next settlement south, the last in the Puyé district, we have no Indian name. The great potrero on which the ruins are situated, and the valley to the south of it, are known by the Spanish name Chupadero. The main pueblo is a quadrangle about one hundred and twenty feet square. Near by are three small-house ruins and a reservoir. In the cliff wall below are hundreds of excavated rooms.

The settlements above described seem to have been rather closely related. The villages are all connected by well-worn trails, some of them of unusual depth. The one shown in Plate III-a crosses a narrow neck (*wii*) of the mesa of Pininicangwi. With one exception (Plate IV-a, Tsankawi) it is the deepest worn rock trail that I have ever seen. It seems to have been made entirely by the attrition of human feet, being so situated that its depth could not be augmented by water erosion. The net-work of trails to be seen over this entire plateau is one of its most interesting archæological features. The trail is a sharply cut path, usually about eight inches wide, from a few inches to a foot in depth, and in many places more. The path narrows but little toward the bottom and is remarkably



PLATE VIIc—GENERAL PANORAMA OF

clean cut. (Plate IV-bc.) A large part of the surface of the plateau is rock devoid of soil, and these paths afford an imperishable record of ages of coming and going. The well-worn stairways are worthy of particular notice (Plate III-b.) In the archaeological map of the district that is in course of preparation, the entire system of trails and game traps (*navas*) (Plate IX-a) are shown, and in a future paper this subject will be discussed at length.

The Puyé is a fine example of the ancient Pajaritan community. At this place is found everything that is characteristic of the Pajaritan culture; every form of house ruins, typical in construction and placement; sanctuaries, pictographs, implements, utensils, symbolic decoration, all following a well-defined order, and conforming in all essential particulars to a type of culture to which I have for present convenience given the name Pajaritan.

The Puyé settlement was made up of two aggregations of dwellings: 1. The great quadrangle on the mesa top, an arrangement of four huge terraced community houses about a court, forming at once an effective fortification and a capacious dwelling; a compact residential fortress that might not inappropriately be called the citadel. (See ground plan, Fig. 1.) 2. The cliff villages, consisting of a succession of dwellings built against and within the





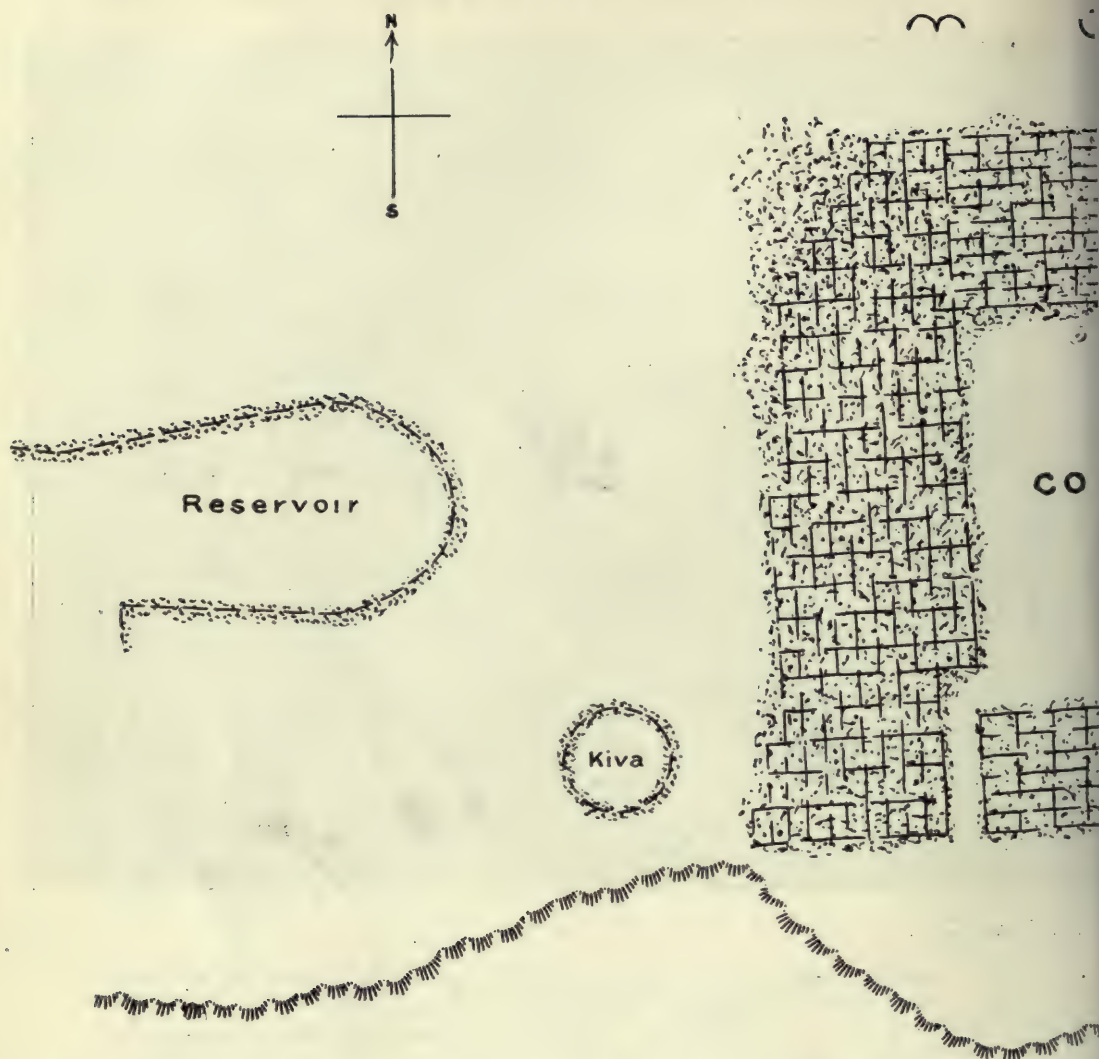
THE PUYE CLIFF

wall of the cliff, usually at the level where the talus slope meets the vertical escarpment. The latter will be described first.

A glance at the map of the Puyé mesa (Plate II) shows an almost continuous succession of dwellings along the face of the cliff from one end to the other. The cliff is more than a mile (5750 feet) in length. We note here three classes of dwellings.

1. Excavated, cave-like rooms, serving as domiciles, without any form of construction in front (Plate V-a.)
2. Excavated rooms with open rooms or porches built on in front, as has been the case in the example shown in Plate V-b.
3. Houses of stone, one to three stories high, with corresponding number of terraces, built upon the talus against the cliff. In these groups the excavated chambers now seen in the cliff wall were simply back rooms of the terraced buildings. Such was the example shown in Plate V-c.

An examination of the talus discloses remains of the walls of several villages of considerable extent that were built upon the talus against the cliff. Plate VI-a shows a section of the cliff which was the site of one of these talus pueblos, a building two stories high. The row of holes in the cliff wall shows where the ceiling-beams of the second story rested. The walls of first-floor rooms are to be found under the debris where the talus meets the vertical cliff. The ruins

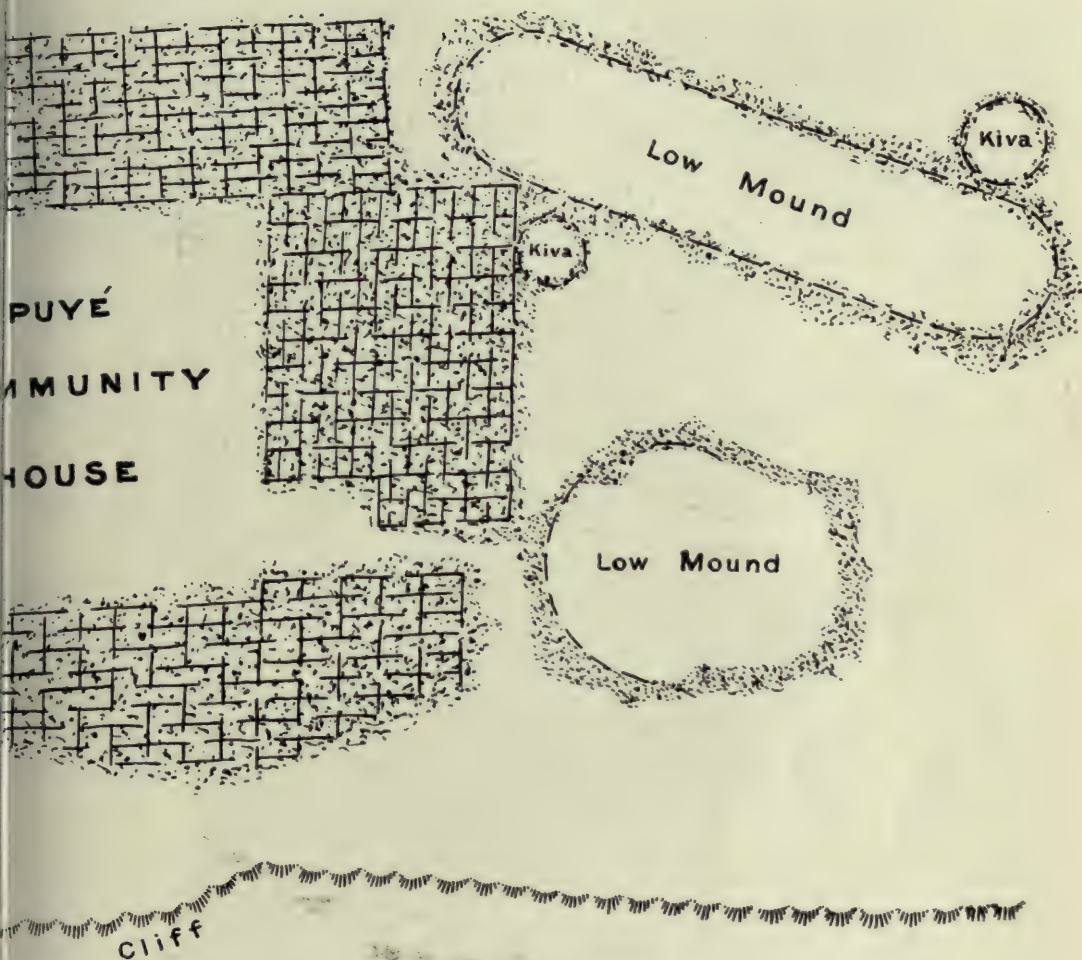


of a number of excavated back rooms are to be seen in the wall.

All of section 4 of the cliff (Plate II), and a great part of section 5, is broken about midway of its height by a ledge which shelves back a few yards and then meets another vertical wall. On this ledge and against and within this upper wall are the remains of another succession of dwellings. These continue for a distance of 2100 feet. This, added to the line of dwellings on the lower level, gives a continuous extent of house remains of this character about a mile and a half in length. The dwellings of this upper ledge were quite like those below. Here were the simple cave-like houses, the porched chambers and the terraced pueblo against the cliff, with excavated back rooms. It was possible to step from the house-tops on to the rim rock above. In places heavy retaining walls of stone were built on the front of the ledge. Stairways cut in the face of the rock ascend from this upper ledge to the great community house on the top (Plate III-c.)

The great community house stands near the edge of the cliff,





the southwest corner approaching to within twenty feet of the brink. The huge quadrangular pile of tufa blocks gives at first the impression of great regularity of construction (Plate VII-a), but on close examination the usual irregularities of pueblo buildings are found. The plan here presented (Fig. 1) was drawn previous to excavation and is intended to show only the general appearance of the ground plan and surroundings. It would require a rectangle approximately 300x275 feet to inclose the pile. No two exterior walls are exactly parallel, but the orientation of the building is approximately with the cardinal points. The wall forming the east side of the court is on a due north and south line. The interior court is not a perfect rectangle, the north side measuring 150 feet; south, 140; east, 158; and west, 143.

At the southeast corner is the main entrance to the square, 17 feet wide at the eastern end but enlarging to double that width before it opens into the court. A narrow passage 13 feet wide, not known to exist until excavations begun, was cleared at the south-

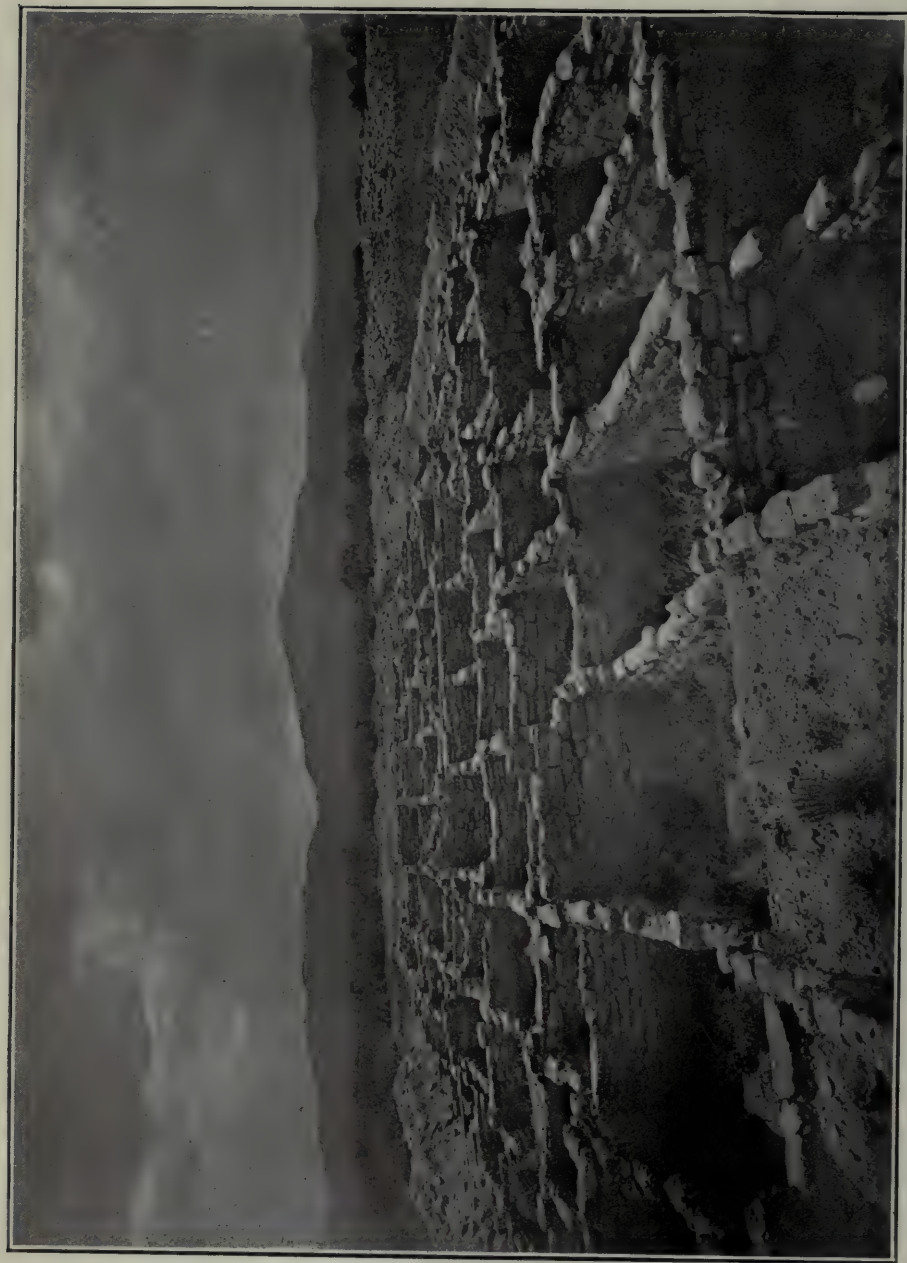


PLATE VII.—THE SOUTH HOUSE, PUYE, AFTER EXCAVATION



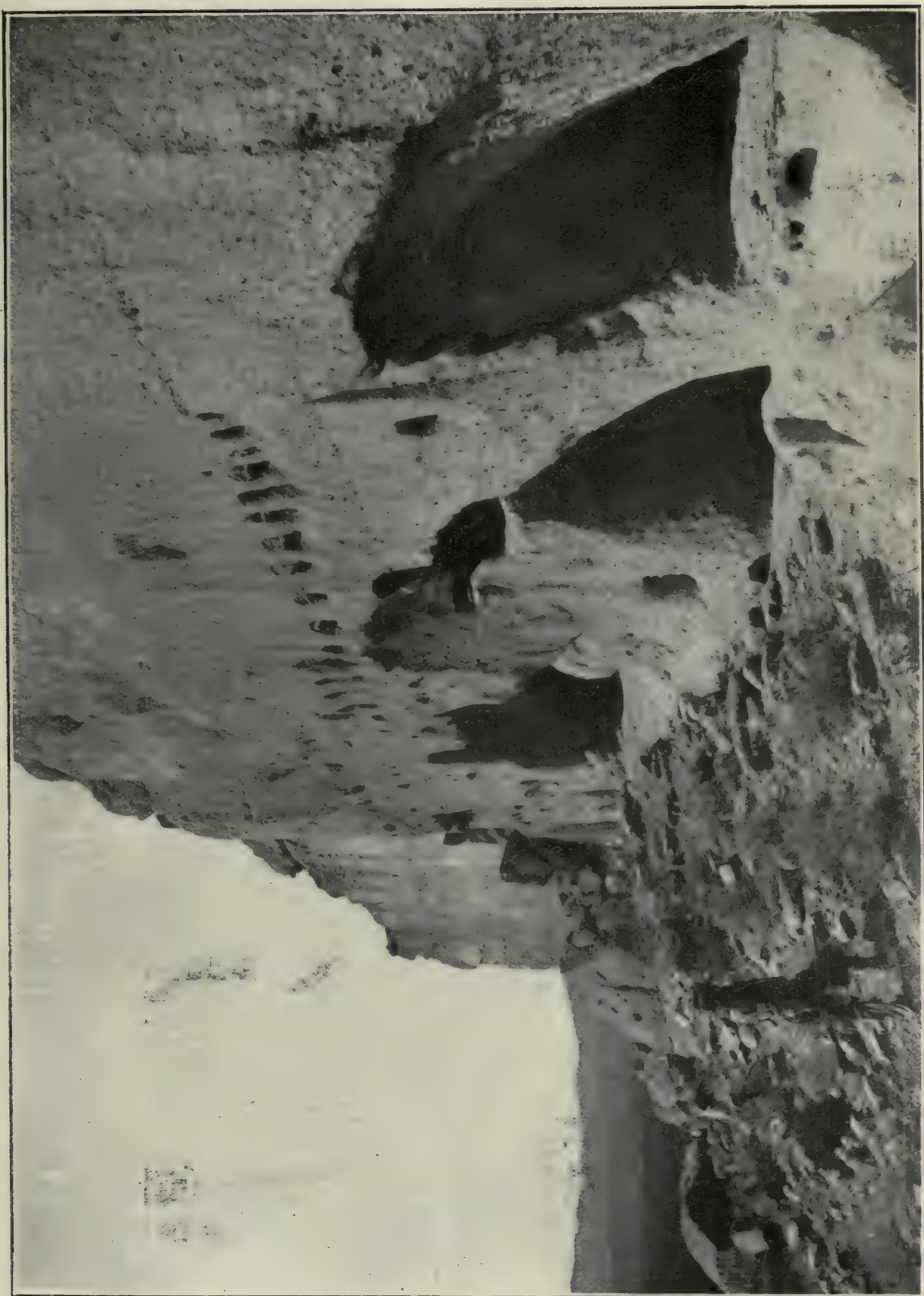


PLATE VIa—RUINS OF A TALUS VILLAGE AT PUYE

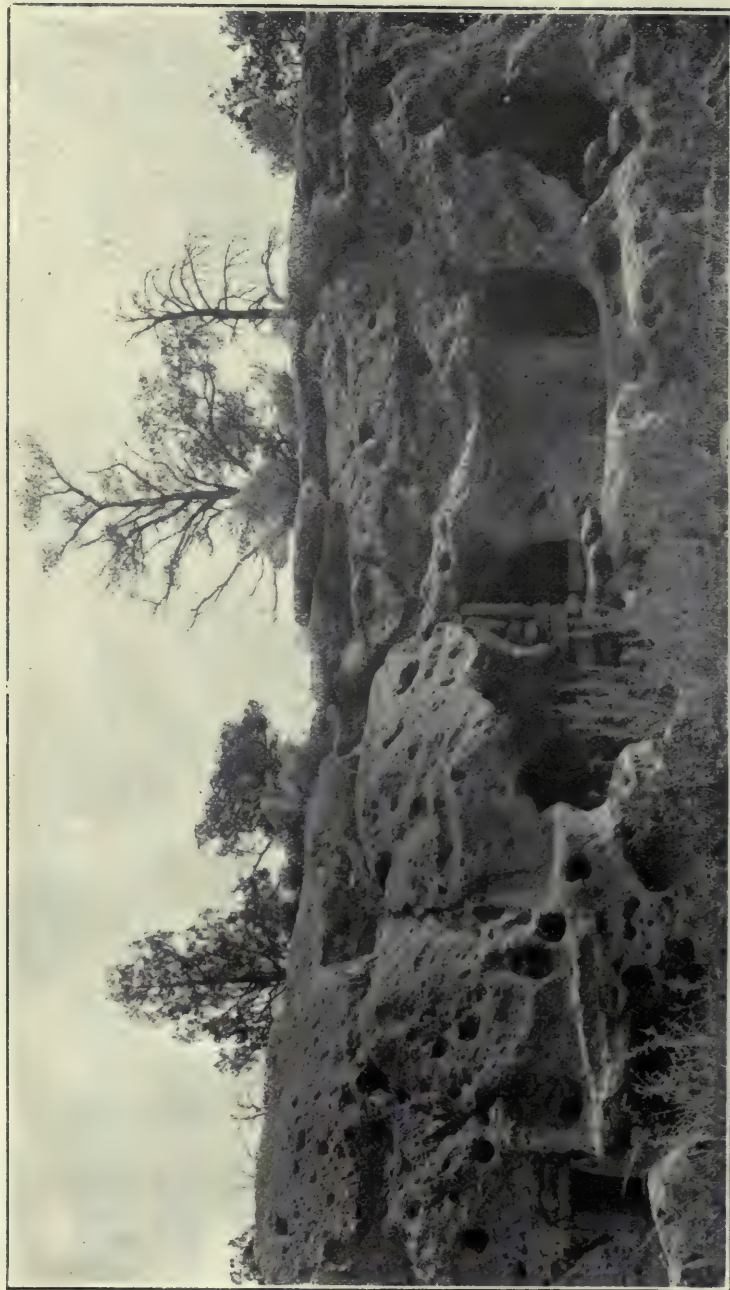


PLATE VI--EXCAVATED CLIFF ROOMS, FORMERLY WITH PORCHES





PLATE Vc—SITE OF TWO-STORY CLIFF HOUSE



PLATE VIIIa—THE BEGINNING



SHOVEL AND WHEEL





REMOVING LOOSE STONES



BARROW WORK

west corner of the court, thus segregating the "South House" of the quadrangle from the other four sides. It is probable, however, that this latter was a covered passage. It is possible that excavation will disclose other entrances to the court, but none is now visible. A low oblong mound, its longest diameter about 150 feet in length, lies just outside the main entrance. This has the appearance of neither a general refuse heap nor cemetery, though it occupies the usual position of the latter. It is composed mainly of the refuse produced by the dressing of the stone for the building. A long narrow mound of similar character almost touches the southeast corner of the pueblo.

One subterranean sanctuary, or kiva, is found just against the outer wall of the East House, and another somewhat larger lies 165 feet slightly north of east of this one. The largest kiva on the mesa top, one apparently about 36 feet in diameter, lies 60 feet



PLATE IXa—GAME TRAP (NÁVA) AT NAWAWI

west of the southwest corner of the quadrangle. These kivas were all excavated in the rock, there being almost no covering of soil at this place. Others are found on the ledge of the cliff below, and still others in the talus.

The ruins of an ancient reservoir lie 120 feet west of the pueblo. It is oblong in form, its short diameter being about 75 feet, and the long diameter 130 feet. The embankment is made of stone and earth, the opening being on the west. It could not have been fed from any living source, and could have been useful only for impounding such surface water as would be conducted to it through the small draw to the west. The supply of potable water for the pueblo must have been derived from what is now the dry arroyo south of the mesa. At one point a meager supply can still be obtained by the opening of a spring in the sand, but here, as on all parts of this plateau, a much more plentiful water supply than that now existing would be absolutely essential to the maintenance of such



large settlements as once existed at Puyé. An evidence of such supply is to be seen in the irrigation canal which may be traced for nearly two miles along the south side of Puyé arroyo. This ditch heads above the mesa towards the mountain, and must have been used to conduct surface water from the mountain gulches to the level fields south and east of the settlements. It is possible that it was constructed during a late occupation of Puyé by the Santa Clara Indians, after their knowledge of irrigation had been augmented by contact with the Spaniards in the Rio Grande Valley.

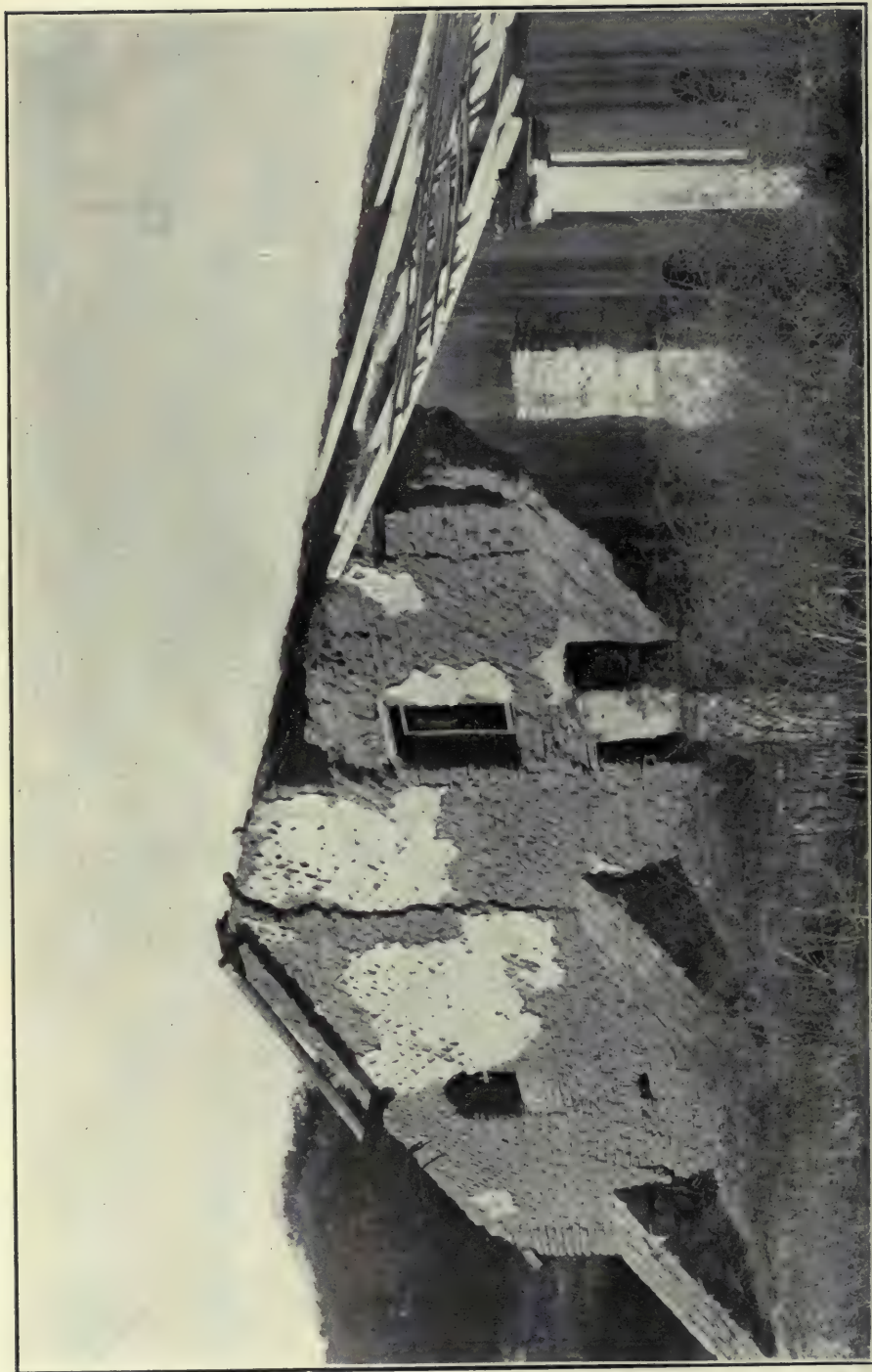
A detailed description of the great community house is reserved until the excavations of the present season (1909) shall have doubled the area uncovered and afforded more complete data for the description. One hundred and forty rooms are now clear of debris and may be seen in practically their original condition. This comprises about three-fourths of the South House. The walls of the first floor remain standing in a good state of preservation to a height of from four to seven feet. The latter figure was probably about the original height of the ceiling in the first story. That there was much irregularity in the altitude of different parts of the building is shown by the amount of fallen wall material and other debris in the rooms excavated. It is evident that there was an irregular terracing back from the rooms facing the court, and it is likely that small portions of certain terraces were four stories high.

Description of the material recovered by the excavation is also reserved for a future section of the report. The finds consist of a large quantity of stone implements and utensils, many articles in bone, and a considerable amount of pottery. The latter, found in an apparently hopelessly shattered condition, has been made one of the choicest collections that has been excavated in the Southwest. This is due to the skilful restoration that it has received at the hands of Dr. Palmer in the Southwest Museum, where the collection is now to be seen. The collection is chiefly characterized by the large amount of a beautiful red ware peculiar to the Pajaritan pottery, and also by elaborate use of ornamental glazing, which, as has been previously shown by the writer<sup>1</sup>, was a well-developed art among the Pajaritan people in pre-Spanish times.

The photographs (Plate VIII-ab) show different stages of the work of excavation and illustrate the method. The line of Indian workmen stretched across the great pile of the fallen building (Plate VIII-a) gathers the loose stone and passes it along by hand to a pile outside of the quadrangle. When all loose stone and all that can be freed from the debris by the picks have been thus disposed of, and the standing walls disclosed, plank run-ways are laid upon the top of the wall (Plate VIII-b) and shovels and wheelbarrows brought into requisition. Earth and broken stone fill the rooms to a depth of from three to five feet, and it is in the removal of this that most of the specimens are found. The rooms are usually plastered and well floored; in some cases rooms are found with secondary floors, laid upon a considerable depth of soil and debris, indicating a reoccupation after a period of disuse. In Plate VI-b is shown a partial view of the building after excavation.

(To be continued.)

(1) *Les Communautés Anciennes dans le Desert Americain*: Geneva, Switzerland, 1908.



WEST END OF THE MONASTERY, OCT. 22, 1908—SINCE BADLY BROACHED —Photo by Chas. F. Lummis.



## SAVING A LANDMARK



THIS beginning to be realized by nearly everyone that the historic landmarks of California—particularly the Old Missions—are an actual asset to the State. For about a dozen years a few Californians have labored successfully to repair and safeguard the most important of these monuments, which at the beginning of that time were practically ruins. If it had not been for this work, there would be practically nothing left for visitors to see today.

The Landmarks Club, incorporated for this special purpose, has raised in a quiet way some \$9000, has repaired falling walls, has restored some two acres of fallen roof, has put in foundations, braces and other protective devices. There would be nothing left of the noble ruins at San Fernando, San Juan Capistrano, Pala and San Diego if it had not been for this corporation—which has also assisted with considerable sums in the preservation of San Luis Rey Mission, the Governor Pico Mansion at Whittier, etc.

The most generous of all contributions to this work has recently been made by the Union Oil Company and the Union Transportation Company, of Los Angeles—somewhat belying the proverb that corporations have no soul. The numerous holdings of oil lands in Santa Barbara county included the ruins of the beautiful Mission La Purisima, a few miles from Lompoc. The Mission Fathers always picked the choicest locations—and to this day their taste in choosing sites has never been improved upon. This beautiful little valley of La Purisima is, of course, a choice agricultural section; and in selling off its ranch lands the corporation had an offer for this valley. Feeling that the monuments of the early history of California should be preserved for the public and for the future, the officials brought the matter before the Landmarks Club with a proffer of reservations containing the ruins—which constitute one of the most interesting historic groups in all California.

It has taken a long and intricate legal procedure to give a clear title to the six parcels of land which include the noble monastery (290 feet long), the chapel and the scattered and extremely interesting out-works—fountains, reservoirs, etc. The value of the gift (which amounts in the market to several thousand dollars) is trifling compared to the patriotic spirit which has patiently kept up the tedious routine of securing a clear title. Almost any rich corporation could spare a few acres, but few would take the trouble of legal minutiae for a year to make this gift effective.

The deed is made to Henry W. O'Melveny, Sumner P. Hunt, Arthur B. Benton and Chas. F. Lummis, directors of the Landmarks Club, and their successors and assigns, for these gifts, to be "devoted exclusively to the purposes of preserving them for the sake of the

history of California and for the public benefit, and for no purposes of gain, whatsoever."

The one further condition of this deed is that the Landmarks Club shall expend not less than \$1500 in re-roofing and protecting the monastery.

Mr. Hunt, chief architect of the club, and Mr. Lummis, the president, visited the ruin, measured it up, made architect's estimates for repairs, and marked out the reservations which would be necessary to make such a donation of the best public benefit. Fifteen hundred dollars will protect the enormous monastery for a long time to come. The rest of this handsome gift to the public will need no special expenditures at present. In a few years there will be no out-of-the-way corners in Southern California. With the growth of our Good Roads, with the increasing desire of our visitors to see something of interest besides sky-scrapers and orange-groves, the value of this bequest will be better understood from year to year. The Landmarks Club will endeavor to make immediate repairs, trusting to the same public spirit which has already put in some \$4000 each at San Fernando and San Juan Capistrano, besides the other missions repaired. The vital thing is to keep these splendid landmarks from going to decay at once. Later years and later generations may elaborate, but they will have no monuments to work upon unless we get busy now.

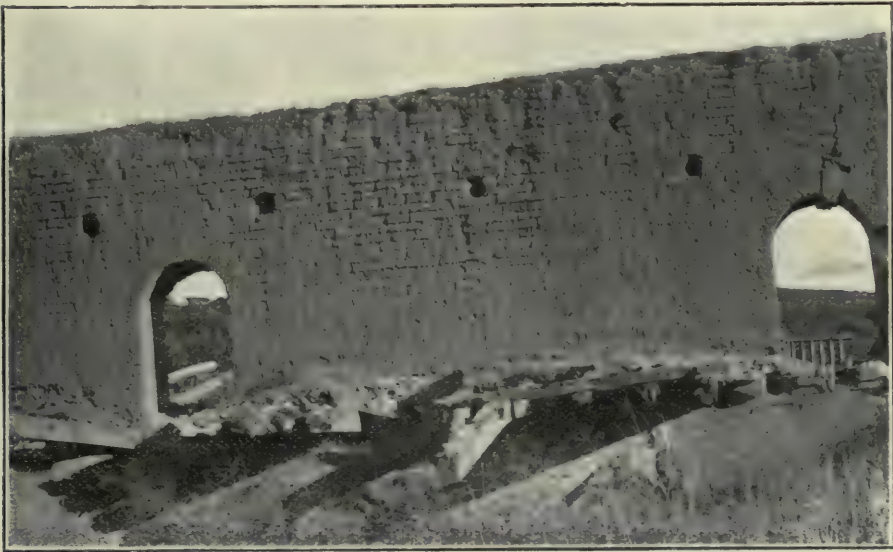
La Purisima Concepcion was the third "channel mission" (that is, of the establishments along the Santa Barbara Channel) and eleventh in order among all the missions of California. As early as 1870 it was decided that a mission should be founded along the channel in honor of, and named for, the immaculate conception of the Virgin Mary; but there were many hindrances in those early days, and this mission was not founded until 1787. On December 8th of that year (the date of the Feast of the Immaculate Conception), Father President Lasuen and an escort from Santa Barbara founded La Purisima. The winter rains prevented further activity for several months; but in March, 1788, the escort returned and erected the first buildings. The Indian name of the locality was Algsacupí. In April, Father President Lasuen, with Fathers Vicente Fuster and José Arroita, consecrated the buildings. By August of the same year Fathers Fuster and Arroita had gathered seventy-nine neophytes. By the end of 1790 there had been 301 baptisms, and the crop of grain had reached 1700 bushels. It was a populous region. There were fifty Indian rancherias in the district of this mission. Father Fuster was succeeded in 1789 by Father Cristóbal Oramas from Santa Barbara. Father Arroita was here until 1796, a term of ten years, and then retired. Father



Oramas remained until 1792. Successive priests in charge were José Antonio Calzada, Juan Martin, Gregorio Fernandez (before 1800); Mariano Payeras, Gregorio Fernandez, Juan Cabot, Geronimo Boscana, and Fathers Tapis, Ripoll, Ullibarri, Sanchez, Rodriguez, Vitoria, de la Cuesta, and Moreno.

By 1800 the mission had baptized 1079, and the neophytes numbered 959—the largest proportional gain and the smallest death rate in any of the California missions. In 1800, also, the cattle and horses numbered 1900; the sheep and other stock, 4000; the crops had reached 4000 bushels. The mission was a good deal troubled by bears and rattlesnakes—one neophyte was bitten by two snakes in 1799.

A considerable church was completed here in 1802. In 1804



—Photo by Chas. F. Lummis.

#### ONE OF THE NORTH WALLS

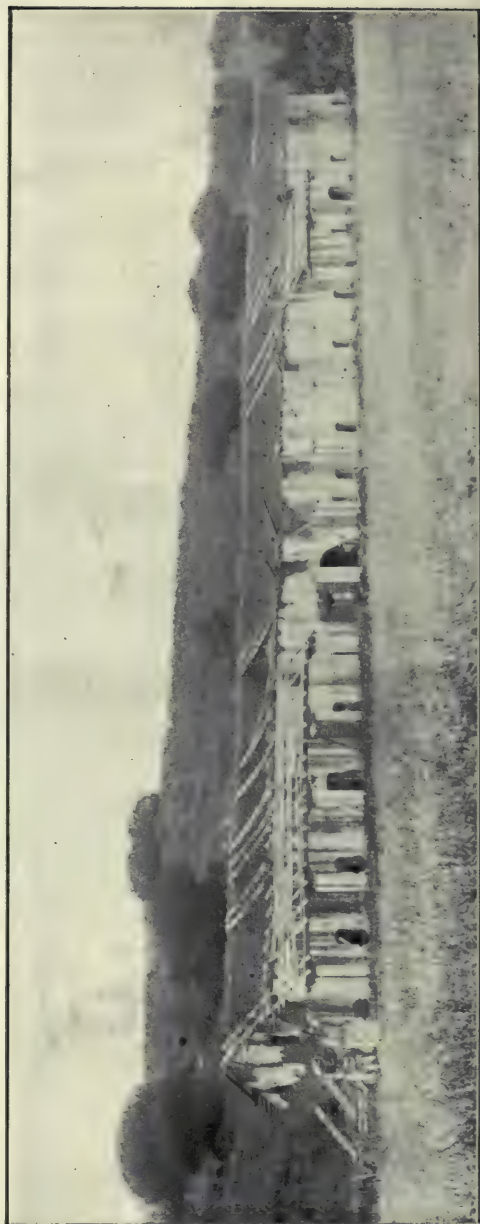
there were 1522 neophytes. In 1810 the crops aggregated 5970 bushels; cattle and horses numbered 10,015 (the maximum for this mission); the sheep and other small stock (also maximum), 10,042. This mission was among the foremost in California in the number and prosperity of its live stock.

In 1810 Father Payeras made a faithful report, which is still of record, concerning the mission. Among other things we learn from this report that the catechism had been translated into the native idiom.

December 21, 1812, the great earthquake which affected practically all the missions of California, destroyed the church and its buildings, and 100 houses of the neophytes. This catastrophe



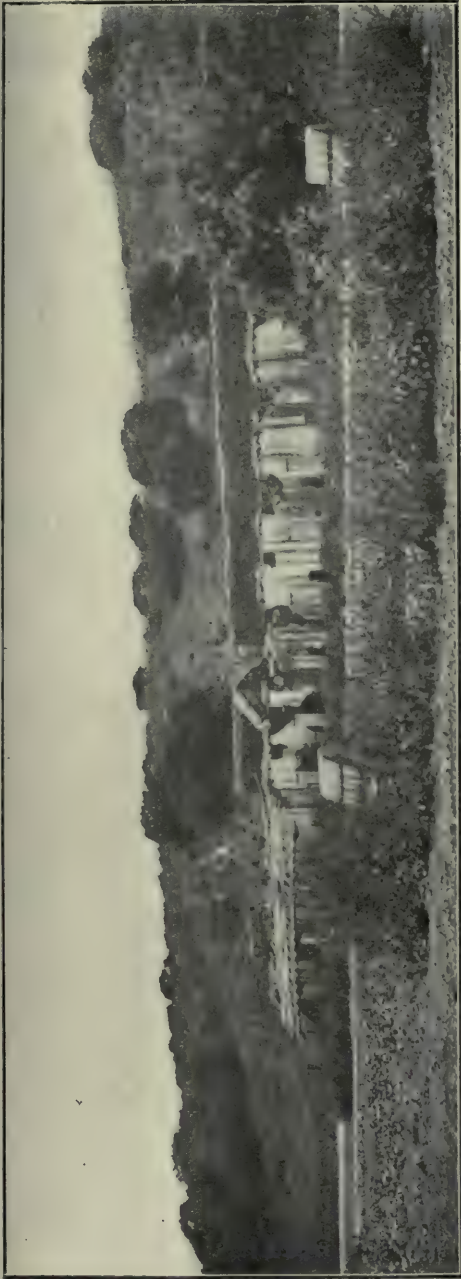
JUNE 23, 1906



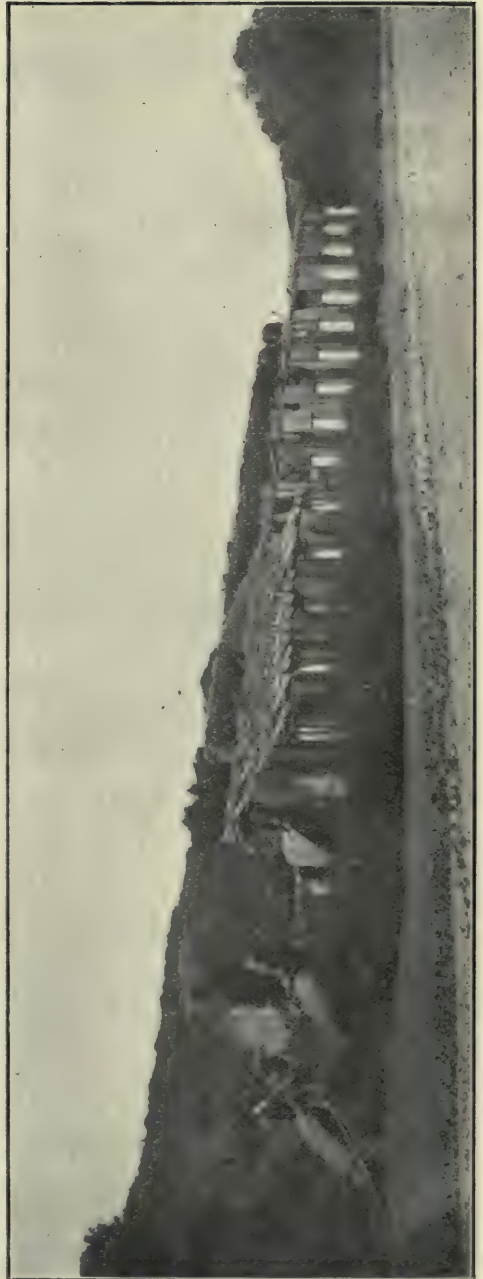
JUNE 23, 1906.

These illustrations are reproduced from  
They show the swift ruin wrought by the  
my pictures were taken.—C. F. L.





JUNE 27, 1909.



JUNE 27, 1909.

photographs taken by D. Basil W. Alexander.  
elements within less than a year from the time

probably marks the removal of the mission from its original location near the present town of Lompoc, to the present locality, which was then known to the Indians as Amun. The transfer was made in March, 1813, and the new church in the new location was finished in November, 1818. We lack many particulars, but it is of record that another new church was dedicated October 4, 1825. This is probably the identical building now transferred to the Landmarks Club. On the 24th of February, 1824, the most serious Indian revolt in the history of Southern California broke out at Santa Ynez. On the same day the insurgent Indians, under the leadership of Paccimo, who had been trained by the padres as a cabinetmaker, attacked the Mission Purisima. A corporal, with four or five men, defended the mission all night, but their power gave out and they surrendered. In this conflict four Europeans and seven Indians were killed. The California Indians, however, were not of the Apache sort; and the soldiers and their families were allowed to depart to Santa Ynez. The priest, Father Rodriguez, remained behind with the neophytes and was not molested. The rebel Indians fortified the mission, cutting loop-holes in the church and mounting old cannon which had been used to fire salutes. March 16th the little Spanish force from Monterey attacked the church at 8 a. m. and captured it at 10:30 a. m. Three Spaniards were wounded, one fatally; sixteen Indians were killed and many wounded. After a judicial inquiry, seven insurgent Indians were executed for murder, and four ringleaders of the revolt were sentenced to ten years in the guard-house.

In 1822 the lands of this mission measured fourteen leagues north and south, and from four to six leagues east and west. These were the Spanish leagues, of about two and one-half miles.

In 1805 the attempt of the viceroy of Mexico to raise hemp in California had one of its most successful experiments at this mission.

In 1835 the property of this mission was appraised at \$62,000. The mission was secularized in February, 1835. In 1830 the large cattle numbered 13,000; at the secularization these herds were slaughtered mercilessly for their hides and tallow.

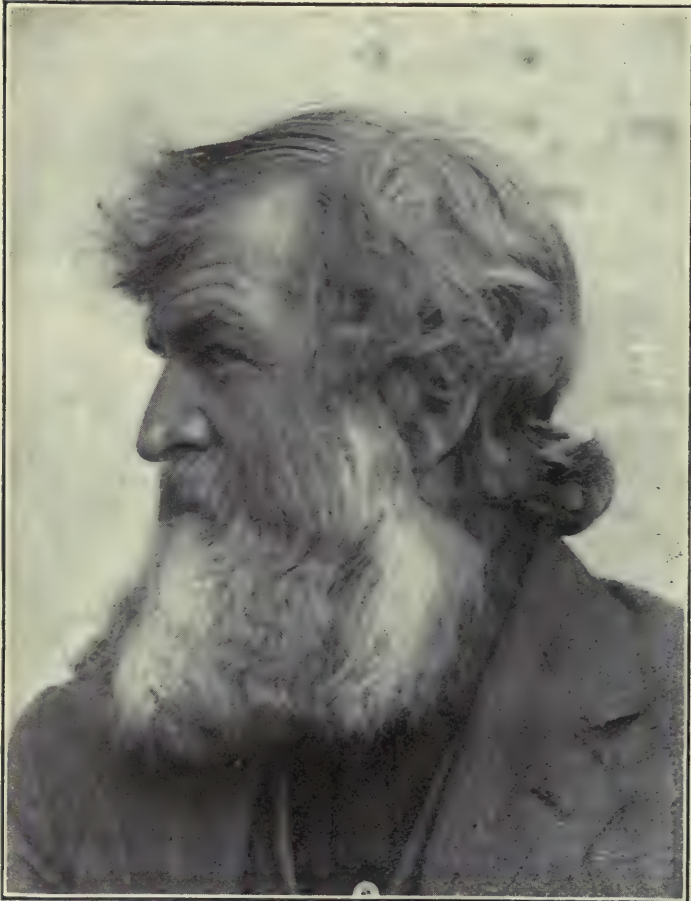
In March, 1843, the Mexican Governor, Micheltorena, restored to the padres this mission and eleven others; the church properties but without their lands. From this time on, under the oppressive measures of the Mexican government, the descent of the mission was rapid. In 1844 there were left but 200 neophytes. There was no property left, and no lands except a modest vineyard. December 4, 1845, the mission was sold by the government to John Temple for \$1110. Its vicissitudes since are less important. It finally found





—Photo by Chas. F. Lummis.  
THE MYSTERIOUS MONUMENT

its way into the possession of the foremost of those modern American companies whose enterprise has, within a few years, made California the first oil-producing State in America.



—Photo by Chas. F. Lummis.

ONE OF THE PIONEERS OF SAN PEDRO, THOS. LEGGETT; DIED JULY 14, 1909.



## THE MIDDLE OF THE ISLAND

By ANNE W. PATTON



T WAS a wonderful day, a glowing, glorious day when pulses beat high and one felt the joy of life. The little town of Avalon, on the Island of Santa Catalina, was astir with its summer-crowd of merry, care-free people, and the half-moon of the bay was alive with all manner of pleasure-craft, from the magnificent steam-yacht to the tiny skiff. Around about the town rose the hills, brown and mellow in the summer sunshine, and up the side of one twisted a narrow road. The wharf, putting out into the bay, was crowded with fishermen of all ages, intent upon their lines. At one side of the harbor, people were bathing, and their shouts and laughter mingled with the cries of the gulls circling overhead. With the sunshine on the blue waters, it was a scene to inspire one with cheer; yet a little girl coming out of the hotel seemed not to find it so. She was a child of eight or nine, small and fragile, with great dark eyes and heavy brown curls. Slowly she moved along the broad street, seeming uncertain where to go, until suddenly her glance fell on a small dog trotting by and her face instantly brightened.

"O doggie," she cried; "come here and play. I am so lonesome."

The dog sat down and eyed her curiously, but when she had come quite near he sprang up and ran forward a little way, then waited for her again, repeating this performance until he had gradually led her down the street and out upon the wharf. She followed, laughing and trying to pat him until they were quite near the end of the wharf, when suddenly "doggie" lost all interest in her, and, running to a small boy, began leaping upon him and barking.

"Shut up, Blinks! How do you expect a fellow to fish when you do that?" cried the boy, pushing him away.

Blinks, not a bit discouraged, returned again and again to the attack, while his former playmate watched him with disappointed eyes. At last the boy grew impatient, seized Blinks by the neck and threw him off the wharf. A loud splash followed and the girl uttered a scream.

"Nothin' to cry about; it won't hurt him," the boy muttered, turning around.

"O-h-he'll drown! How could you?" and the child came forward to peer over. Blinks was swimming quietly ashore.

"Don't you worry; he won't drown—he's used to it," commented the boy as he rebaited his hook.

"You were a horrid bad boy, to throw him in like that," the little girl answered.

"Teach him better next time."

"Is he your little dog?"

"Yep."

"What's his name?"

"Blinks; rotten name, all right; my aunt gived it to him."

"I think it is cute."

"Course; you are a girl," came the answer as he cast his line and waited anxiously for a bite.

The little girl stood watching him curiously, while the other people on the wharf who had been amused by the incident went back to their fishing. Suddenly there came a tug at the boy's line, the reel buzzed merrily and the line sped away.

"Gee! he's pullin'," murmured the boy.

The little girl leaned forward eagerly, her lips parted, her eyes intent upon the rod. After a short, hard battle the boy pulled in the fish, shining, wonderful, which flopped frantically to release itself from his grasp while its captor removed the hook.

"What is it?" the little girl asked timidly.

"Rock bass; isn't he a beauty?" and the boy held up the fish.

"Can you eat him?"

"Sure!" he answered; then after a pause, "Say, can you fish?"

"I never tried."

"Want to?"

"I don't know," and the maiden looked uncertainly from the boy to the fish and back again.

"Come on, try," he said. "I'll teach you, and you can use my rod." The lady was won. "Sit on the edge and hang your feet over," he commanded. She looked with doubt at the dirty wharf and then at her clean dress.

"Can't I stand up?" she asked.

"Nope."

The dress was sacrificed and she sat down.

"Now," her instructor explained, "you put the bait on like this."

"Oh!" she gasped, shrinking; "I—I don't want to."

"Don't be a baby; the bait's dead," he replied with scorn. Nevertheless he did it for her. Then followed careful instructions as to how to hold the rod and use the reel and many other things. At last there came a tug; the girl screamed and nearly dropped the rod.

"Reel him in; don't give him so much line; hold up the rod!" shouted the boy, and his companion "played," with flushed cheeks and bright eyes, "played" and—lost her first fish. "He's gone," she wailed as the line slackened.

"Course; what did you expect?" scornfully. "When a chap can't fish he loses his bait and his fish—see?" and taking the rod away he commenced reeling in the line.





"I am sorry," said the little girl, her eyes full of tears.

"Girls never can do anything anyway; I might have known."

"They can, too," she flashed, in prompt defense of her sex. "Besides, I never fished before."

"Sure, but you oughtn't to scream every time you get a bite."

"I won't next time, if you will let me try again."

"I haven't much bait left, but maybe you can snag a kelp-fish."

"What for?"

"For bait—say, but you are ignorant!"

"I never fished before," she repeated, smothering a desire to scream while he rebaited her hook.

Blinks had returned while they were talking, and sat some distance off, with his head cocked on one side, watching his master. When the fishing lesson had progressed for some time and another bass lay gasping on the wharf, Blinks advanced cautiously and was almost upon the unheeding pair when a voice behind caused him to wheel with a little yap of welcome.

"Why, Blinky, what makes you so wet?" said a young woman, stooping to pet.

Blinks pranced joyously around her, while she advanced and stood behind the children.

"That's it; don't give him too much line. Bully for you!" cried the boy as he watched the little girl land a fish.

"O-h!" screamed the young lady, stepping back as the fish flopped, while the dog barked excitedly.

"Hello," said the boy, looking up. "I guessed you'd be here pretty soon, Aunt Nell."

"Yes; it's late. Pick up your things and come, Bobby."

The little girl scrambled up and stared at the new-comer.

"These are yours," said Bobby, indicating two of their catch. "If you put your finger through their gills you can carry them."

"I—I don't want to touch them," faltered the girl. "Of course not," exclaimed Aunt Nell, "the horrid shiny things! Carry them for her, Bobby."

"Sure," the boy replied. "I didn't know she'd mind. Girls are so queer."

"Don't pay any attention to him," said the lady, smiling. "He's a naughty boy. What is your name, dear?"

"Helen Martin," the little girl replied.

"Well, Helen dear, I am sorry to stop your fishing, but Bobby must come for lunch." So they started back, with Blinks and Bobby following with the spoils. Just as they left the wharf they came upon Mrs. Martin looking wildly for Helen, and she was at once handed over to her.

"I have been worried to death, daughter. Where have you been?"

Mrs. Martin asked as they walked off together. But before Helen could answer, Bobby came dashing breathlessly back.

"Here's your fish," he said, "and—will you go swimming this afternoon?"

"Yes, if I may," Helen answered, glancing at her mother.

"Perhaps, daughter," she replied, and added as Bobby hurried away, "I thought you were afraid."

"I was," Helen answered. "But I am not any more."

That was the beginning of a happy summer. Helen, a lovely little girl with no companion, was attracted by the merry Bobby, and Mrs. Martin found his aunt, Miss Cartwright, a most congenial friend. In the weeks which followed, Helen grew plump and rosy, her little hands were brown, she baited her own hook, and even mastered the art of swimming. And what a proud day it was when she and Bobby were allowed to go rowing alone for the first time! In that island village, with its lovely harbor protected from wind and wave, where gentle ripples lap the shore and no treacherous currents were to be feared, what could be more natural than that the children might wander where they chose? What harm could befall? So thought Mrs. Martin, who rejoiced to see her little girl so happy, and so thought Miss Cartwright and her mother, who had charge of Bobby while his parents traveled. Yet who can fathom the strange workings of the infant mind?

It was a gorgeous moon-lit evening. The children had been allowed to sit up to see the fireworks which always welcomed the last boat from the main-land on Saturdays, and they were seated on the hotel porch while their elders played cards inside.

"Do you know where that road goes?" Helen asked suddenly, pointing toward the hillside.

"Yep, clear to the middle of the island," Bobby answered.

"I'd like to see the middle," Helen murmured.

"So would I," Bobby declared, screwing up his eyes.

"I wonder if it's far?"

"We might ask Aunt Nell."

"She'd say we couldn't go then."

"Do you want to go, Helen?"

"Yes," Helen said, suddenly sitting up and pushing back her dark curls. "I do."

"Let's, then! We would take some lunch, and Blinks, and—"

"Mother'd never let me," Helen said with conviction.

For a moment even Bobby seemed subdued by this. Suddenly he brightened. "I tell you what," he cried; "let's not tell—at least not till we get back."

"O-h, that wouldn't be right! Besides, I—"

"Of course, if you are a 'fraid cat," he cried with scorn.



"I'm not."

"Then you'll go?"

"Y-yes."

"Monday?"

"So soon? We said we'd fish Monday," she pleaded.

"Monday's best, because they" (he always spoke thus of his aunt and Mrs. Martin) "are going to play bridge at Mrs. Smith's. So if you're not afraid—"

"Children dear, it is bed-time," Mrs. Martin's voice interrupted. Helen rose obediently.

"Will you?" Bobby asked.

"Yes." There was no hesitation now. She would have died rather than be called a "'fraid cat" again.

Dame Nature seemed to smile at their intended prank, for Monday dawned bright and beautiful. A glorious sky of deepest blue spread out above, and a sparkling "sapphire sea" circled the Island of Santa Catalina and turned all people forth upon its bosom. Even Bobby felt a pang of regret at giving up his fishing, and had to remind himself continually of the wonders which of necessity must lie hidden in that strange place, "the Middle of the Island." He and Helen took some much-ripened fruit, some indigestible cakes and a bottle of water, and set out up the mysterious road, as soon as the unsuspecting "grown-ups" had left for "luncheon and bridge."

The road was steep and the day warm, so that by the time they reached the top of the first hill they were glad to rest. The view from there was magnificent, showing not alone the harbor and a long line of rugged irregular coast, but far away across the channel one could see the main-land of California and the mountains of the Coast Range, blue and lovely in the distance.

"It's awfully pretty, isn't it?" Helen sighed.

"You bet, and hot, too!"

"Shall we drink some water?" he asked, holding out the bottle.

"Yes, I'm awful thirsty, and it will make it lighter, anyway," Bobby said, reaching for it. There was a crash and the precious bottle fell, and the water was absorbed by the greedy brown earth.

Both children were too dismayed either to speak or to blame each other; they only stared at the ruin until Bobby's cheerful nature asserted itself and he said: "Never mind, Helen; we'll probably find some stream, and anyway, we've got the fruit."

Again they started forward, and in a little while Avalon and the ocean were hidden from their view and they were alone with the mountains. Scrub-oak and berry-bushes covered the hills, and patches of cactus with its red fruit warned one not to fall. Blinks found the flocks of quail most disconcerting when they flew up suddenly with a great whissing of wings, and he much preferred

an old and ragged sheep which ran before them up the road for some time. Once a band of wild goats appeared on an opposite slope, and Helen exclaimed:

"Oh! Bobby, look! I wonder how they came here?"

"The Spaniards left them when they first discovered Catalina," he explained, proud of his knowledge, and then added boastfully, "Wish I had a gun; I'd kill one of those fellows."

"Could you hit them so far?"

He did not deign a reply, merely withering her with a glance of scorn. It was a long time to the summit, and though she would not admit it, Helen was getting very tired.

"It'll be down hill now," said Bobby, as he saw the road begin to descend. "Suppose we take a short cut over this knoll and meet the road on the other side."

"Would we meet it, do you think?" Helen asked doubtfully; for, though she had changed much during the summer, she was still at heart a timid child.

"Sure we'll get on the road again, and it'll save lots of time," Bobby assured her, and they set out once more.

The sun was high now and very warm. Blinks was panting, and Helen's feet dragged wearily; even Bobby's spirits were depressed.

"Suppose," said Helen, pausing in the shade of a berry-bush, "suppose we eat the fruit now and don't wait till we get to the middle of the island." Bobby nodded, and the thing was settled. Down they sat on the dry brown grass and ate the fruit that was no longer fresh, and the indigestible cake, with great relish, Blinks getting his portion with the rest.

"I wish we had some water," Helen sighed.

"So do I." Bobby's tone was drowsy, as he lay full-length on the ground. Helen yawned and leaned against the bank. Some crows flew by, cawing; a lamb bleated somewhere on the hill; then silence, and the tired little wanderers were asleep.

After a little, Blinks went off hunting. He was gone some time, yet when he returned the children were still sleeping. Blinks eyed them curiously, then trotted up to Helen and licked her face. She awoke with a start, calling Bobby. He sat up, rubbing his eyes.

"We must have been asleep," he said.

"Yes, and it's getting late; we will have to hurry," Helen exclaimed. Bobby agreed and they started on, but the enthusiasm of the morning was gone and they were both tired. After a while they mounted the crest of a hill and were dismayed to see a great bank of fog rolling in from the sea.

"Look!" gasped Bobby. "I bet that's cold! We'd better find the road and go back. There's nothing to see over here, anyway."

"I wish we were home. I am awfully thirsty, and sleepy, and



hungry, too," Helen said dolefully, looking about her with tragic eyes, "and my foot hurts and there isn't anything to see."

"We'll find the road soon," consoled Bobby.

The "soon" proved a mistake, however, for each hill looked exactly like its neighbor and there appeared no road save only a narrow steep trail, lacing the mountain-side back and forth. The dead grass was slippery and the fog was drifting down and about them, filling the ravine and obscuring the hilltops.

"We'll never get home," Helen sobbed at last as another hill was climbed, and still no sign; only the fog was nearer now, its chill breath was in her face. "We're lost, and it's all your fault; we'll die and nobody'll ever find us." She sat down on a large stone and began to cry in good earnest.

Bobby looked at her hopelessly. Like all men, he was utterly helpless before tears. "It's not my fault," he said sullenly, "and crying won't find the road."

Helen only sobbed the louder, covering her face with her dirty little hands.

Blinks whined also, and Bobby turned on him in fury. "Shut up, you cur! Do you hear me—shut up!"

Helen looked up in surprise, and forgot to weep. Bobby turned to her appealingly. "Come on, Helen," he said. "We've got to find the road before the fog gets so thick we can't see. Please come on."

"I c-can't. I—I'm too tired," she answered, returning to her tears.

Bobby faced her angrily. A swirl of fog came down, the fore-runner of the main body. Bobby was very young, but he knew what it meant to be lost in a fog. "Helen, are you coming or aren't you?" he asked sharply.

"I can't," she answered with a sob.

"Then good-bye, because I'm going. Come, Blinks!" and the boy terror strode off.

Now he had really no intention of leaving her, but the girl did not know this, and when she realized that he was gone, and she was alone in a great white sea of vapor, a chill of terror shot through her, and her tears and lamentation ceased.

"Bobby!" she cried pitifully, and set out after him. "Bobby, I'll come! Wait for me!"

But the boy kept on, and it was not until she was beside him and had slipped her hand in his that he gave any sign of knowing she was there. Then he said: "Brace up, Helen! I believe we're almost on the road. Come this way."

They scrambled through the brush, paused at the top of a bank, and Bobby gave a glad cry. Below them wound the light beaten ground of the stage-road! Yes, it was the road—but which way

lay Avalon? Bobby looked at his companion, her face dirty, her dark hair disheveled, and her great dark eyes fixed trustingly upon him. He felt very old and grave and knew his responsibilities.

"Come, Helen," he said; "we will go this way to Avalon," and she, unquestioning, went with him. He was the leader, and of course he knew the road. Eager to reach it, they started hastily down the slope, but the yellow grass of the summer-time was slippery and treacherous. Their tired little feet could scarcely support them; so, clinging to each other, they scrambled along, striking stones, and grasping at the bushes for support, Bobby manfully doing his best to assist his little companion. Suddenly he gave a cry. One foot had caught in a projecting root, while the other slipped forward, giving a wrench to the imprisoned ankle. The pain was overpowering to the already worn-out youth. Helen was terrified at first by her companion's cry; then, seeing what had happened, bravely tried to help, but she had enough to do to keep herself from falling. Finally, by grasping a stout shrub, Bobby drew himself up, and released the foot, but the dreadful pain continued.

What should they do, what could they do now? The injured foot made Bobby afraid to move. Helen began to realize that she was now the mainstay of the expedition. The little girl who had been so timid and dependent a few short moments before, now that responsibility was thrust upon her began to think harder than she had ever before thought in her short life. Could she go on alone? Bobby could not move. They would have to stay perhaps all night on the lonely mountain-side. Bobby might die of the pain—Oh, dreadful thought! Helen tried to remember all the tales of the heroes that her mother had read or told to her. They did not give way to fear when they went forth to their deeds of valor, and they must have been just a little bit afraid—sometimes.

"Bobby" (the little voice was trembling). "Bobby, how do you feel?"

"Awful! This foot is just about killing me. Can't you do something, Helen? Try shouting. A vaquero might be around here looking for horses."

"Bobby, I'm going to Avalon to get help."

"Why, Helen, you'll never do it, and besides, you are afraid."

"Yes, I will do it, and I will not be afraid."

Bobby, too astounded to protest further, watched her slow and careful progress down the bank until the road was safely reached. The light was beginning to fade, and the short Californian twilight was coming on as Helen started in the direction Bobby had earlier settled upon as the right one.

Bobby watched in amazement for some time the forlorn little figure sturdily marching down the road with head erect. Beside



her trotted the little dog, who had elected to follow her. Was it his belief that she had the greater need of him, or the natural instinct of self-preservation?

As Helen got farther and farther away, Bobby's thoughts returned to his foot. Why! it really felt better. "Maybe it will be well before long," he said to himself. A few minutes more and he decided to move it. It did not seem so bad after all. Impatience and loneliness then caused him to try moving slowly down the slope, and to his surprise he actually got to the road without much pain. Then he tried standing, and found that his foot would endure a little pressure.

"Helen! Helen!" If he could only make her hear him! A little louder, a few minutes' wait, then a figure appeared from around a bend in the road.

Oh, the joy of that return, and to find that Bobby could walk, if but slowly, and they could go together down the fast darkening road! But little Helen had proved herself; no more could she be called a "'fraid cat."

It was growing dark in Avalon when Mrs. Martin and Miss Cartwright at last left the bridge party and returned to the hotel.

"The children will wonder what has become of us," Mrs. Martin remarked.

"Probably they will not have missed us," Miss Cartwright answered, more truthfully than she knew.

They reached the hotel, but found no children there; they went out on the wharf; they went to the golf club; they asked the fishermen; but go where they would and look where they would there were no children, nor any trace of them, and night was coming on.

"What shall we do?" cried Bobby's aunt. "I am afraid to tell Mother. What shall I do?"

"They must be here somewhere." Mrs. Martin tried to hide her fear. "They haven't taken the boat, so they must be on land."

Up and down they hunted, but all to no purpose. It grew quite dark, the lights of the little town twinkled out, the moon rose round and yellow; only on the hill-tops the fog lay cold and white.

"What shall we do?" sighed Miss Cartwright, her eyes anxiously searching the darkness.

Suddenly she gave a joyous exclamation and sprang forward.

Into the circle of light before the hotel came three weary figures, one a little girl, one a little boy, and one a little white dog.

"Oh, Helen!" and Mrs. Martin was straining her baby to her heart.

"Gee! I'm tired," Bobby sighed as his head sank on his aunt's shoulder, "and—and there isn't any middle to this island."

Pasadena, Cal.

Republished by request

## SARTOR RESARTUS

(*While the train stops at Albuquerque.*)

THE Pretty Widow:

"Ah, what a quaint and interesting place!  
Are you quite certain that the train won't start?"

The Professor:

"Ten minutes yet. 'Tis pleasant thus to pace  
The platform—and with such a kindred heart!"

The Pretty Widow:

"Such striking types one sees on every hand!  
Here the intrusive Yankee, there the Don—  
The lord and the usurper of the land—  
And furtive peons smoking on and on!"

The Professor:

"Ah, by your side—"

The Pretty Widow:

"Ooh! What a sweet papoose  
Slung on its tawny mother's back! And there  
That stalwart brave—great Cooper! What a use!  
The Noble Red Man peddling pottery-ware!"

The Professor:

"Would I might ever stray—"

The Pretty Widow:

"Ah, what a Man!  
I mean yon cowboy—what embodied force!  
What chest and neck, and what a lovely tan!  
And such queer leathern—overalls, of course!"  
"I love a Man—"

The Professor:

"I think we'd best go back."

The Pretty Widow:

"He looks so out-of-doors! So brave, so—hard!"

The Professor:

"But hear his speech! How cultureless and slack!  
'Hello, old maverick! How they comin', pard?'"

The Pretty Widow:

"Well, I don't care! He's lovely! And I hate—"

The Professor (savagely):

"Those who do not so ignorantly speak  
As your Eureka?"

The Cowboy:

"Sir, the aspirate!  
You'll find the word's *Heureka* in the Greek!"

The Professor (quite losing himself):

"Were you at Squantum University,  
I'd beat some information into you!"

The Cowboy (blandly):

"Thanks, awfully! I collared one degree,  
Summa cum laude, Harvard '82!"

CHAS. F. LUMMIS, in *Puck*.



## THE FABULOUS

*By R. C. PITZER*

### CHAPTER VI.

JUNE.



LUKE sat up and rubbed his eyes. The newly arrived larks were at it, rising in the dawn, until the valley itself seemed to be melodiously singing. The eastern sky was one flush of sanguine. Luke turned and glanced at Dow where the mountaineer lay, hushed and silent, under the blankets, while in the dead abandonment of sleep his face stared, white and Sphinx-like.

The tenderfoot crept from the tent, dressed, and went to the river bank. The air was wintry, the water flowed icily cold and clear, bank high, with swiftly passing bubbles. Southward, a thin blue stream of smoke curled into the still air from over the crest of a knoll, and Luke, having washed his face in the snow-water, determinedly turned toward the butte and the camp of mysterious strangers. He had not slept well, despite his fatigue. Strange and far-fetched suspicions had haunted his mind through the night, and in the cold morning he suddenly made up his mind to investigate and learn once for all whether any of the odd fancies that troubled him were well founded. That there were desperate and criminal men in the district, he was but too well aware; but it is never the professed outlaw who is the most dangerous. If Dow's conjecture should prove correct, Tracey would bear watching.

With these hazy ideas flitting through his mind, Luke went briskly. The sharp air sent his blood racing, until he walked with a lilt, too intoxicated with the dawn thoroughly to realize the danger of his quest. He had not gone far, however, when he stopped with an audible exclamation of disappointment. Through the haze that covered the bog he faintly distinguished three black specks moving westward, one directly behind the other, as if they were galloping down some narrow trail. Dad Welcome was so far right, at least, for whether they had been deliberately following or not, it was evident that three men had been on the trail during the preceding day, and had camped at the far side of the mound, presumably safe from observation. A shout from the distant tent attracted Luke's attention, and he turned to see Dow running toward him in his bare feet. Luke lifted a hand and pointed at the vanishing figures, and Dow stopped.

"I was going to see who they are," Luke said, when he came up with his companion. "I wanted to be sure about Tracey."

"You're a warm member," Dow grunted, retreating to the tent. "Want a bullet in your gullet? Suppose you had dropped in on

Pickett, and that little lean gun-man you told me about? I'd have had a nice report to give to Dad."

"There wouldn't have been any trouble," Luke boasted; "and, anyway, I know how to take care of myself."

"Uh-huh, I've noticed." But the morning air, or his own pleasant thoughts, smoothed Dow's cheeks, and he smiled indulgently. "You'll learn," he said. "It takes time. 'Butt in' is a fine business motto, but it's not a golden rule for the hills. No matter who the men are, if they know of your map would they have held you up? I reckon if you'd walked away, it would have been without your clue to the Fabulous."

"But I wasn't fool enough to take that with me," Luke returned. "If I had had the envelope, I'd have been more careful."

Dow veiled his eyes. "I take it all back," he cried. "You're not as green as you look. But do you think it was quite safe to leave it, either? I might have chucked it in the river without knowing it."

"No fear," Luke smiled. "And now, shall we get breakfast? I'm as fit as a fiddle. How long a ride is it to the ranch-house?"

"A matter of six or eight miles. Yeh, we'll chaw. Start the fire while I mix up the bread. Better go over and call Welcome. too; we'll have him to breakfast. And fetch me a bucket of water, will you?"

Luke blew the fire into a blaze, gathered dry wood, and trotted to and fro, humming. The sun came up in the east, the mist of the valley slowly faded, and the larks, with a final chorus of music, grew comparatively quiet. Dad Welcome lay under his wagon, rolled in blue bedding, with only the bald knob of his head protruding. Luke shouted Dow's invitation to breakfast, and Welcome grunted an acceptance without disclosing his features. Returning from this errand, Luke found Dow sitting on their tumbled blankets, calmly spooning a mass of dough in a pan.

"And now," Dow suggested, "you'd better hike after the stock. I see they've grazed east with Welcome's horses. By the time you get back with them, breakfast should be about ready. Just take off the hobbles, climb on your horse, and drive the bunch up."

"Might have said that before," Luke grunted. He eyed one of the pack-boxes with reluctance, but turned and retraced his steps to Welcome's wagon. The horses and burros were farther down the river, and after exchanging a pleasant greeting with the old man, Luke went on, overtook the animals, and herded them to the camp. There he found Welcome and Dow awaiting him, and, making a hasty excuse, he entered the tent after the envelope which contained his letter and map. The night before he had hastily thrust it into a pack-box at his head, and, as he told Dow, he had



not taken the papers on his walk in the dawn. Since then he had had no opportunity to resume his property without Dow's knowledge, and though Luke no longer actually distrusted his companion, he was cautious not to flutter the map under a Western nose. He had, when too late, decided implicitly to follow Jake Scammel's advice, and tell the son nothing. It had seemed to the Chicagoan that Dow was perhaps a trifle too inquisitive regarding that map; and, having confessed that he did not have it on his person, he subsequently grew anxious regarding it. It had even seemed to him that Dow made for him unnecessarily long errands to keep him away from the tent.

Thrusting his hand in the pack-box, Luke was relieved to find the envelope safely where it had been hidden, and, putting it in his purse, he returned to the men with renewed good humor.

Dow, too, felt cheerful and optimistic. His long face was wreathed with smiles, and he gossiped of the hills, narrated stories, humorous, tragical, and gargoylean, giving more than one glimpse of the innate vulgarity of his mind.

Breakfast finished, and the dishes washed and packed, Welcome retreated to his wagon while Dow and Luke struck camp and began loading the burros. By eight o'clock they were riding down the broad, white trail side by side, the burros following in single file and with resigned and drooping ears. But they had not gone very far when Dow pulled up with an inarticulate exclamation, half rose in his saddle, and stared straight ahead with parted lips, pallid cheeks, and an expression of irresolution, of suspense, of vacillating hope and doubt twitching his face.

Luke saw that two horses had rounded a low hill and were cantering down the trail toward him. Alarmed by Dow's odd aspect, Luke's heart suddenly began pumping, and mental images of the weasel-face of little Josephus, of Tracey's skeptical countenance, of bearded outlaw visages, for a second obscured his sight.

"June!" Dow half gasped, fingering his throat, and immediately Luke saw that one of the riders was a woman.

They came up rapidly. Luke had no knowledge of June Downing's companion; indeed, he but conceived a confused idea of the girl's somewhat masculine appearance, as she rode easily astride with gray corduroy skirts whipping her mare, a black tie fluttering over her shoulder, and a broad and fanciful sombrero shading her brown face. When she drew up beside Dow, Luke's eyes met hers for one flashing instant, and in that breath eyes, face and expression became an ineradicable memory.

Dow had his hat in his hand, and his lips twitched as he greeted the girl. "So very glad to see you," he stammered twice over; and then, to cover his confusion, he resumed his hat and turned toward

Luke. "Miss Downing," he said, formally, "let me present a friend, Mr. Luke Winne."

"Pleased to meet you," Luke fatuously said. "I—er—I've heard much of you, Miss Downing." Again their eyes met, and Luke's emotional embarrassment threatened to rival Dow's. The girl barely acknowledged the introduction by a slight elevation of her chin. There was something cold and hostile in her appraising glance, and a slight expression of disfavor touched her broad mouth. She turned to Dow again, ignoring Luke's presence.

"You saw Daddie Welcome?" she asked. She had a deep contralto voice that, despite its coldness, struck on Luke's ear. "One of the boys met him yesterday."

"Yes," Dow returned, clearing his throat. "Can't you say you are glad to see me, June?"

"Possibly," she answered, giving him a limp hand. "We'll see. But I didn't know you were coming home today. This is merely my morning gallop. I came this way in order to see Welcome."

"He's behind us," Dow said, and hemmed again, surveying Luke cat-like, with anything but a pleasant glare.

Luke felt himself in some sort an interloper. He was in a decidedly false position, and his cheeks glowed with resentment at June's careless or studied attitude toward him, obviously ignoring his very existence. He looked about in an angry confusion, and saw that June's companion had ridden behind the burros and was there silently following. Luke drew rein at once and allowed the ranchers to precede him, but the girl did not notice him even then. She turned to Dow with a sudden gesture.

"Once for all," Luke heard her say, "we must have a clear understanding of our positions. I told Mr. Scammel that I had no objection to your returning as his assistant—as his assistant," she repeated with emphasis, "providing you dropped your former associates absolutely."

Dow growled an inaudible reply, and June leaned forward with a delightfully pleasant movement, staring at his half-averted face. "Very well," she said, giving him her hand again, "if you promise that. But remember, you must cut these vampires and drunkards, once for all." Her head went back with a bird-like jerk, as if punctuating her command by an implied gesture toward Dow's partner.

Luke, with a very red face, joined the tail of the train, turning his horse into the path beside June's companion; and as he met the rider, Luke for the first time saw that it was no man, but a thin, dwarfish, half-grown boy.

The boy nodded, squirted riverward a mouthful of tobacco pre-



paratory to conversation, and hitched himself more solidly into his saddle.

"How-de-do, stranger?" he piped. "Fine mornin', ain't it? A pal of Dow? Hellendam! but that boy's gettin' what's comin' to him, ain't he? See Miss Coon layin' down the law. Say, I wouldn't like to be you, after the lady and me hikes. Bug'll be bitin' cactuses and heavin' dam' mountains at the moon." He screwed his face into a wink. "Ladies is hell," he remarked, philosophically, "especially Miss Coon. Know her?"

Luke shook his head. "I can't say I do," he grunted. "You are a friend?"

"Oh, sure," the boy answered, expanding his chest. "We take a horseback ride every day. And maybe she can't ride some—ooh! Why, say, pardner, she can just naturally jolt me out of my saddle."

"She doesn't look quite like a tomboy," Luke said, half to himself.

The face of June's little henchman contorted stormily. "Don't you—don't you—" he spluttered, "don't you git to passin' judgments, or I—I—I'll pass a few! Tomboy yourself! She's a lady, she is. Why—why—well, she's a *lady*, that's all." He gaped like a fish for the words that would not come. But, though his infantile vocabulary, to say nothing of his passion, prevented even an incoherent expression of his ideas, admiration glowed in his eyes, and his pinched face flushed with something akin to combative adoration.

"I beg your pardon," Luke said; "I didn't mean to belittle her. She seems a fine, independent woman, and a beautiful one, too. She's your employer?"

The boy nodded; his face became placid again, and he took from his pocket a dirty piece of tobacco. "Have a chaw?" he asked, amiably. "No? It's meat and drink to me. And ain't she pretty, though? There ain't none—none at all—not any—there ain't no lady nowheres that could touch her with a flagstaff."

June looked back. "Smudge!" she warned.

The boy flushed to his eyes and spluttered. "Yes'm," he answered. "I just wanted to be sociable, Miss June. This here gazabo, he offered me a chaw, and I couldn't right well refuse."

Luke opened his mouth to protest, but the boy's fist dug him in the ribs. "Don't peach!" he whispered. "She's hell on tobacco. I've spit it out, Miss June," he called. "I wouldn't have took it, only Dow's pal got huffy when I said I didn't like it."

"You confounded little pirate!" Luke said in amusement. "A mouthful of that stuff would make me sick for a week. Your Miss June will think I'm a rowdy."

"Oh, she knows the sort Dow flocks with," Smudge said. "No offence, pardner; honest, no offence. Jest keep a stiff upper lip,

and I'll do the same for you some day. She sure does hate to see me chew."

"Then don't chew," Luke crisply advised.

Smudge snorted. "And be guyed to death by the punchers when they come up? Not me, mister—not me. Besides, it's good."

June turned again. "You will oblige me," she called impersonally, "by not giving the boy tobacco, please."

"But I—" Luke cried in exasperation, when Smudge's fist quite knocked the breath out of him.

"Don't! Oh, don't!" the boy pleaded. "Say, I'll—I'll give you five dollars! She quirted me last month. Don't tell!"

"You little rat—" Luke angrily began. And then amusement got the better of him, and he laughed aloud. "Thrashed you?" he demanded.

Smudge nodded and swallowed rapidly. "Didn't mean to tell," he sniffed; "and say, if you ever pass that on to the boys, I'll—say, I'll half murder you. You wouldn't tell anybody, would you? Please, mister; they'd guy me to death."

"No," Luke promised. "I won't tell. But Miss June evidently runs things with a high hand. She's boss, eh?"

"Well, now, if she wasn't, I'd make trouble," Smudge said. "If she wants to lambaste me, that's her bus'ness, ain't it? Only, the punchers are fools. Why, she licked me the first time she ever seen me, away down in Denver."

"Then you weren't born here?" Luke asked with interest. "You're a city boy?"

"Yep, I'm a townner. Ust to sell papers. I was havin' a lovely scrap with another feller on Sixteenth street, when somebody picks me up by the back of my neck, an' begins whackin' me. It was Miss June, and she's sure got muscle enough to pick up 'most anybody, let alone a kid like I was. I kicked and squalled, as any little feller would 'a' done, but when I seen her face I didn't screech no more. And when she got through lamming me, she asked me a lot of questions about my people, which, not havin' no people, I didn't answer. She shipped me up here, and Scammel put me to work. I'm going to join the round-up this year."

Smudge broke off and pointed ahead. "Here comes old Scam to fall on Dow's neck, or pants," he said. "Better dig out, pardner. Scammel's some rough."

"Scammel?" Luke asked, rising in his stirrups. "I'm glad of that. He's coming to meet me."

"Yep, I guess. Better dig," Smudge again advised.

"He expects me," Luke said, impatiently. "I have an engagement with him."



Smudge whistled. "Say," he drawled, "you can't generally tell, can you? Cattle buyer?"

Dow turned in his saddle and beckoned. "Ride up," he ordered. "Here's Dad."

Luke obeyed. Dow's face was black and lowering, while June's cheeks were flushed and her eyes still snapped with anger. Evidently she had been reading Dow no gentle lecture, and Dow was in consequence sullen and shamefaced. Luke studied the girl. Had Dow explained the Chicagoan's position? Evidently not, for still she paid him no attention whatever.

Jacob Scammel rode up with outstretched arm, nodding to Dow and June as he caught Luke's hand in a heavy grip and pressed it. He, too, possessed a long, saturnine face, but his eyelids habitually drooped, and he talked with a slow, annoying drawl, as if the words wormed their way out of his throat. "Glad to see you," he said, briefly. "Got my letter?"

"From Dow. I'm all ready for the—"

"Yes. We'll talk business later. Fine weather we're having, ain't it? Ah—ah—" Apparently he unsuccessfully searched his mind for something to say, and failed to find it. He took a long plug of tobacco from his pocket and bit off a mouthful. "Chew?" he inquired.

"Thank you, no," Luke said with emphasis, as he stared at June. "I've never learned to use tobacco except as a smoke."

"Humph!" Scammel said.

The calm expression on June's face did not alter, but she turned her head. "Smudge!" she sharply called, "come here." The boy galloped up. "Give me your tobacco," June ordered, extending her hand.

Smudge shot a malevolent glance at Luke. "Might 'a' known it," he said. "It's what you get f'r being friendly with a guy." He took the tobacco from his pocket and, with a grunt, sent it flying into the river. "There she be, Miss June," he said. "That's all right?"

"Now ride back and tell Daddie Welcome I expect him to be at the house before noon."

Smudge ducked his head. "Say," he said under his breath as he passed Luke, "wait till I catch you alone!"

"Smudge!" June called again.

"Yes'm."

"I found it out by accident." She did not look at Luke, but the Chicagoan smiled his thanks.

"A spit-fire, isn't he?" Luke said, addressing the girl.

"Yeh," Dow answered, after an uncomfortable pause. "June,

suppose we ride back and look at Welcome's new books before he hitches up?"

"I'll see them this afternoon," she coldly returned. "You know that Dad Welcome has come, Mr. Scammel?"

"Yes," said Dumb Jacob.

"He should make a good profit off the boomers," Luke remarked. "There are lots of us in the district."

"Let's ride on ahead, Winne," Scammel suggested, and suited the action to the word. But June at the instant touched her horse and galloped beside the foreman, leaving Dow alone with the burros. A stifled oath followed from the deserted man.

"Tired of Bug's company?" Scammel asked the girl, with a scowl.

"Mr. Scammel," June said, "you and Dow seem to be under the impression that I rode out purposely to welcome him. You are quite mistaken, though I took the opportunity to tell him personally what I told you a month ago. That ends the matter. But don't suppose that Dow and I can ever be friendly again. And please don't attempt to make tête-a-têtes for us." Once more her cheeks were flushed, and her eyes were stormy. "If one of Dow's friends had not been with him, I would not have stopped at all."

Scammel shrugged, and the three rode together in silence, until an elevation in the plateau brought a group of spruces into view some distance away. Then Scammel opened his lips.

"I didn't fetch Winne ahead so's to give Bud a chance," he explained. "Winne and me have a prospecting deal to talk over between the two of us."

Now, indeed, June reddened painfully, and at the same time stared at Luke with narrowed eyes, as if he were responsible for her embarrassment.

"Thank you," she said; "I am glad to hear I was mistaken." She struck her horse with the flat of her hand and raced ahead, holding down her hat with one hand as she sped away.

Scammel chuckled. "Got a chip on her shoulder today," he remarked. Then, with a swift change of expression, he leaned toward Luke.

"Haven't told Bug anything?" he demanded under his breath.

"Yes, I'm afraid I have. But he's to be our partner, isn't he?"

"It depends on what you've told him. Didn't you read my letter?"

"Yes, afterward. He didn't give it to me until I became suspicious of his identity."

"Has he seen the map?"

"No, but he knows of it. I'm afraid I'm not a good hand at keeping a secret."



"Not very." Scammel stroked his heavy chin. "Got the map on you?"

"Yes, in my pocket-book. I carried it in my boot until last night."

"And then pinned it on the tent flap?"

"I took my clothes off last night. At the camp before, I didn't dare undress. I put the map in a pack-box at my head, and took it again in the morning. Dow didn't see me."

"Took it the first thing in the morning?" Scammel persisted.

Luke hesitated. "No, I didn't," he confessed; "not for an hour and more. Dow sent me after the horses and one thing and another."

The ranchman's eyelids fell lower than usual, and his lips tightened. "I was a fool to send him," he said.

"But you don't think he has seen the map? At least I know I have it now. And if he has seen it, will it matter? He wouldn't try to cut us out?"

Scammel grunted. "I'll have a talk with Bug," he said. "If you've got the thing on you, you'd better give it to me now. That is, if you trust me. Somebody will get it away from you."

"Not likely," Luke smiled; "but of course if you wish it—" He took out his pocket-book, but, before he could transfer the envelope, Smudge raced up and passed them.

"Yah!" the boy shouted with ebullient spirits, waving his hat as he tore up the slope. "Beat you to the shack, tenderfoot!"

Luke's horse shied, reared, and then, catching the bit, dashed away in Smudge's dust.

"Damn that boy!" Scammel heartily shouted, and put spurs in pursuit; so that the three scampered together across the dry buffalo grass, turned into an open gate, raced down an alley of whispering spruces, and suddenly came out before a long, low stone house, with a narrow veranda.

June stood at the doorway, while a bow-legged man held her horse. At the noise of galloping animals, a very small, white-haired lady made her appearance under June's arm. Smudge went past with a whoop and disappeared around the house, while Luke with difficulty drew rein before the veranda and sprang to the ground, taking off his hat as he dismounted. Scammel stopped beside him.

"Welcome's at it again, Mrs. Downing," the foreman grated. "See that imp? I'm shot if he hasn't some of Welcome's moonshine in him."

The little lady cried out in dismay and came forward.

"Oh, impossible!" June exclaimed. "And yet—stay here, mother; I'll go see."

"But wait, June," the matron said, taking her daughter's arm and smiling with winning sweetness at Luke. "Don't you see the gentleman? You are a stranger here, sir?" She extended her hand.

Luke's eyes moistened with sudden tenderness. "Not now," he said, bending over her hand in order to hide his emotion. "I've found a bit of home out here in the wilderness."

"This is Dow's friend, mother," June said, quite unmoved. "Dow's father will take him around to the bunk houses and find him a place. Mr. Scammel, would you mind sending Smudge to us at once, please?"

As June led her into the house, Mrs. Downing looked over her shoulder at Luke, where that worthy stood, white to the lips, and quite incapable of speech or movement.

"You must let us see you after you are rested," she said, still smiling, though with a puzzled look on her motherly face.

"Coming?" Scammel gruffly inquired.

Luke turned slowly. "I'll stay here just about long enough to water my horse," he grated. And then, "My God, she's like home!"

"June?" Scammel grinned.

"Oh, damn the girl!" said the minister's son.

[To be continued.]

## SCHOOL-DAYS ON THE HASSAYAMPA

By LAURA TILDEN KENT.

### VII.

*Della Green.*



DURING the previous year the school had dwindled and dwindled until it had seemed doubtful whether or not there would be even a remnant left for another term. Now, as May approached, it was discovered that there were barely enough children to command school-money for a few months. It was also realized that the camp, which had once flourished about the schoolhouse on the hill, was almost gone. The schoolhouse had no longer a central position, and a tiny house at The Mill—which might indeed be considered a part of The Camp, but was a mile nearer the Thornes' new home—was set apart for a school building.

To this tiny house came Isabel and Johnny Thorne one morning in May. About five children were already there when they arrived, and after waiting for a good while, the new teacher decided that these would be all, and school "took up." Then Isabel, at least, began to observe, and her conclusions were not quite pleasant.

First, the teacher made no little talk to the pupils. She didn't even say she was glad to see them there! Second, the teacher read no story, nor did she tell one. Third, there was no song. Fourth, the teacher didn't look as if she cared.

The day passed, however, and Isabel could not have called it an unpleasant one. There was novelty in everything, and she had been glad to see some of the children once more.

Still her report at home was not wholly satisfactory to her mother.

"How do you like your new teacher?" inquired Mrs. Thorne.

"Don't like her," said Johnny before Isabel could speak.

"Oh! you mustn't say that so soon! Why don't you like her, Johnny?"

"'Cause I *don't*!" Johnny gave this woman's reason with a small boy's vehemence, and added, "Can I get a cooky, Mama?"



While he was gone, Mrs. Thorne turned to Isabel.

"Doesn't he want to go to school this year," she asked, "or isn't Miss Green nice?"

"Oh! she isn't so nice as Mrs. Dean, I don't think," Isabel replied. "She reads in a large green book a lot, and Jimmie Brown says she's studying Spanish, and, somehow, I don't b'lieve she's go'n' to make the lessons so intrusting, and Jimmie Brown says she's seventeen, and things were so in confusion today, she said she couldn't hear our g'ography. Only I didn't care much, 'cause now I've got it for tomorrow. And she isn't much pretty, but she isn't so awful ugly, either. Can I get a cooky, too, Mama?"

That was Isabel's first impression of Della Green, and as the days went on, the unfavorable side of it deepened. Doubtless it was partly the fault of the tiny house that grew so hot and made study so uncomfortable, but it was partly Della Green's fault, too. If Della were studying Spanish, she soon became devoted to the language, for as the novelty of the situation wore off her, too, she spent more and more time over that green book, which was presently succeeded by a red book, and then by a yellow one. Jimmie Brown solemnly informed Isabel, however, that Miss Green had dropped her Spanish and was reading novels.

"It makes it pretty fine fer us!" exulted Jimmie. "She can't watch us worth a cent when she's readin' them novels!"

"I bet she doesn't read novels!" To Isabel that seemed too much to believe of a teacher.

"What do you bet?" inquired Jimmie. "Just put up yer money!" His hand went into the pocket of his dirty overalls. "Just you put up yer money, now! There's a nickel I've got, an' I'll give yuh this new slate-pencil to boot, if you'll prove she ain't readin' novels!"

"Oh! I'm not bettin' any nickel!" Isabel retorted. "So you can keep your old money; but I'd like to know how you *know* she's reading novels in school!"

"Sneaked the book out'n her desk when she was gone fer her lunch yistidy! It was 'The Orphan—'The Orphan'—Aw! I can't remember! But it was 'The Orphan' *Somethin'*, anyhow! *Now*, don't you b'lieve she reads novels?"

"Anyhow, it's pretty fine fer us that she don't watch us any!" piped a small boy who greatly admired Jimmie Brown.

It shortly ceased being very fine that she didn't watch them. There were no regular hours for lessons, and Isabel felt irritated when she raised her hand, as Miss Green had told them to do on getting a lesson, and gained no response.

"Aw! snap yer fingers, Is'bel! Snap yer fingers! She won't see you if you don't *snap yer fingers!*" whispered the boys about

Isabel. But Isabel shook her head. Her mother and Mrs. Dean had both impressed it upon her mind that it was horrid to "snap your fingers." For her own sake, and not at all for Miss Green's, she hesitated about doing a horrid thing.

So a boy "snapped" for her—and Miss Green finally looked up. "What do you want, Isabel?" she asked rather sharply.

"I have my reading lesson," responded Isabel.

"Well, don't you see I'm busy!" Miss Green would have returned to the Orphan, but Isabel went on:

"What shall I study *now*?"

"Get your geography."

"I've *got* it! I've got all my lessons!"

"Oh! I'll bet you have *not*! You'd better study your spelling some more. And if you have got 'em all, you can study your reading lesson for tomorrow. We are going to have our geography class very soon now—to recite yesterday's lesson that we didn't have time for."

"Aw, Isabel! What did you remind her for? She'd 'a' forgot all about it! Why didn't you keep still?" jeered the boys. All the children of Isabel's own age were boys this year. There were, beside herself, but two very little girls who came irregularly.

"I'm *sick* of doing nothing!" Isabel responded vigorously.

"I bet you can't put your feet on your desk like I can!" whispered Jimmie Brown. "Try it, Isabel, an' le's see how long we can keep 'em there without her seein' us. Come on! You do it, too, Johnny! Aw! say! Pass it around! 'Everybody put yer feet on yer desk!'"

There was no need to "pass it around," for all the children were within easy reach of Jimmie's stentorian whisper. Only two of the seven dared take his advice, but one of these was Isabel, who leaned back in her seat and thrust her feet on to the home-made desk before her. It was not a comfortable position, but Isabel cared little for that. Anything to break this monotony!

Then Miss Green did look up, and Isabel, less fortunate than the boys, had not quite time to adjust herself to a studious posture before she was observed.

"Isabel Thorne!" Miss Green spoke primly, "is it possible that you had your *knees above your desk*?" ("Then she didn't see the whole thing!" thought Isabel.) "Don't let me ever see you in such a position again! We will now have our geography lesson."

So nothing came of that exploit. Isabel was partly relieved and partly disgusted at not being able to create any excitement. She saw only too clearly that Miss Green had not been shocked, as she had pretended to be. She knew well enough that Miss Green had spoken as she had conceived it proper that a teacher should speak,



and not at all as she had felt. She had almost hoped that, in case she were caught, Miss Green might really be a little horrified.

Jimmie Brown had not yet given up his efforts to divert his fellow pupils, however, and the next day he put one of his choice schemes into practice.

Every day at noon several of the children went down the rocky mountain side to the creek, and then climbed up by a narrow path, blocked in one place by a large rock that they must scramble over at infinite peril of falling off into the water, up to a deep, clear pool where they filled the flimsy little school water-bucket with fresh water for the long hot afternoon. On this particular day the delegation to the Six Foot Hole was unusually large. It was very pleasant to spend the noon hour here at the water's edge, and the children lingered until they felt sure that their time was exhausted. Then,

"It must be time to go back," sighed Isabel.

Jimmie Brown was wading in the more shallow waters of the creek below the Six Foot Hole, and he did not relish the idea of having his shoes and stockings on again.

"I bet it ain't!" he replied.

"I bet it is. We better fill the bucket and go back. Miss Green was cross the last time we were late."

"Let *her* get her old water, then!" retorted Jimmie Brown.

"I guess we better go!" chorused the more timid urchins, rallying about Isabel.

"All right," agreed Jimmie. He began leisurely to put on his shoes and stockings as he spoke, and when that was over, he went out on some stepping-stones to the edge of the deep hole, and dipped his lunch pail into the water.

"Let's get it right out o' the deepest part," said Jimmie. "It's so warm everywhere else."

He brought the water back in his lunch pail and poured it into the water bucket. Then he returned for more, but at the second trial he had bad luck. His lunch pail escaped his hand in some unaccountable manner!

"Look at *that*, now!" cried Jimmie. "Now I've got to take off my shoes again, an' roll up my pants, an' go in after that there pail!"

"I bet you did it a-purpose, Jimmie Brown!" accused Isabel.

"I bet yuh anything yuh want to bet, I did *not*!" retorted Jimmie, but with a suspicious giggle. "Gee! I've got to hurry now! We'll sure be late if I don't!"

With overalls rolled high, he waded out into the water and grasped the pail with a hooked stick, but he only succeeded, after many efforts, in bringing it a little closer to shallow water.

"It ain't safe, anyhow," he finally volunteered. "When I'm leanin' over here I'm liable to take a header. Some o' you kids catch a holt of one end o' that little rope o' Johnny's, an' I'll hold on to the other end, an' *then* I'll get it!"

But even this arrangement did not help matters much.

"I don't believe you try!" sneered Isabel, who was getting nervous over the passage of time.

"I bet I *do*!" Jimmie declared. Then,

"I tell you what," he added. "None o' you kids is very strong, an' I'm afraid to pull much on the rope. Let *me* hold the rope, an' one o' you fish fer the pail! *You* go, Isabel!"

"All right!" Isabel returned briskly. "And I'll get that pail out, too, I bet!"

She pulled off her shoes and stockings as she spoke, and waded in.

"Now don't you let go of that rope, Jimmie Brown!" she ordered.

"I won't! And, Isabel, don't you be scared to pull just as hard as you want to on it. *I'm* strong!"

So Isabel waded as far as she dared, and then leaned out over the deeper water, holding tightly to the rope the while. With the hooked stick she caught the little bucket. She gave it a sweep toward the shore. She reached for it again and—she was suddenly half under water, and then struggling to shore, her small skirts wet to the waist.

"Jimmie Brown! You hateful thing! You did that a-purpose!" she blazed.

"I did *not*! Honest, Isabel! I never went to do it! The rope slipped just as quick! I'm awful sorry!"

"Well, anyhow, you can get your own old lunch bucket, now!" Isabel shook her skirts violently. "*I'm* going to sit on this big, blistering-hot rock and let my clothes dry. You kids get the water."

She climbed almost cheerfully on to the rock. It was really surprising to see the ease with which the water was gotten after that!

"But, o' course, we can't go now until your clo'es get dry," said Jimmie solicitously.

"Yes, we can, too," Isabel assured him. "See, I'm most dry now. This rock's hot enough to roast eggs."

"You'll take cold," urged Jimmie.

"Humph! On a day like this! And my feet aren't wet, 'cause I didn't have on my shoes. Mama says wet feet are the worst of all for colds. Come along!"

Isabel seized the bucket and set out, the boys trailing along after her. Then at the rock barrier she paused.

"Johnny, you get over that rock and take this bucket when I hand it to you!"



"I'll do it, Isabel!" cried the now docile Jimmie. "I don't hardly think Johnny's strong enough—"

And somehow that bucket slipped and went down into the creek!

"Jimmie Brown! You *are* doing *this whole thing* a-purpose!" cried Isabel once more. "If I was as big as you, I'd knock you into the creek with that bucket!"

"Aw, Jimmie! Don't be so smart!" advised the younger boys.

"Smart! Who's bein' smart?" inquired Jimmie. "I'm doin' the best I can!"

He went to the pool himself and brought another bucket of water.

"Now," said Isabel, "*you* hand *me* that pail!" She was reaching her arms up for it from the other side of the rock, but before she could so much as touch it, it was gone again.

And Jimmie returned for more water, and again lost it; and for more, and lost it again, until the bucket, in revenge for its many knocks, began to leak in a dangerously large stream. Then, somehow, there came a time when it was passed in safety over the rock and borne in safety up the steep hill.

"There won't be hardly a bit of water left when we get there, and it's all your fault, Jimmie Brown!" Isabel still reminded him as they toiled up the path.

"That's right!" echoed the boys, who were quite exercised now over their probable reception at the schoolhouse. "That's right!"

"I s'pose you're goin' to tell Miss Green that!" asked Jimmie.

"I won't tell her a thing! I'm no tattle-tale!" retorted Isabel.

"Well, I'll tell you what! All you kids just keep yer mouths shut, an' I'll settle with Miss Green!" promised Jimmie, with a generously patronizing air. A moment later he walked into the schoolhouse, announcing humbly:

"I s'pose we're late, but we had awful bad luck gettin' the bucket over the big rock. An' Isabel accidentally fell into the creek, an' I thought she'd better dry some in the sun, so's not to take cold."

Miss Green looked at the sorry band of truants. The appearance of Isabel's skirts certainly bore out Jimmie's statement that they had been in the creek. The condition of the bucket seemed to prove that they had had bad luck with it. And Miss Green hated trouble.

"All right!" she said. "Take your seats. And if any of you has got to have a drink, you'd better hurry and get it while you can." Her voice sounded natural so far, but she remembered her professional duty, and it took on an artificial note.

"However, don't let such a thing ever occur again. If you do, I'll have to find some way of punishing you!"

"Humph!" thought Isabel. "She's not much of a teacher!"

"Ain't she easy?" whispered Jimmie. "Didn't I get us out o' that slick? I can work *her* all right!"

A week later Isabel and Johnny suggested to their mother that they would like to leave school. To their gratification, Mrs. Thorne consented at once. Of course, Miss Green called in a few days to invite them back.

She had been telling earnestly of her resolve to "do better," and saying humbly that she had much to learn; and Mr. and Mrs. Thorne had both been explaining patiently their opinion of the danger at the "Six Foot Hole," and their resolve that, since Mrs. Thorne could herself teach the children, they should never be forced to go to school while they were so young, lest they be sickened of it then.

Perhaps they felt a little sorry for Miss Green, who was certainly young, and who would soon lose her school unless the "average" were kept up, for they called Isabel in to give the deciding vote.

"Don't you want to come back, Isabel?" began Della Green.

"Do you want me to go?" Isabel asked her mother.

"You are to decide," returned her mother.

Isabel turned to Miss Green frankly:

"I could *stand* it," she said. "But Johnny hates it awfully much. And Mama won't let me go without him."

"They are so small that I don't think it safe," explained their mother.

"Is it anything I ever said to you?" inquired Miss Green anxiously.

"No! We just got tired!"

"I thought," Miss Green addressed Mr. and Mrs. Thorne now, "I thought they might have been angry at something I said once. They got back late one noon with the water, and I told them that I should have to punish them if it happened again. Of course, I really wouldn't hurt one of them for *the whole world!*" Miss Green's speech was fervent; and Isabel's opinion of her was poorer than ever. She turned to leave the room.

"I'll tell Johnny," she said, feeling a momentary desire to get back to her old playmates. But on second thought, "*I know that he won't go back!*" she added

Maxton, Arizona.

## A SUN DANCE

(*As the railway train crosses the Mojave Desert.*)

By J. C. DAVIS

D RUNKEN with fire from the sky,  
 The sage-brush rout goes reeling by.  
 Gaunt, Dervish Yuccas, one by one—  
 Keen lances lifted to the sun—  
 Whirl dizzily, and, one by one,  
 Across the white-hot floor are spun.  
 And far away—far, far away,  
 Past leagues where furnace colors burn—  
 Red of old Egypt, powdered gray  
 With ashes, from the Desert's urn—  
 Beyond earth's outmost glimmering rim—  
 Translucent ranges, vast and dim,  
 In stately phalanx slowly turn.



## THE REDEMPTION OF ARKANSAW KATE

By CHARLES LEE SLEIGHT



**A**FTER dropping the mail-bags at the postoffice, the stage-driver turned to the boyish-faced, clerically-clad man on the back seat. "I reckon you're the new preacher?"

"Yes. I wish to go to Mr. Thomas Ryan's," was the reply. "I believe he is warden of the church."

"Tom's the whole thing, mighty near, but he's gone East for a couple of months. Here's a letter he left for you, and I'm to take you to the house they've hired for a temp'ry parsonage—the only one they could git—and I 'low you'll find the women folks have stocked it up with a good outfit. Git ap! you ornery critters!"

The mules rattled the stage along a side-street of hard-beaten, yellow clay, and stopped with a jerk before a little unpainted shanty on the outskirts of the town.

"Here's your home sweet home, Elder, and here's the key. You unlock the door and I'll tote your trunk in. Whoa! thar, you dog-gone beasts, or I'll lick hell outen you! Thar you are, Mr. ——"

"Ward. George Ward."

"Yes, that's the name Tom applied to you. I'm damn sorry he ain't here to look after you, but you're well supplied with everythin', I see—cook-stove, provisions, water-bar'l full, all in good shape. An' say, pardner—I mean Elder—don't you drink no well-water, 'nless you want to git mineral fits—colic, you know. All the water's got lead in it 'xceptin' what they peddle around from the pump-shaft at ten cents a bar'l. Well, I'll be goin'.—Oh, say! Tom says when you want any money go to Mr. Montgomery. He's the leader of your choir, an' runs a little game over Tom's bank."

"You mean he's a gambler?" gasped the horrified clergyman.

"Sure thing! But Monty's always fa'r an' squa'r. No cheatin' in his place, an' every Saturday at midnight he shuts up shop like a Christian. He says he's damned if he'll work on Sunday for no galoot.

"Well, good-night, Elder. Hey? What's this—your fare? Hell! git out! I don't charge the clergy nothin', an', besides, I'm a member of your church when I ain't stage-drivin'."

The young parson shook his head with a whimsical smile as he watched the ramshackle vehicle bump away over the rutty road. He had asked to be sent where there was need for work, and evidently the bishop had taken him at his word.

With a little sinking of the heart and a touch of homesickness as he thought of the mother and sisters he had just left back East, he entered the house, and after a meager lunch, unpacked his trunk, tacked up a few photographs on the wall, and went to bed.

In the middle of the night he was suddenly awakened by a loud crash. Sitting up in bed, he listened, and could hear low mutterings outside, and then a voice saying, "Rock it again, boys!" and immediately a fusillade of stones threatened to break down the door of his house.

Ward was not naturally a coward, but for a moment he shrank back in bed and considered the advisability of barricading the door; but before there was time to do anything he heard the sound of distant horse-hoofs, hurried cries of, "Run for it! There's Mac, the deputy sheriff!" hasty footfalls on the hard road, and then a horse galloping by.

"Well!" he muttered, with a sigh of relief, "they have a cordial way of welcoming a new rector!"

The following morning when he went out to the water-barrel to fill the tea-kettle, he noticed that his shanty, and a similar one close by, were well removed from any other buildings, and were the last houses on that street. Beyond was the rolling prairie, dotted here and there with mounds of yellow dirt and broken windlasses, indicating the location of deserted mining-shafts.

The sound of some one splitting wood next door attracted his attention, and he saw a woman trying with a hatchet to dissect a refractory piece of slab-wood.

"Let me help you," he cried, stepping forward.

She arose, tossing back from her eyes a tumbled mass of brown hair and hastily gathering about her white neck the loose sack she wore, and regarded him a moment questioningly. Then, "Oh! you're the minister!" she said, her full red lips parting in a smile.

"Yes; my name is Ward," he returned, taking the hatchet.

"Mine's Henderson," she said. "My man is away, or I wouldn't be doing this work. I don't reckon you're used to it, either."

"Oh, I've done harder stunts than this—at college," he rejoined with a cheerful grin; and the way he plied the hatchet showed that his muscles were well trained.

"Where shall I put it?" he asked, when the wood was split.

"I'll take it in," she hurried to say. "Thank you."

When he had filled his tea-kettle he turned to glance at her, and caught her regarding him with a peculiar look and amused smile that sent him hurriedly into the house, blushing like a school-boy and feeling ridiculously uncomfortable.

While he was washing the breakfast dishes, there was a rap at the door.

"Come in!" he called, hastily wiping his hands.

The man who entered was remarkably broad-shouldered, with piercing gray eyes that in a glance took in everything about the room, and then bored through to Ward's very soul.



"I'm Macpherson, deputy sheriff," he said, crisply. "I came to apologize for the little mistake the boys made last night. In the dark they took this for Arkansaw Kate's house," and he jerked his thumb toward the shanty next door.

"You mean Mrs. Henderson?"

"Yes, Bill Henderson's woman. But she isn't Mrs. Henderson, you know."

"You mean that she is—that she isn't—just straight?" stammered the clergyman.

The deputy laughed shortly. "Kate's straight enough in most ways. She's true to Bill, at any rate. I guess that's what makes some of the boys feel a little sore; they're jealous. She isn't Henderson's wife, though. She has a husband and a couple of kids down in Arkansaw. Well, I must be going. I wanted to let you know that the boys meant nothing personal last night. They respect the cloth all right, and, anyway, they know better than to monkey with Tom Ryan's minister. Good-day."

The young clergyman was decidedly staggered by his experience thus far in his field of labor. The first parishioner he had met was a profane stage-driver; his choirmaster was a gambler, and his next-door neighbor was—Arkansaw Kate. Perhaps she also was one of his church-members. He had expected to find things rather unconventional in the West, but had never imagined anything like this. That afternoon, however, after making a round of visits, he discovered to his relief that the citizens of Jasper were by no means all of that type.

On returning home he found on his doorstep a little basket containing some hot biscuit, a jar of apple-butter and a pat of cottage-cheese, all on beautiful china and covered with a dainty napkin. He divined at once that it was a thank-offering for the morning's wood-splitting, and after supper took the dishes to Kate's house.

"Will you come in?" she said doubtfully, almost defiantly.

"Thanks. I'll just sit here on the steps a few minutes," he rejoined with his boyish, winning smile. "I'm tired; have been looking up some of my people. By the way, where do you go to church?"

"Me? Nowheres. I'm no hypocrite."

"Then you belong to us. I claim every one that doesn't go anywhere."

"Good land! You'll have your hands full in this God-forsaken town!"

After a pause she asked abruptly: "Did Mac tell you all about me?"

"Why—yes—I guess so."

"Then I reckon you've come to pluck me as a brand from the burning?"

Her face grew hard, repellent, and he wondered how he could have thought her pretty that morning.

"Well, fire away!" she exclaimed, abruptly breaking the embarrassing silence. "I can stand it. Tell me I'm wicked, and ruining my life, and going straight to the devil."

"God forbid that I should cast stones!"

He stopped abruptly, for the expression called up a picture of his Master and another woman, "who was a sinner." To Kate, however, the words evidently suggested a more recent stoning, for she cried with a blaze of anger: "I know they meant to stone my house last night. They wouldn't 've dared do it if Bill had been here!" Then, with one of her sudden transitions of feeling, she asked curiously, "Tell me just what you do think."

"Frankly, I think you ought to go home, of course," he replied. "Your duty is to your husband. Would he take you back?"

"He?" she repeated, in a tone of weary contempt that suggested years of gray existence with a humdrum man. "Oh, yes, he'd take me back, on account of the—"

Ward nodded comprehendingly, and completed the sentence—"the children."

As he uttered the words she shrank back as from a blow, and clasped her hands convulsively over her bosom.

"How old are they?" he asked gently.

"The oldest is five, and the baby"—her voice broke—"baby was—is—three and a half."

Suddenly she bowed her face in her hands and sobbed convulsively.

The young clergyman regarded her a moment doubtfully; then, with wise intuition, he arose, quietly bade her good-night, and left her alone.

He saw her but once the next day, a momentary glimpse when she stood in the doorway and gave him a mere neighborly nod and smile.

That night he was awakened as he had been the first night by a loud noise, and sitting up in bed he heard again a rattle of stones, only it was against Kate's door and not his. Hastily slipping on some clothes, he sprang outside, but not a man was visible. A glance at Kate's house showed why, for in the open doorway, silhouetted against the lamplight, stood Kate herself, with something shining in her hand.

"You cowards! you curs!" she cried. "Afraid of a woman with a gun!"

Fearing there would be bloodshed if she caught sight of one of



them, Ward hurried to her and said: "You go in. I'll attend to them."

"You!" she exclaimed fiercely, turning the muzzle of the revolver toward his breast. "Who asked you to be always meddling in my affairs?"

Pushing the weapon aside, he said quietly: "Go in, and lock the door."

He fully expected a further outburst, but, much to his surprise, she did as he bade her.

The moment the door was shut, a dozen forms sprang from behind the bushes and gathered in the road, and several voices called: "This ain't your funeral, Elder. You go home and leave us alone. We ain't got no quarrel with you."

"Leave him to me, boys; I'll 'tend to him!" said one man, stepping forward.

By the light filtering through Kate's window-shade Ward noticed apprehensively that the fellow seemed giant-like in form.

"Will you go home quiet, or will I take you?" asked the man.

"I'll go when you go," returned Ward.

The man chuckled good-humoredly. "By hell! we'll go together then!" he cried, seizing the clergyman and carrying him off bodily.

Evidently the task was more than he had bargained for, however, for after a few steps he dropped his burden and prepared to take a fresh hold. This was the opportunity Ward desired, and, suddenly grabbing the man, he executed a trick learned from a Japanese fellow-student in college, and flung him clear over his head.

The champion's fall was greeted with hilarious cheers and oaths. Picking himself up, the fellow came slowly forward and extended his hand, saying, "Elder, shake!"

Ward took the proffered paw and received a grip that made him wince.

"By hell!" cried the giant, admiringly, with a slap on the back that nearly knocked the breath from the clergyman's body, "you're a man! You've throwed Lanky Sam, and that's more'n any other man in Jasper can say.

"Come on down town, boys! The drinks is on me at Major Wood's Palace."

The following morning Ward was not surprised to find on the doorstep another thank-offering in the shape of a pan of fresh, golden-brown corn-bread. When he started to return the pan he was moved by a sudden impulse to take with it one of the photographs tacked on the wall.

As he showed the picture to Kate, she impulsively snatched it, crying: "My baby! How did you get it? Or, no, it can't be my baby, either. Who is it?"

"My sister's boy. Is it like yours?" he asked.

"It's his very image," she replied. "The dimples, the curls, the three-cornered smile—everything."

The hungry look in her eyes made his heart ache for her. She studied the picture again and again, and once, when he did not seem to be looking, she hugged it tightly to her breast. On his departure when she held it out to him slowly, reluctantly, he exclaimed somewhat huskily: "Oh, you keep it. I can get another copy."

On his next trip down town he was puzzled over the attention and unwonted deference shown him. Men nudged one another on his appearance, and as he approached a loud-talking group in front of a saloon and debated whether he must hug the wall or take to the gutter, they suddenly made a lane through their midst and observed a respectful silence while he passed by. The mystery was solved when he met the deputy sheriff in the postoffice.

"Well, parson, I hear you bested Lanky Sam last night," said Macpherson. "I'm glad of it. 'Twon't hurt you a mite with the boys, or with Sam, either."

"By the way," and he drew Ward aside confidentially, "you're new in this Western country, and I want as a friend to give you a little advice, if you'll take it. Don't have too much to do with Arkansaw Kate. You don't know Bill Henderson. He's the devil and all, and if he suspected any one of trying to jump his claim—

"Oh! good Lord, man!" he cried, hastily stepping back at the ominous flashing of Ward's dark eyes; "I didn't mean in *that* way. But you parsons are always wanting to reform some one, and if you reform Kate, Bill will shoot you, sure!"

"Thank you for your kind warning, but I think I can take care of myself," said the clergyman, with the cheerful optimism of youth. "At all events, I shall continue to try to induce that woman to return to her children."

The next two days being Saturday and Sunday, he was too busy with his sermons and church services to give much thought to Kate. His Sunday evening sermon was on the love of God for all of His children. When he had read his text, "Can a woman forget her child? Yea, they may forget, yet will I not forget thee," he glanced over the congregation and saw Kate in a back seat, her large eyes fastened expectantly upon his face. For a moment there was a dead silence, for he remembered that the first portion of his carefully prepared manuscript showed that women did forget, and as he gazed into Kate's hungry eyes he felt that he simply could not read what he had written. Slowly, impressively, he repeated the text, and then he closed his manuscript and began in halting, simple language to say that a woman may seem to forget her child, but it



is only seeming. No true woman does or can ever forget. Mother-love is unquenchable, stronger than death. As he proceeded, the words came more freely, but all through the sermon he was conscious of Kate's eyes fixed upon him, and felt that he was talking to her alone, and from her expression he believed that the message touched her heart.

At the conclusion of the service he discovered that Kate had slipped away, so he hurried home as soon as possible, for he had determined to see her again that night and follow up the impression already made. But when he arrived at his house, he found, to his surprise, that her windows were dark. A half hour later, and again just before retiring, he glanced out of his window, but there was no sign of a light next door.

The following morning, as soon as he was dressed, he went across and knocked at her door, without getting any response, and after breakfast he tried it again, with the same result. His rapping only awakened empty echoes, and when he went around the building on a tour of discovery he found that both doors were locked, all the windows shut, and the shades drawn.

He had a feeling that she had not been home all night. If that were the case, where had she been? Where was she now? Had anything happened to her? He remembered how cloudy and dark the previous evening had been, and how he had been obliged to light several matches in order to find his own way along the unlighted end of their street.

Looking about in utter perplexity, his glance fell upon a pile of yellow dirt by a yawning hole not far away, close beside the road as it wandered off across the prairie, and the sight suddenly suggested a possibility that froze him with horror. Could she have passed her house last night in the darkness and got lost on the prairie and fallen down that deserted shaft?

Rushing into his house, he grabbed up a stout clothes-line and ran off to the nearby shaft. Leaning over the black mouth, he called down the pit, "Halloa!"

Presently came Kate's voice faintly from the depths: "Is that you, Mr. Ward?"

"Yes. Are you hurt?"

"Not much—but I'm 'most used up. Can you hurry?"

"Yes. How far down are you?"

"About forty feet, I reckon. I'm on a board—part of a platform—just above the water. I can't hold on long."

"All right. I'll be down in half a minute."

Hastily dragging an old windlass-roller across the mouth of the shaft, he fastened one end of the doubled rope to it, slid down, and secured the other end about Kate's body. Then he climbed out,

and managed to pull her to the surface and get her to her house.

As he had surmised, she had become lost the previous evening and had stepped into the shaft, luckily plunging straight into the water that half filled it, and had contrived to clamber up on a broken bit of platform.

That evening when he called at her house to see if she needed anything, he found her engaged in packing a trunk.

"Going away?" he cried in amazement.

"I'm going home—to my babies," she replied, simply. "I thought I was going to die down in that black hole, and somehow things look different when you think your time has come. I must go before Bill gets back. Will you please give him this when you see him?" and she handed him a diamond ring; "and this," taking a revolver from a table, "is for yourself."

"But, my dear woman! I don't need that—"

"You'll need it if Bill suspects you helped me away. You've saved my life, and I don't want you to get in any trouble on my account."

"But aren't you afraid for yourself?" he asked. "He may follow you."

"He can't. He doesn't know where my home is. I never told him. I always thought I might want to go back some day. I reckon"—there was a sudden catch in her voice—"I reckon, as you said Sunday, I never quite forgot my babies."

The following morning Ward stood and watched the stage rattling down the street until it bore her out of sight. Then, with a murmured "Thank God!" he turned away, but as his glance fell upon her house, with its closed door and drawn shades, it seemed somehow as if that end of the street had suddenly become very lonely.

West Somerville, Mass.





# **Cumnock School**

**Boarding and Day School for Girls  
Sixteenth Year Opens September 23**

**Certificate Admits to College**

**ACADEMIC COURSE—**

Regular high school course, or elective courses adjusted to individual needs. All pupils given expression work. Small classes. Individual attention. Outdoor life and gymnastics.

**PREPARATORY—**

Fifth to eighth grade work.

**EXPRESSION COURSE —**

For general culture or teaching—embracing Oral and Written Expression, Literature, Dramatics, Voice and Physical Training. Private lessons given all pupils.

**PHYSICAL TRAINING COURSE—**

Normal course for training teachers and playground workers. Special faculty and advantages.

**ELECTIVE COURSES—**

Arranged in any department.

Send for Special Illustrated Catalogue.

**1500 South Figueroa Street, Los Angeles, California**

# Out West Magazine Company

CHAS. F. LUMMIS, President

W. S. DINSMORE, Treasurer

C. A. MOODY, Vice-President and General Manager

R. M. SHEPPARD, Secretary

W. B. MOSELEY, Business Manager

CHAS. E. BABCOCK, Circulation Manager

PUBLISHERS OF

## OUT WEST

Edited by { CHAS. F. LUMMIS  
CHARLES AMADON MOODY }

Published Monthly at Los Angeles, California

Entered at the Los Angeles Postoffice as Second-class Matter.

**Advertising Rates** . . will be cheerfully furnished on application. Special discounts allowed on 3, 6 and 12 month contracts. Rates of cover-pages and other preferred spaces (when available) will be named on application. The publishers reserve the right to decline any advertising not considered desirable.

Size of column  $2\frac{1}{4} \times 8$  inches—two columns to the page. Last advertising form closes on the 15th of month preceding date of issue. Advertisers are earnestly requested to instruct as early as the 5th whenever possible.

**Subscription Price** . . \$3.00 a year delivered post-free to any point in the United States, Canada, Cuba or Mexico. \$3.75 a year to any other country.

All manuscript, and other matter requiring the attention of the editor, should be addressed to him. All letters about subscriptions, advertising or other business, should be addressed

OUT WEST MAGAZINE COMPANY

312-316 Mason Opera House Bldg., Los Angeles, California

## Continental Building and Loan Association

(Established in 1889)

Junction of Golden Gate Avenue  
TAYLOR and MARKET STS.  
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

Paid-in Capital - - - - \$2,000,000.00

DR. WASHINGTON DODGE - - - - President  
JAMES McCULLOUGH - - - - 1st Vice-President  
DR. JOSEPH G. CRAWFORD - - - - 2nd Vice-President  
GAVIN McNAB - - - - Attorney  
WILLIAM CORBIN - - - - Sec. and Gen'l Mgr.

Write the Association for particulars regarding 6 per cent certificates of deposit, the safest investment in Calif.; interest payable semi-annually.

ANYVO THEATRICAL COLD CREAM

prevents early wrinkles. It is not a freckle coating; it removes them. ANYVO CO., 427 North Main St., Los Angeles



# NOTICE

## GET AN

### OUT WEST REPORT

Owing to the great number of letters received by the OUT WEST Magazine asking for information regarding localities, companies, and general subjects pertaining to the Pacific Coast, the Southwest and Mexico, it has been decided by the business management to open a department, in charge of competent persons, for the purpose of supplying reliable information and reports. The service is free and dependable—to all alike—and on any subject or locality embraced above.

An "OUT WEST REPORT"—a personal letter giving the desired information in detail so far as we have it or can obtain it, will be sent the enquirer—also literature on the subject where such is issued.

Persons desiring information regarding any particular locality will, by writing us, be supplied with an "OUT WEST REPORT" giving the information desired, also literature on the locality where any is issued.

Anyone desiring to find the locality best adapted for their particular purpose will, by writing and stating exactly what is wanted, receive an "OUT WEST REPORT," telling where it can be found and giving complete information regarding the locality, with literature on same if any is issued.

If information is desired regarding any particular land or mining company, an "OUT WEST REPORT" will give all the reliable information that it is possible to get on the subject.

If a new location is desired for reasons of health, let us know what is wanted or required, and an "OUT WEST REPORT" will immediately put you in touch with a suitable location.

If a hotel of a particular class is desired, write us telling just what is wanted, and we will send an "OUT WEST REPORT" telling where to find exactly the place.

If uncertain as to just what is wanted, where wanted or how to get it, and it pertains to the Pacific Coast, Southwest or Mexico, write us at once for an "OUT WEST REPORT" on the subject.

An "OUT WEST REPORT" can be depended on—all information will be prompt, complete and reliable. We have nothing to sell, except magazines and advertising space.

This department service is open alike to our subscribers and others. It costs the enquirers nothing, and may save much by helping to avoid expensive mistakes.

Always get an "OUT WEST REPORT"—then you are sure. Address all letters of enquiry to,

#### OUT WEST MAGAZINE

Dept. OUT WEST REPORT

Los Angeles, California

**NOTE**—OUT WEST guarantees nothing more than the correctness of the statements in "OUT WEST REPORTS." It cannot guarantee that any particular investment will be profitable, or any particular place agreeable to the individual.

The department is conducted by the business management of OUT WEST,—not by the editorial staff.



Los Angeles, Cal., May 18, 1909.

The Mathie Brewing Company,  
1834-1858 East Main St., Los Angeles, Cal.  
Gentlemen:

For several years I tried different doctors and medicines for indigestion, sleeplessness and nervousness, but to no avail. My father asked me to try MATHIE'S MALT TONIC, and after using it for some time I felt much better and my general health was much improved, and I still continue to use it.

Yours gratefully,  
PEARL ALDERETE.

## **MATHIE MALT TONIC**

**\$1.50 Per Dozen - - Delivered**

**The Mathie Brewing Co. Los Angeles, Cal.**



Home Phone Ex. 942 Sunset Phone East 66

Designing  
Engraving  
Printing



Estimates  
Promptly  
Furnished

**WE PRINT THE OUT WEST MAGAZINE**

**Wayside  
Press**  

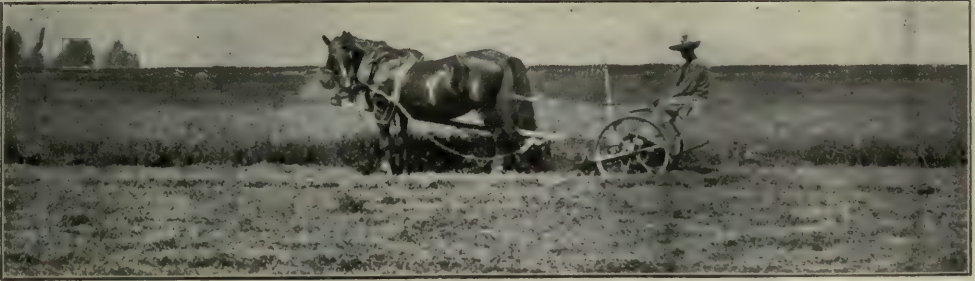
(INC.)  
Commercial, Book and Catalogue

**Printing and Binding**

**837 So. Spring Street, Los Angeles**



## SIX TO EIGHT CROPS OF ALFALFA YEARLY AND A HOME IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA



OUR NEW PLAN BOOK tells how you can secure 5 to 40 acres of Southern California's most fertile irrigated valley land. IT TELLS how you can have the same put under cultivation for little money. How big profits are made annually upon your investment without moving or giving up present business until ready.

\$1,500 PER ACRE is being made from these rich valley lands growing fruit. YOU can do the same. BY OUR PLAN you get a BIG PROFIT from your investment the second year and it increases yearly. *Nothing like it ever offered before.*

WRITE TO-DAY for our new plan book, etc. DO IT NOW.

---

**NATIONAL HOMESTEAD ASSOCIATION** Dept. x. 644 Chamber of Commerce Bldg.  
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

---

## Palomar Mountain...

*Is Worth  
While*



A place apart and unique. A mile in the sky. Above the clouds. Among giant pines, beautiful waterfalls—living people. Palomar air makes new blood. People come up here to revitalize and tone up for the rest of the year. They declare they can't afford not to. And say,—when you come, leave your white collars home, but bring your Good Time along—if possible. If not,—we'll provide it. Fine Hunting, Auto and Stage Trips. Good Saddle Horses and Humble Burros, Camp Fires, Dancing and Tennis, Sing-Songs and Larks. Unexcelled Mountain Cuisine—the best there is. Fresh meats and game from the range; crisp vegetables from our garden; Jersey milk, (plus the cream), berries and fruit—all from our own ranch. It's an unfailing equation—Good Sport—Good Living—A Good Time. You might drop us a card when you're coming and we'll save you a room or a tent. Or you can just sleep under the trees and the stars. Here are no strangers—nor are any old! Open June 1st. Auto Stages to Mt. Get descriptive folders.

**BAILEY BROS., Props., Palomar, Calif.**

Postoffice Address: Nellie, San Diego Co., California.

**ANYVO THEATRICAL COLD CREAM**

prevents early wrinkles. It is not a freckle coating; it removes them. ANYVO CO., 427 North Main St., Los Angeles

# Great Enthusiasm Among Santa Fe Officials and Men



**Standard Railway Axle and  
Wheels equipped with the  
Seabrook-Box Differential  
Railway Axle Coupler.**

**THE SEABROOK-BOX DIFFERENTIAL RAILWAY AXLE COUPLER** has been placed in actual service on Santa Fe Oil Car No. 96307, and has been doing regular work since March 12th. The car has been used on the run between the Olinda Oil Fields and Victorville, which is the other side of the Cajon Pass. This gives the car the hardest possible service. It has made one trip into Los Angeles, where a large number of people witnessed a very severe demonstration.

The service of this car demonstrates fully that the **SEABROOK-BOX DIFFERENTIAL RAILWAY AXLES** are 50 per cent stronger than the rigid axles.

It is pressed together in the same way that the wheels are pressed on the axle. There are no bolts, screws, rivets or flanges employed in this axle coupler.

There are absolutely no loose parts except the journal movement which is perfect. It meets with the M. C. B. standards in every detail.

It does not in any way interfere with the vested interests.

It is interchangeable.

It is more efficient in every way than the rigid axle.

It adds to the life of the axle at least 100 per cent.

It adds to the life of the rails on curves more than 75 per cent.

All of the above statements are absolutely confirmed by the operation of the device, now on the car in actual operation on the Santa Fe railway. We are now equipping the idle axles of an electric car for the San Bernardino Valley Traction Company. We expect to begin at the earliest possible date to equip a passenger train, a freight train and a locomotive.

This device will save the railroads of the United States millions of dollars.

Stock is selling today at \$1.00 per share and may advance any day to \$2.00 per share.

It is the consensus of opinion by those who are qualified to judge, that this stock will eventually be worth from \$25.00 to \$100.00 per share.

For further information address

It adds to the life of the wheels 200 per cent.

It enables a locomotive to haul from 25 to 35 per cent greater tonnage without the expenditure of any additional fuel or labor.

It never has to be inspected.

It does away with 75 per cent of the flange wear.

It never has to be lubricated, as this is accomplished at the time of its construction by the use of graphite and will last the entire life of the axle.

It is endorsed by Railroad Officials, Superintendents of Motive Power, Master Car Builders and Master Mechanics all over the world.

## The Western Engineering Company

501-2-3 Herman W. Hellman Bldg. Los Angeles, Cal.

Bank References: Read the letter of endorsement on opposite page. Cut out Coupon and mail at once.

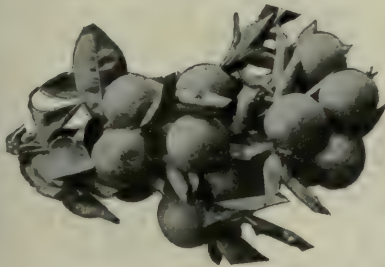
Please send me further information in reference to the Differential Axle stock.

Name.....

Address.....



# The Earliest Land in the United States



**Must be the Most Valuable Land** because it produces the earliest fruits and vegetables and has the Longest Growing Season.

**The Long Growing Season** is one of the many great advantages of Coachella Valley, Cal.

**It is Bound to Become the Early Garden Spot of California**

Things grow every day in the year. The sun shines 360 days. The soil is very fertile. Easily worked and holds water well.

The "crop" of agricultural land in California is about all harvested—and there will never be another crop. It is a pity but it is a fact. There will be other sections of the United States opened up, but they have not and never will have the many advantages that Southern California offers. Agricultural land in Southern California commands the highest prices and it always will, and why? Because they net the greatest returns by producing the most when the prices are the highest. Land that will grow oranges that can be sold on the Eastern markets in November or December for \$4 to \$5 a box, is worth twice as much as land that produces oranges in January or February that sell for \$2 to \$3. It is the same with all other fruits and vegetables. If Redlands orange groves are worth \$1500 per acre, Coachella groves ought to be worth a good deal more. Water is plentiful, the soil is of the very best, the product is superior, the market is nearer, no damaging frosts and above all the season is four to eight weeks earlier. These are acknowledged facts. That is why Redlands and Riverside orange growers are buying land in Coachella Valley.

## **The Conchilla Valley Mutual Development Co.**

was organized to acquire and develop these lands. No land will be placed on the market until it is fully improved and on a good paying basis. We have no land for sale now but will have by November or December. We are now developing water for a 200-acre tract. Grapes, oranges, etc., are growing on a part of this tract. We have arranged to plant 70 acres to alfalfa in September and cut one crop this year. This land produces NINE cuttings a year of from one to two tons per cutting. Where is there a better place to grow alfalfa? The company will harvest the alfalfa while the lands remain in their possession, the proceeds from which will pay all expenses and a good dividend on the stock. It increases the value of the land. The purchasers of the land will have a good paying proposition from the day they buy. The land will be sold in 5-acre or larger tracts with a perpetual water right. One share of water goes with each acre of land.

While we have no land for sale just yet, we have something better, something that you can convert into land at your pleasure and at an increased value. It is the CAPITAL STOCK of the company, convertible into land as soon as we have land for sale. The company will exchange land for Convertible Stock, giving \$125 worth of land (market value) for each share. Under this provision of the by-laws this stock is worth at least \$125 as soon as the company has land for sale and it should be worth much more as it shares in the profits of the company. There is no bonded indebtedness. The stock has first lien on the entire property and is secured by over \$200 worth of land per share. There are only 250 shares of Convertible Stock to be issued and half of this has already been sold. The other block of stock will NOT be convertible.

**PRICE AND TERMS:**—We now offer, subject to sale, about 120 shares (\$12,000) of this Convertible Capital Stock at par—\$100. Those desiring to do so can pay \$27.50 per share with subscription and balance in three equal monthly payments of \$25. Subscription blanks, descriptive circulars and detail information can be secured of

**Conchilla Valley Mutual Development Co.**

**Coachella, Cal.**

**E. G. Hamilton, Sec'y-Treas., 3110 Budlong Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.**

**E. O. Burdon & Co., Colman Bldg., Seattle, Wash.**



# Let Us Send You a Case of California's Best Wines

**WE PAY THE FREIGHT TO ANY POINT  
IN THE U. S. ON THE FOLLOWING:**

**SPECIAL NO. 1**

Two cases of 8-year old assorted California wines, every drop pure and wholesome; freight included to any point, for only.....\$10

**SPECIAL NO. 2**

Two cases of our 10-year-old assorted California wines. Boxed free and freight prepaid, for only.....\$12

**SPECIAL NO. 3**

Two cases of assorted California wines—fine private stock, 15 years old. This special also includes one bottle of California brandy and one bottle of apricot brandy, packed free and freight prepaid to any point, for only.....\$15

**SPECIAL NO. 4**

Two cases of our famous Gold Medal wines, including one bottle of California Champagne, one bottle best brandy and one bottle apricot brandy. Packed free, freight prepaid to any point, for only.....\$22

*Edw. Germain Wine Co.*  
*633 South Main St.*

HOME-EX-919

SUNSET MAIN 919

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA



# SOUTHERN PACIFIC

## ALASKA - YUKON - PACIFIC

Exposition, Seattle, Wash.

**\$45.50** From  
Los Angeles

STOP-OVER ANY PLACE—GOOD SIXTY  
DAYS

Three palatial trains daily between San Francisco and Portland.

### The Exposition

Is ready to welcome you. A delightfully cool trip to the great Pacific Northwest.

### *Shasta Route Scenery Rivals the World*

Mount Shasta in sight all day. You cross the tumbling, picturesque Sacramento River nineteen times in as many miles.

Correspondingly low rates from all California points.

Ask any agent for particulars.

### *Southern Pacific*

600 South Spring Street, Corner Sixth

Arcade Station, 5th Street and  
Central Avenue



W. A. HAMER

# SOUTHERN PACIFIC

## Yosemite

All Rail All the Year

To the Heart of the Valley

An easy and comfortable trip to Nature's  
Greatest Wonders

Side trips at low rates. Yosemite to Wawona and the wonderful

**Mariposa  
Big Trees**

See Special Yosemite Representative at

600 South Spring Street  
Corner Sixth

**Southern Pacific**



Hamer





On....  
*The Trail*

# Grand Canyon

---

OF ARIZONA

ON Bright Angel Trail trip to the river—deep down in the earth a mile and more—you see the history of the birth and physical development of this earth and all glorified by a rainbow beauty of color. Trails are open the year 'round.

Excursion rates during summer  
☞ Bear in mind when going East—The...

## California Limited

is the only exclusively first class train to the East via any line. Our folders tell.

JNO. J. BYRNE, A.P. T. M.  
LOS ANGELES

A LITTLE MONEY



GOES A LONG WAY

# Back East Excursions

Chicago.....	\$72.50
Kansas City.....	60.00
Memphis.....	67.50
New Orleans.....	67.50
New York.....	108.50
St. Louis.....	67.50
Toronto.....	95.70
Washington, D. C.....	107.50

Low rates to many other points

On Sale September 7 to 10, 13 to 15  
inclusive. Sept. 4 and 5 to Chicago  
only. October 1 and 2.

**Limit**—Tickets sold on September dates will  
be limited to October 31, 1909.

Tickets sold on October dates will be limited  
to November 30, 1909.

Stopover privileges including Grand Canyon  
and Petrified Forest.

For detail information address

JNO. J. BYRNE, A. P. T. M.  
Los Angeles

# Santa Fe



# LOS ANGELES LIMITED

## "A JOY RIDE"

will be realized if you take this palatial train.

### Three Days to Chicago...

The Los Angeles Limited runs daily from Los Angeles via Salt Lake Route, Union Pacific and Chicago and Northwestern with finest of electric lighted equipment. Also carries a standard sleeper from Los Angeles to Denver, Kansas City and St. Louis. Full particulars at all ticket offices and at 601 South Spring St., Los Angeles.

F. A. Wann, General Traffic Manager.  
T. C. Peck, General Passenger Agent.



# The Value of Personal Knowledge

---

---

Personal knowledge is the winning factor in the culminating contests of this competitive age and when of ample character it places its fortunate possessor in the front ranks of

## **The Well Informed of the World.**

A vast fund of personal knowledge is really essential to the achievement of the highest excellence in any field of human effort.

**A Knowledge of Forms, Knowledge of Functions and Knowledge of Products** are all of the utmost value and in questions of life and health when a true and wholesome remedy is desired it should be remembered that Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna, manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co., is an ethical product which has met with the approval of the most eminent physician and gives universal satisfaction, because it is a remedy of

**Known Quality, Known Excellence and Known Component Parts** and has won the valuable patronage of millions of the Well Informed of the world, who know of their own personal knowledge and from actual use that it is the first and best of family laxatives, for which no extravagant or unreasonable claims are made.

This valuable remedy has been long and favorably known under the name of—Syrup of Figs—and has attained to world-wide acceptance as the most excellent family laxative. As its pure laxative principles, obtained from Senna, are well known to physicians and the Well Informed of the world to be the best we have adopted the more elaborate name of—Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna—as more fully descriptive of the remedy, but doubtless it will always be called for by the shorter name of—Syrup of Figs—and to get its beneficial effects, always note, when purchasing the full name of the Company—California Fig Syrup Co.—printed on the front of every package, whether you call for—Syrup of Figs—or by the full name—Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna.

---

---

## **California Fig Syrup Co.**

**SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.,**

**LOUISVILLE, KY.**

**U. S. A.  
London, Eng.**

**NEW YORK, N. Y.**





## Los Angeles Pacific Co.

**ELECTRIC LINES**

The Shortest and Quickest Line  
Between Los Angeles and  
the Ocean

See Venice, Santa Monica, Ocean Park,  
National Soldiers' Home, Playa del  
Rey, Redondo.

**Fish at LONG WHARF,**  
**Port Los Angeles,**  
**or Playa del Rey**

Take the  
**Balloon Route Excursion**  
**One Whole Day for \$1.00**

Showing a part of California's Finest  
Scenery. 28 Miles Right Along the  
Ocean. An Experienced Guide With  
Each Car.  
Cars Leave Hill Street Station 9:40  
a. m. Daily

**Los Angeles Passenger Station**  
Hill St., Bet. Fourth and Fifth

## Los Angeles Brewing Company's



Pure and Wholesome

## LAGER BEERS

Are a Home Product not ex-  
celled by any Eastern  
Manufacture



*Why Not Try It?*

PHONES

Sunset East 820 Home Exch. 820



## A Better Jar Means Better Preserving

Small mouth jars, of poor glass, uneven  
thickness, and with a rough edge at top, mean  
loss and disappointment at preserving time.  
A jar bearing the name "Atlas" insures  
success in preserving. No fruit is ever lost  
through fault in an

## ATLAS E-Z Seal Jar

(Lightning Trimmings)

It is the one perfect jar made—is extra quality  
glass—even thickness—strong and smooth at  
top (with glass cap)—and seals perfectly with  
a simple pressure of the hand. The

### ATLAS SPECIAL MASON

is an equally good jar with very wide mouth,  
but closes with screw cap.

If your dealer cannot supply these jars, send us \$3,  
and we will express prepaid thirty (30) quart size ATLAS  
E-Z SEAL JARS to any town having an office of the Adams  
or United States Express Co., within the States of Penn-  
sylvania, New Jersey, New York, Delaware, Maryland,  
Virginia, West Virginia, Ohio, Illinois, Indiana or  
Michigan, or we will quote delivery prices in other por-  
tions of the United States by freight or express.

### A Book of Preserving Recipes

Sent free to every woman who sends us the name of her  
grocer, stating whether or not he sells Atlas jars.

**HAZEL-ATLAS GLASS CO., Wheeling, W. Va.**



STYLE  
NEATNESS  
COMFORT  
THE IMPROVED

# BOSTON GARTER

The Name is stamped on every loop—Be sure it's there

THE *Velvet Grip* CUSHION BUTTON  
**CLASP**

LIES FLAT TO THE LEG—NEVER SLIPS, TEARS, NOR UNFASTENS

WORN ALL OVER THE WORLD

Sample pair, Silk 50c., Cotton 25c.  
Mailed on receipt of price.

GEORGE FROST CO., Makers  
Boston, Mass., U.S.A.

INSIST ON HAVING THE GENUINE  
REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES



A Delicious Drink

# Baker's Cocoa



Registered,  
U. S. Pat. Off.

made by a  
scientific  
blending of  
the best  
tropical fruit

52 HIGHEST AWARDS

WALTER BAKER & Co. Ltd.

Established 1780

Dorchester, Mass.

Order a Box  
by Mail



*Bishop's*  
**ROUGH HOUSE**  
Chocolates

If you can't buy Rough House from your dealer send us sixty cents in stamps for a pound box. We pay the postage. The chocolates not like any you have had before—hard and chewy centers—no creams. Twelve different styles.

BISHOP & COMPANY  
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

Choose

Your Oil As You  
Would Your Car

Imperfect lubrication causes more trouble, more expense, more breakdowns than anything else about your car. There'll be no carbon deposit to foul the cylinder and spark-slugs, no friction, no oil troubles if you get

# ZEROLENE

Auto Lubricating Oil



You can count on perfect lubrication at all times, under all conditions, entire freedom from trouble with carbon deposits, and increased power from your engine.

Zerolene is made in one grade only, for all types of cylinders and bearings. Produced only in one place in the world. Put up in sealed cans with patent spout that cannot be refilled. Also in barrels for garage trade. Sold by dealers everywhere. Write for booklet, "21,000 miles with Zerolene", Free.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY,  
(Incorporated)

# Vose PIANOS

home free of expense.

have been established over 60 years. By our system of payment every family in moderate circumstances can own a Vose piano. We take old instruments in exchange and deliver the new piano in your

Write for Catalogue D and explanations.



# OUT WEST

THE NATION  
THE WORLD

BACK OF US  
IN FRONT



25c. PER  
COPY

LOS ANGELES, CAL.  
MASON OPERA HOUSE

\$3 A  
YEAR



Create a New Skin with  
**Anita Cream**



Nothing better for Removing Tan and Freckles

**50 Cents a Jar**  
 Of all druggists or from

*Anita Cream & Toilet Co.*

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

# GOVERNMENT

Irrigation now under construction in Glenn County. The cheapest Alfalfa and Orangeland in California. The Central Irrigating Canal, the largest in California now ready to furnish water to all. Our oranges are ripe one month earlier than southern California. Write for prospectus.

**W. E. GERMAIN**

P. O. Box 65  
 Willows, Glenn Co., California

# SINALOA LANDS

In Sinaloa, Mexico, 2 days from Los Angeles, Delta of the Fuerte River. Every-thing green all the year. Water and R. R. transportation. Fine climate, extremely fertile soil. German colony within a mile. 50 Americans within 25 miles. 6500 acres in lots of 100 acres at \$10 an acre. \$25 down and \$10 per month. Also 2500 acres near Bamoa, 10 miles to R. R., 8 miles to gulf. Rich soil, hardwood timber, Farms of 56 to 175 acres. Same price and terms. Also 2,000,000 acres of coast, foot-hill and timber lands at \$2 to \$25 per acre. Mines, little and big. Call and see our exhibit of Mexican products. Write for booklet.

The West Mexico Co.

529-531 Byrne Building

Los Angeles

# NAVAJO BLANKETS

## AND INDIAN CURIOS AT WHOLESALE

I have more than 250 weavers in my employ, including the most skilful now living, and have taken the greatest pains to preserve the old colors, patterns, and weaves. Every blanket sold by me carries my personal guarantee of its quality. In dealing with me, you will get the very finest blankets at wholesale prices. I also handle the products of the Hopi (Moqui) Indians, buying them under contract with the trading posts at Keam's Canyon and Oraibi and selling them at wholesale.

I have constantly a very fine selection of Navajo silverware and jewelry, Navajo "rubies" cut and uncut, peridots and native turquois. Also the choicest modern Moqui pottery, and a rare collection of prehistoric pottery.

**J. L. HUBBELL, Indian Trader**

Write for my Catalogue  
 and Price List

Ganado, Apache Co., Arizona



# Irrigated Farms

OF FIVE ACRES  
AND UPWARDS

in the Counties of

## Fresno and Merced California

MILLER AND LUX

Los Banos, Merced County  
California

# A GOOD SUIT

For Men or Boys

IT is a source of great satisfaction to get one that will fit well, tailored properly, with quality and good value that is sure to please. Our guarantee of satisfaction has made our success for over a quarter of a century.

## Mullen & Bluett

CLOTHING COMPANY

Cor. Spring & First  
Los Angeles, Cal.

The  
Quality Store

## Eucalyptus as an Investment

33 1/3% per annum compound interest

We sell you land --not stock--plant it to eucalyptus trees—California mahogany—780 to each acre—care for it—guarantee it—give you a lead to it—provide a market for the crop—the volume of sales and enormous acreage insures market—also insures highest price for commercial timber—you buy land for cash—or on easy monthly instalments—a savings bank investment—so much deposit every month—and in a few years you own a competence.

No risk—no worry—no work—absolutely safe—as certain as the rising sun—the most profitable crop grown—better for most people than life insurance—than ordinary real estate—than stocks or bonds—than savings banks—send for beautifully illustrated booklets—bulletins—maps, etc.—all free for the asking—your investment will earn 33 1/3% per annum compounded—a deferred dividend, cumulative endowment—best for you, your future and your family—do it today.

### Eucalyptus Timber Corporation

358 South Broadway

Los Angeles, California

## The German Savings and Loan Society

[A member of the Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco]

526 California St., San Francisco, Cal.

Guaranteed Capital	\$ 1,200,000.00
Capital actually paid up in cash	\$ 1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	\$ 1,504,498.68
Deposits June 30, 1909	\$36,793,234.04
Total Assets	\$39,435,681.38

Remittance may be made by Draft, Post Office, or Wells, Fargo & Co's. Money Orders, or coin by Express.

Office Hours: 10 o'clock A. M. to 3 o'clock P. M., except Saturdays to 12 o'clock M. and Saturday evenings from 7 o'clock P. M. to 8 o'clock P. M., for receipt of deposits only.

OFFICERS: President, N. Ohlandt; First Vice-President, Daniel Meyer; Second Vice-President, Emil Rohte; Cashier, A. H. R. Schmidt; Assistant Cashier, William Herrmann; Secretary, George Tourny; Assistant Secretary, A. H. Muller; Goodfellow & Eells, General Attorneys.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS: N. Ohlandt, Daniel Meyer, Emil Rohte, Ign. Steinhardt, I. N. Walter, J. W. Van Bergen, F. Tillmann, jr., E. T. Kruse and W. S. Goodfellow.

MISSION BRANCH, 2572 Mission Street, between 21st and 22nd Street. For receipt and payment of Deposits only. C. W. HEYER, Manager.

RICHMOND DISTRICT BRANCH, 432 Clement St., between 5th and 6th Avenues. For receipt and payment of Deposits only. W. C. Heyer, Manager.



## Get Our New Booklet

### A Story of *Eucalyptus*

Just off the press. Alive with facts about this wonderful new industry. Investigate now. A small payment down and small payments monthly will mean a perpetual income a little later on.

**Murrieta Eucalyptus Co.**  
211 Mercantile Place  
Los Angeles, Cal.



## Maier Brewing Company's "Select" Beer

**NOTED** for its Age,  
Purity and Strength.  
All shipments by bottles or  
kegs promptly filled. Family  
trade a specialty. :: :: ::

OFFICE AND BREWERY  
**440 Aliso Street, Los Angeles**  
BOTH PHONES: Exchange 91

## Bailey's Rubber Complexion Brushes and Massage Rollers

Make, Keep and Restore Beauty in Nature's own way



### IT'S THE **FLAT-ENDED TEETH**

with circular biting edges that remove dust caps, cleanse the skin in the bath, open the pores, and give new life to the whole body. BAILEY'S RUBBER BRUSHES are all made this way. Mailed for price. *Beware of imitations.* At all dealers.

Bailey's Rubber Complexion Brush	\$ .50
Bailey's Rubber Massage Roller	.50
Bailey's Bath and Shampoo Brush	.75
Bailey's Rubber Bath and Flesh Brush	1.00
Bailey's Rubber Toilet Brush (small)	.25
Bailey's Skin Food (large jar)	.50



### Bailey's Won't Slip TIP

This tip won't slip on ANY SURFACE, on smooth ice, or mar the most highly polished floor. Made in five sizes, internal diameter: No. 17, 3/8 in.; No. 18, 1/2 in.; No. 19, 5/8 in.; No. 20, 1 in.; No. 21, 1 1/8 in. Mailed upon receipt of price, 30c. per pair.

Agents wanted.

100 Page Rubber Catalogue Free.

C. J. BAILEY & CO., 22 Boylston St., BOSTON, Mass.

### KIDDER'S PASTILLES

STOWELL & CO., Mfrs., Charlestown, Mass.

Standard relief for  
50 years. Sold by all  
Druggists. 35 cents.

### ASTHMA



# OUT WEST MAGAZINE

## CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS



### BRING BUYER AND SELLER TOGETHER

In this Classified Department will be inserted advertisements of a clean and reliable character, up to 14 lines, at the rate of 50 cents per line. None will be inserted of less than 4 lines. No illustrations nor display features will be permitted in this department. Our policy, which excludes medical, palmistry, fortune-telling, or misleading advertisements, or advertisements of unreliable parties or commodities, also prevails in this department, and the business management will appreciate prompt notice from OUT WEST readers of any such that may get in by false pretense. Address all letters pertaining to this department to

### OUT WEST MAGAZINE

CLASSIFIED DEPARTMENT

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

#### CALIFORNIA LANDS

**EUCALYPTUS** land for sale. We plant it to trees and care for it. We provide a market for the crop and insure highest price for commercial timber. Terms are cash or monthly instalments, as you prefer. A savings bank investment. No risk, no worry, no work, absolutely safe and the most profitable crop grown. For booklet and particulars address Eucalyptus Timber Corporation, 358 So. Broadway, Los Angeles, Cal.

**IRRIGATED FARM LANDS** in Fresno and Merced Counties, California—Sold in tracts of five acres and up. A postal card will bring you particulars regarding the finest lands in California. Address Miller & Lux, Los Banos, Merced County, Cal.

**FOR EUCALYPTUS** lands, investments and particulars address us. Ask for our Story of Eucalyptus, just off the press. It will tell you all the facts of this wonderful hardwood. Address Murrieta Eucalyptus Co., 211 Mercantile Place, Los Angeles, Cal.

**HEMET--HEMET--HEMET--SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA**—Investigate this valley. It will pay big dividends in health and prosperity. Most perfect conditions; water, soil and climate cannot be equaled; population right sort; town high-class, modern and up-to-date; orange, walnut, olives and deciduous fruit lands, improved and unimproved. Address Valley Realty Co., Hemet, Cal., or Los Angeles office, 553 So. Spring street.

**SUNNYVALE ACRES**—Beautiful acre and half acre lots. Rich sediment soil. Artesian water. Will grow berries of all kinds, garden truck, alfalfa, apples, pears, cherries, peaches, apricots and prunes. 1 acre will support you. ¼ mile from depot. Price from \$200 up. \$50 cash and \$10 a month. Write for catalogue. Sunnyvale Land Co., Sunnyvale, Calif.

#### MEXICAN LANDS

**MEXICO**, State of Sinaloa—Two days from Los Angeles. Fine climate, fertile soil. 100 to 2,000,000 acres of fine coast and foothill lands. Rich soil. Hardwood timber, farming, fruit and mineral lands. Worlds of water. Prices \$2 an acre up. For literature and particulars address The West Mexico Co., 529-531 Byrne Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal.

**MEXICAN TROPICAL LAND CO.**, 209-210 Union Trust Bldg., Los Angeles, are offering

the subdivided Playa Vicente Plantation, State of Vera Cruz, Mexico, in 20 acre tracts at \$10 per acre on easy payments. A substantial investment. Address for booklet as above.

**TEPIC, MEXICO.** On the West Coast. Shares are being offered in a producing plantation, operated on modern American methods. Growing corn, tobacco, garvanza, rubber, bananas, pine-apples, hardwood and cattle. 300 per cent profit in five years. Share in the profits. \$5 per share, fully secured. Best of reference. Full information on request. M. P. Wright & Co., Delta Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal.

#### SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES

**LOS ANGELES BUSINESS COLLEGE**—One management 20 years. All preparatory, commercial and academic subjects. Also private tutors. Learn the Shrader way. Get new literature. 417 West Fifth St., Los Angeles, Cal.

**ISAACS-WOODBURY BUSINESS COLLEGE**, Fifth Floor Hamburger Bldg., Los Angeles. Open entire year. Thorough courses. Positions secured. Write for catalogue. E. K. Isaacs, President.

**HEALD'S BUSINESS COLLEGE**, 614 South Grand Ave., Los Angeles, Cal. Thoroughly prepares young people for business. Positions secured. Full particulars free on application.

**BROWNSBERGER COMMERCIAL COLLEGE**, 953-5-7 West Seventh Street, Los Angeles. Elegant home, broad courses. Strong Faculty. Graduates assisted. Beautiful catalog free.

#### MISCELLANEOUS

**JUDSON FREIGHT FORWARDING CO.**—Reduced rates on household goods to and from all points on the Pacific Coast. 443 Marquette Bldg., Chicago; 1501 Wright Bldg., St. Louis; 736 Old South Bldg., Boston; 206 Pacific Bldg., San Francisco; 200 Central Bldg., Los Angeles.

**STIKPATCH** mends stockings without darning. Washes and wears better than darning. Buy of your dealer or send ten cents to us for package of 20 patches postpaid. Agents wanted. Leland Co., Box 376, Los Angeles, Cal.

#### PATENT ATTORNEYS

**JAMES R. TOWNSEND**—Patents, Copyrights, Trade-Marks and Labels. Los Angeles, Cal., from 1882 to 1909. 430 Broadway Block, 304 So. Broadway. Phones: Main 347, Home A4619.



# Let Us Send You a Case of California's Best Wines

**WE PAY THE FREIGHT TO ANY POINT  
IN THE U. S. ON THE FOLLOWING:**

**SPECIAL NO. 1**

Two cases of 8-year old assorted California wines, every drop pure and wholesome; freight included to any point, for only.....\$10

**SPECIAL NO. 2**

Two cases of our 10-year-old assorted California wines. Boxed free and freight prepaid, for only.....\$12

**SPECIAL NO. 3**

Two cases of assorted California wines—fine private stock, 15 years old. This special also includes one bottle of California brandy and one bottle of apricot brandy, packed free and freight prepaid to any point, for only.....\$15

**SPECIAL NO. 4**

Two cases of our famous Gold Medal wines, including one bottle of California Champagne, one bottle best brandy and one bottle apricot brandy. Packed free, freight prepaid to any point, for only.....\$22

***Edw. Germain Wine Co.***  
***633 South Main St.***

**HOME-EX-919**

**SUNSET MAIN 919**

**LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA**







PHILIPPE FRANÇOIS RENAULT





Vol. XXXI, No. 3

SEPTEMBER, 1909

ALEXANDER STIRLING CALDER

By HECTOR ALLIOT



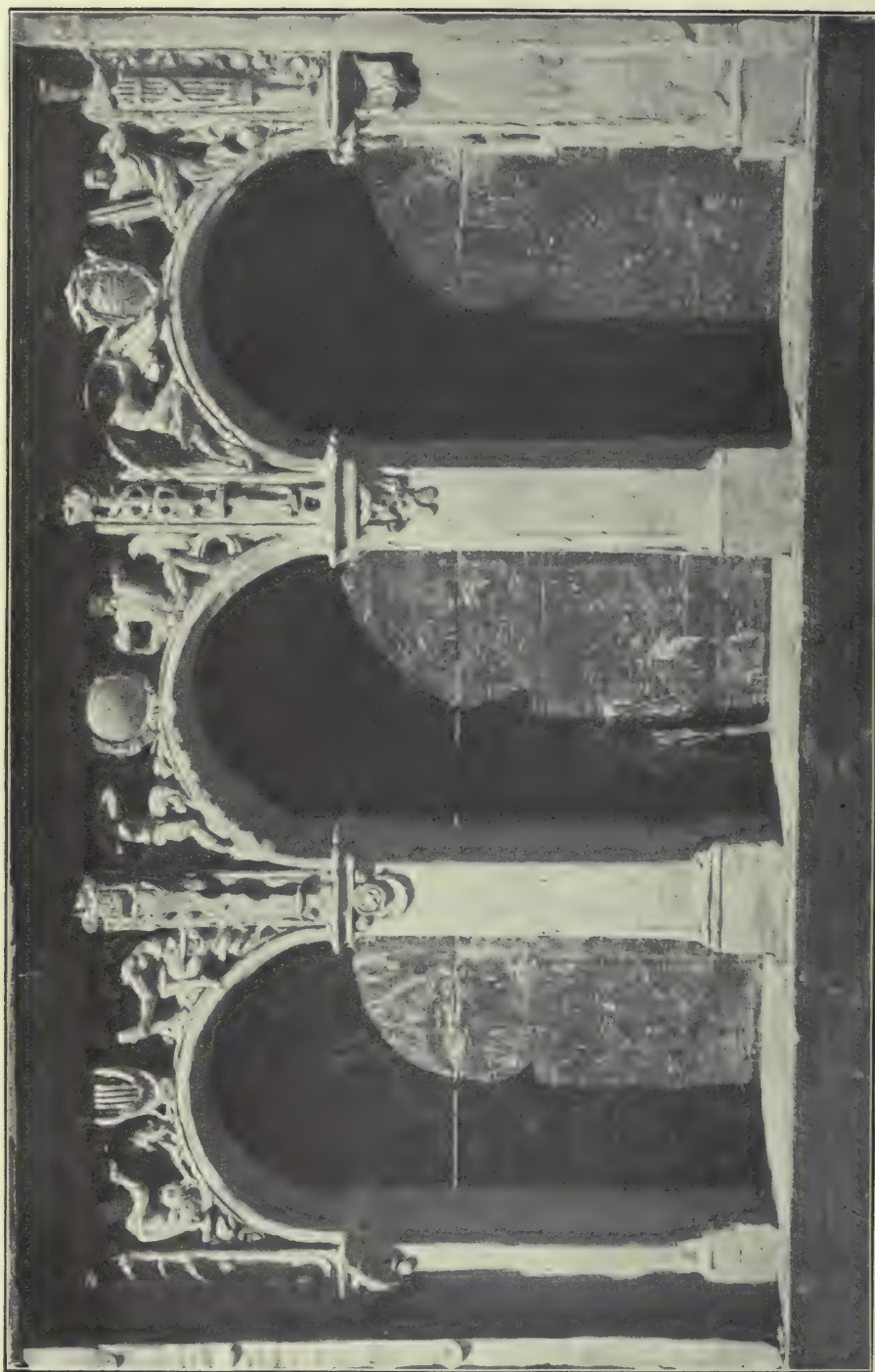
NATURAL fondness for decoration, guided by his imitative ability, led man to first ornament his implements and his habitation with crude carvings of the forms about him.

Since the dawn of human consciousness a desire for visible expression, through the arts, of man's hopes and cherished ideals has manifested itself. So that with the development of his higher faculties this primitive modeling in wood or clay gradually evolved into sculpture, as we understand it today.

For centuries sculpture remained the hand-maid of architecture—in fact, until the Hellenic period of culture—when it segregated itself and became an independent art. But notwithstanding the fact that it has occupied a particular field of its own, sculpture has always remained the highest form of embellishment for monumental architecture.

In this age of utilitarianism, years have intervened practically everywhere between the period of constructing useful buildings, and that in which beautiful edifices have been erected, adorned with sculptured ornamentation. Expression in plastic art is the touchstone of a commonwealth's culture. It marks the moral and artistic development of a community, and denotes a wholesome maturity of esthetic appreciation. It is, therefore, gratifying—yet somewhat remarkable—that in Pasadena, a city far removed from the great art centers of the world, there should be nearing completion a building with a superb sculptured entrance, different in character and conception from anything heretofore executed.

Throop Polytechnic Institute, of that city, has a board of trustees composed of men who have faith in their college, and in the refining influence of beauty upon young minds in the forming. These men believe that art today is a necessity and not a riotous waste of wealth. When Myron Hunt and Elmer Gray, designers of the new group of buildings for the Institute, suggested the introduction into the architectural scheme of ornate monumental archways, over the main entrance, the Trustees enthusiastically seconded the proposition.



THROOP INSTITUTE SCULPTURAL ARCHWAYS



The architects, in making this suggestion, may possibly have been strongly influenced by their knowledge of the fact that there was here a sculptor of national fame, capable of executing such a conception. Alexander Stirling Calder, in the model requested of him, so successfully harmonized his own lofty inspirations with the plans of the architects and the educational ideals of the Institute that he was commissioned to proceed at once with the elaboration of his sketch. Thus, through the agreeable collaboration of cultured clients and artists of exalted and sincere purpose, was begun the most important architectural and sculptural accomplishment of the Southwest.

It seems a singularly felicitous coincidence that this artistic and epoch-making achievement on the shores of the Pacific should be commenced in the same year in which the authorities of the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences should have decided to spend \$122,000 on the Atlantic coast for the placing of eighty statues about the four cornices of their new museum building. Our Western civilization is keeping pace.

Calder's monumental portico is simple and strong. The interpretation of spiritual and imaginative conceptions through new symbols—broad and free—is a characteristic feature, enhanced by a virile yet finished technique. There is a directness in the modeling, the ideas are forcibly expressed, in a manner natural yet majestic. For those who admire and understand architectural sculpture, the work presents a marked distinction in its breaking away from the fetters of demi-classicism. The artist has translated his ideas into clay boldly, without a too servile adherence to the modern accepted canons of Greek sculpture.

While the style of the Institute buildings is that of the Spanish Renaissance, and the sculptor has successfully inspired himself of the same period in so far as general arrangement of masses goes, Calder's work is not mere decoration, in keeping with a certain style, but the expression of the ideals of the institution, and the plastic utterances of its aims and scope. No ornamentation for the building's sake—but thoughts in stone.

Modern education can be resolved into six great representative themes: Nature, Art, Law, Energy, Science, and Imagination. The sculptor has embodied these essential principles in powerful and telling figures, which form the three archways composing the entrance to the Institute. Nature is symbolized in the left spandrel by Pan—god of Arcadian shepherds—piping upon his reeds the joy of life, with youth and spring suggested in the sportive figure of the kid, gambolling before him. Opposing this is Art—the earnest, dreamful poet—recording upon his tablets the solution to Life's mysteries, the sphinx—grim and inscrutable—in the background. The cartouch



NATURE

ART  
PILASTERS FOR THE THROOP INSTITUTE ARCHWAYS

SCIENCE

AMERICAN LAW



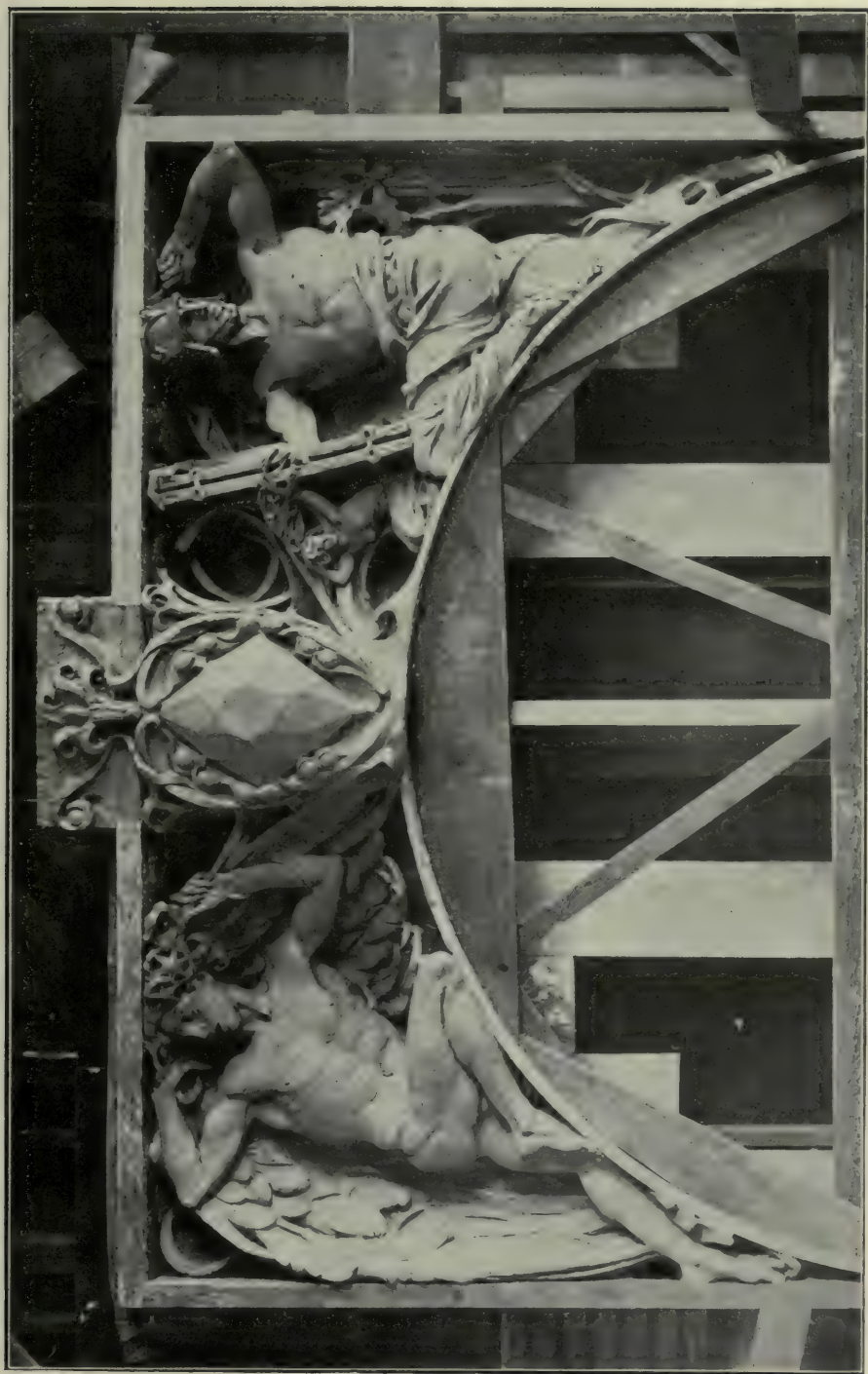


CORBELS FOR THROOP INSTITUTE ARCHWAY



LEFT SPANDREL THROOP ARCHWAY—NATURE AND ART





RIGHT SPANDREL THROOP ARCHWAY—IMAGINATION AND LAW

uniting the two figures is in the form of a lyre, emblematic of beauty and ideal, surmounted by the calm eye of reason and intelligence.

The central spandrel embodies the essential spirit of manual training—force governed by knowledge. The figure at the left of this group expresses Energy, but energy uncontrolled—blind power exerting itself, the wielder knows not why. Balancing this is Science—directed strength—lighting his torch at the Sun, which forms the central cartouch. The highly embossed luminary is august, compelling—a strong key-note to the entire composition. About the disk is an original arrangement of the signs of the zodiac, while powerful rays are projected over the cove, touching the surmounting cornice, giving breadth and force to the whole.

In the right spandrel, Imagination—wide-winged, triumphant—faces the reposeful figure of the Law—helmeted and watchful—guarding the tablets and flanked by the fasces. Between these figures is a jewel in rich setting, forming the cartouch in the center.

Framing the spandrels rise four projecting pilasters, the decorations of which carry out the symbolic significance of the groups. Nature is typified by the sunflower, a highly decorative, conventional arrangement of the plant. The second column bears the head of Minerva, goddess of the Arts; the third has a terminal bust of Mercury, while the fourth is emblematic of the strength and balance of American law.

Corbels supporting these have as motifs a stag's head, a tragic mask, a heart surmounted by a skull, and a hand holding an open book.

This remarkable composition is a masterpiece of the sculptor's art. Not only is it technically admirable, but it is dignified and exalted in purpose. It comes here, like all really great art of all ages, to inspire and enrich the aspirations of the toiler, and impress the minds of the young with the aims and duties of higher culture.

What, then, of the man—the artist who conceived and executed this work?

Alexander Stirling Calder had already accomplished much that was notable before producing this stately portico. Born in Philadelphia, thirty-nine years ago, of Scotch parents, he successfully passed through his preparatory studies in his native city, then went to Paris. There he pursued his course under Chapu and Falguiere, two of the most eminent men in France. Nature made Calder a sculptor. It is impossible to conceive of his having been attracted to any other career.

Contemporary sculptors, possibly owing to the restrictions of the art, have a greater breadth of imaginative vision than painters of the day. Easel pictures evidence a general tendency to become more and more translations of pleasing color schemes, renderings of technical





ALEXANDER STIRLING CALDER



CELTIC MEMORIAL CROSS REPLICA IN ST. LOUIS HALL OF SCULPTURE





THE MAN CUB

problems of great charm or difficulty. Time was—and that not so many years ago—when sentimentalism pervaded all the painter's art; unless a picture "told a story," gave forth a special moral or emotional message, its mission of beauty was unfulfilled. Today a painting is often but an impression, a quickly recorded visible expression of an artist's esthetic emotions.

Plastic art therefore presents greater difficulties than that of the easel; since the human figure is often the principal theme, a completer knowledge is necessary. Certain mathematical proportions must be sustained. The work of the artist in the round—however fanciful it may be—is nevertheless governed by the real ratio of depth, width, and height.

Thorough preparation for his life work is evidenced in every object Calder's hands have modeled. His "Man Cub," now in the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, was one of his early successes—a wonderful child figure, remarkable for its simplicity and rugged vigor. "Narcissus" translates into bronze that vain-glorious youth, gazing in wondering admiration upon his own reflection in the pool. It was first exhibited at the Paris Exposition in 1900, and afterwards was placed in the Franklin Inn collection.

One of his best known works is the unique sun-dial in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia. The circular plate is surrounded by signs of the zodiac, and upheld by four crouching female figures representing the four seasons. A group that especially appeals to the artist himself is his "Hope Beguiling a Despairer":

"As on the brink he stands a-musing,  
Descends the wanton Hope, with winged caress  
Enfolds him—bends him to her will—  
Her will that yet is only to beguile."

It is now receiving the final touches in his studio, and the motif's esthetic symbolism and technical exigencies have proved a fascinating theme for the worker.

Calder originated a new treatment of the Celtic cross, that primitive and majestic tombal monument of ancient Ireland, to mark the burial plot of General Sewell at Camden, New Jersey. A replica of this stands in the Hall of Sculpture of the St. Louis Academy of Fine Arts.

He has received many prizes, and had many honors conferred upon him: he is a member of the National Sculpture Society, Society of American Artists, Fellow of the Pennsylvania Academy, and Associate Member of the National Academy of Design. He was one of the advisory committee on sculpture for the Louisiana Purchase Exposition at St. Louis, and made the colossal figure of "Missouri"





DANCING INDIAN



HOPE BEGUILING A DESPAIRER





A PORTRAIT BUST





in the colonnade of States. An indefatigable worker, examples of his art are to be found in the grounds of the Smithsonian Institution, the University of Pennsylvania, and various other Eastern centers.

It is only since coming West, however, that Calder has arrived at the full maturity of his talent. He seems to have grasped the true spirit of the West—its breadth and fervor. In turn, close communion with the desert, and the vastness of its reaches, has vivified latent qualities in the sculptor, giving to his recent work greater frankness, concentration, and loftiness of conception.

Last year he executed his excellent Indian series—figures disclosing his power of analysis and appreciation of Indian psychology. His "Dancing Indian," in bronze, was shown at the exhibition of the National Sculpture Society. Others of the group were "Najan-yankte," a superb figure of a warrior; and "The Dreamer," a sympathetic interpretation of the Navajo of today. In nothing that he has produced recently is the Western influence more apparent than in a marble portrait bust of the late Walter L. Vail, a spirited work of remarkable fidelity of likeness, with the freedom of out-doors thoroughly well suggested.

While Calder, like most sculptors, prefers to work in the round, he has executed bas-reliefs of much merit. The bas-relief is a distinct form of plastic art, admirably adapted to interior decoration, and equally valuable for the adornment of exterior flat surfaces. It ornamented the first temples, later recorded religious events, and the triumphs of Kings and Emperors. With the coming of the Mediæval Christian revival, it became subordinated to the architecture of Romanesque and Gothic cathedrals. In modern times it has come to immortalize our great men, conquests on heroic battle-fields, as well as achievements in the arts, letters, and sciences.

Whether sculpture is represented by the bas-relief or the round, however, its beauty, exactness, or shortcomings can be appreciated by the least cultured layman, for its proportions must be in harmony with natural dimensions.

Since coming to California, Calder has produced several bas-relief panels: an over-mantel decoration, "Ruskin," for the home of Mrs. W. W. Stilson, of Los Angeles; the bronze portrait medalion of Senator Cornelius Cole, of Colegrove, and others. The most important, however, is the decorative panel of the "Religions of the World" for the new building of the Young Men's Christian Association of Los Angeles.

In this he has portrayed the Christ, under a Gothic archway, welcoming Humanity with the outspread hands of brotherhood. Beyond this great, tender figure appear those of St. John the Baptist, the apostles and disciples, with Abraham, Socrates, the cults of the



PACIFIC VENUS





ISOLEÑA

Moslems and Egyptians, Chaldeans and Persians, gradually receding into the background toward the nature worship of primitive man.

The monumental archways of Throop Institute represent a most agreeable combination of features common to both the bas-relief and the round. Calder has given such depth to the figures in the spandrels, that in the reflected light of the open, the shadows will cause them to appear as nearly independent as it is possible to make them against a flat background. In fact, the effect of sunlight upon the whole composition, intensifying the high lights and increasing the depth of the shadows, has proved an interesting problem; it will no doubt add a unique quality of tone to the work when in place.

Not the least interesting feature of this colossal undertaking is the process through which Calder's originals are being translated; the method employed is one without precedent, and opens an undreamed of breadth of application for future sculptural efforts. The enormous castings, weighing many tons, are now being made in a fine concrete mixture of a creamy tint to harmonize with the general color scheme of the buildings.

When finally fixed in position they will be united by cement and constitute a monolithic sculptured archway, retaining to an extraordinarily successful degree the most minute details of the artist's models. Being direct castings from the clay, they retain all the intimate touches of the sculptor's fingers with rare fidelity.

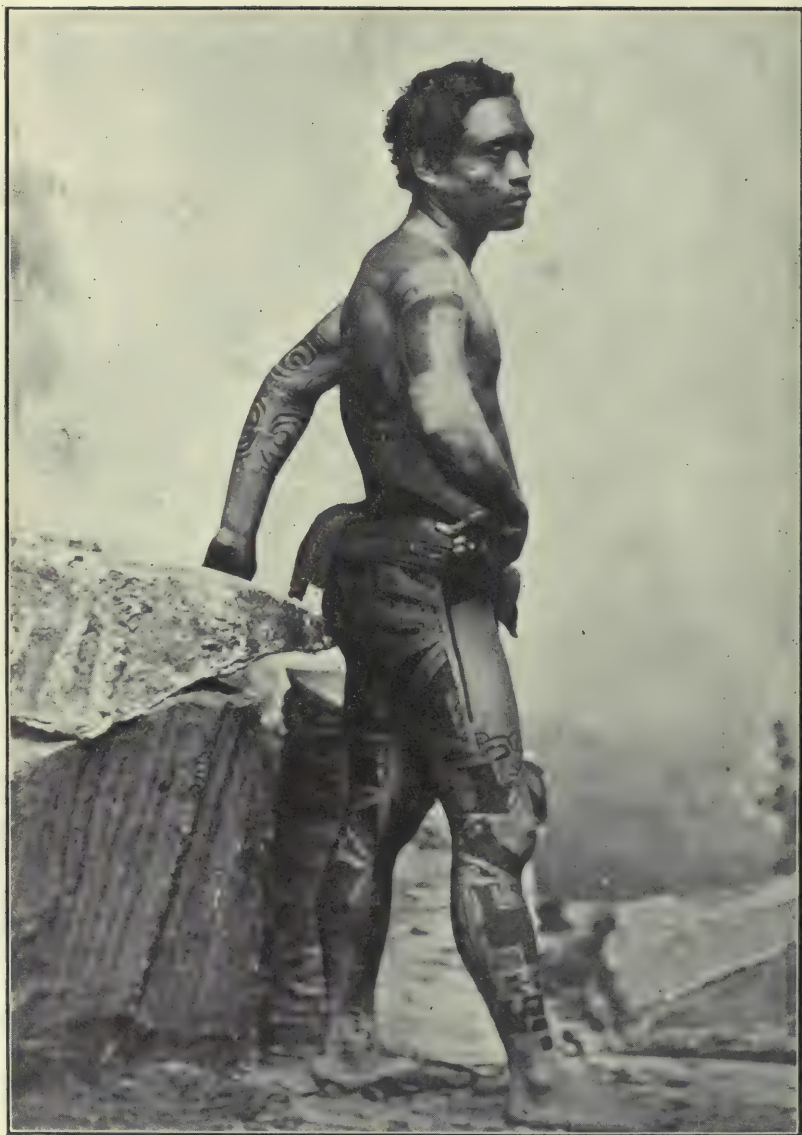
Southern California, with its cloudless sky and perennial background of verdure and flowers, constitutes an ideal setting for monuments like this. Concrete, marble, and bronze are in this equable climate practically everlasting, so that these monumental archways of Throop Institute will, no doubt, remain in all their beauty for centuries to come. The dignity and purpose of the accomplishment will engender a better understanding of plastic art, and will have a distinct and continuous influence upon public taste, since sculpture is essentially the art of the commonwealth.

Los Angeles, Cal.





BRONZE MEDALLION OF EX-SENATOR CORNELIUS COLE



MARQUESAS ISLANDER



## HOW SAVAGES ORNAMENT THEIR BODIES

By R. I. GEARE



LOVE of personal adornment is a distinctive characteristic of savagery, and it was probably the craze for admiration which first led to the practice of ornamenting the body with pictorial devices. Then, markings of one sort and another helped to take the place of absence of clothing, and further, young men in olden times, as now, always delighted in showing how courageously they could bear physical pain, for tattooing is not a gentle process by any means. Tribal symbolism, too, was perpetuated by tattoo marks, while others believed that by engraving the image of a deity on their flesh they were showing proof of deep devotion. Among women it was an indication of marriage.

Again, tattooing has for centuries been a system of recording by means of pictographs important events in the lives of certain peoples, and has also served, though in a lesser degree, as a substitute for writing.

The antiquity of tattooing is very great, although its origin will probably never be discovered. Herodotus speaks of it as in use among the Thracians. Pointed bones, like those used by modern savages in tattooing, have been found in the prehistoric grottoes of Avignac and in the tombs of ancient Egypt. Lucian states that the Assyrians covered their entire bodies with figures, and Pliny says the same thing regarding the Dacians. The Phoenicians and the Jews, says Lombroso, traced lines, which they called "signs of God," on their foreheads and their hands. Among the ancient Britons it was widespread, and their name (*Brith*, a painting) has been supposed to be derived from the custom. Caesar, writing of these races, declares that they "trace, with iron, designs on the skin of their youngest children, and color their warriors with *Isatis tinctoria* (-woad), to render them more terrible on the field of battle."

Taking up the subject in the Western hemisphere, attention is drawn first to tattooing as practiced in various parts of the Polynesian archipelago, Papua, and Australia, to be followed by references to special peculiarities in other parts of the world.

In all Polynesia there is no place where tattooing is so widespread or varied in character as in the Marquesas Islands. Every part of the body is decorated, from the crown of the head to the fingers and toes. This applies principally to the men, the women generally having only a bracelet or two or other small ornaments tattooed on their arms. One writer states that women, even princesses, have no right to tattoo any parts but their hands and feet, although

at Mukahiva "noble ladies" are permitted to wear more numerous tattoo marks than the women of the lower ranks.

The figures to be tattooed are chosen carefully and with appropriateness to the part to be decorated. Sometimes animals are depicted, while again other objects are employed which have special reference to the manners and customs of the people. Rows of punctures are separated by curved lines, diamonds and other designs. A man's head is completely covered, his breast is commonly ornamented with a shield, while stripes of various kinds adorn the arms and thighs—old men are even tattooed on their bald heads! On the backs of the Marquesas Islanders is generally tattooed a large cross, beginning at the neck and ending at the end of the back bone. On their chests are often seen figures representing the human face, and on each side of the calf of the leg is often seen a tattooed oval figure. The hands are profusely tattooed, each figure having its own pattern. A peculiarity of the Marquesans is that they allow the finger nails to grow very long and pointed, this being esteemed, as among some of our own people, a mark of rank, since it furnishes evidence that the person thus ornamented is not accustomed to doing hard manual labor. Among the Marquesans this elaborate ornamentation answered the purpose of dress, nor indeed would it pay the poor victim to suffer all he has to undergo during the long and painful operation, only to cover all his decorations with clothes! The men wear nothing but a small cloth around their waists, while the women of rank are similarly clad, with the addition perhaps of a larger piece which they may throw up over their bodies to keep off the discomfort of the sun's rays. And curiously enough, it is not the heat they mind, but the danger of spoiling their complexions by getting sunburnt!

A noteworthy feature of the practice on these islands is the tattooing of widow's tongues, as an expression of grief for their lost husbands. In this operation the implement is first dipped into coloring matter, and then placed on the tongue. It is then given a smart stroke with a rod, whereby the skin is punctured and the dye injected. A woman who was undergoing this painful treatment was asked why she allowed it. She replied that, while the pain was great, her affection for her lord was still greater, and that particular mode of expressing it was chosen because it could never be obliterated. Possibly she also recognized the fact that that unruly member may have—in part, at least—been the cause of her lord's demise!

The mode of tattooing in the Marquesas Islands is very much like that employed by the Samoans, except that the implement, called a "comb," is made of the wing-bone of a tropical bird. The tattooers are a highly respected class and are paid well for their ser-





A MARQUESAS ISLANDER

vices. They acquire their skill by practicing on the lower classes, who are too poor to pay much for it, but who would prefer to be badly tattooed rather than not at all. The process is so elaborate that several "sittings" are required, each lasting from three to six months, and a really complete tattoo is rarely finished until the man is about thirty years old. The pigment used is the candle-nut (*Aleurites triloba*), burned to a fine charcoal and mixed with water or oil. The instruments (bones of birds and sometimes of fishes) are fastened with fine thread to a small stick. A heavier stick is held above and used as a hammer, causing the implement to puncture the skin and inject the coloring matter at the same time. A "sitting" lasts as long as the persons being operated on can endure the pain.

In Samoa there is a legend that the goddesses of tattooing swam there from Fiji for the purpose of introducing the custom, and had been ordered to sing all the way "Tattoo the women but not the men." Having to repeat the words so often, they became confused, and when they arrived at Samoa they were singing just the reverse; and hence arose the practice there of tattooing the men but not the women. The men are tattooed from the hips to the knees, covering the skin so completely with the pattern that (as on Easter Island or in Tahiti) at a little distance the person looks as though he were wearing ornamented tights. The operation, which as in the Marquesas Islands requires much time and many "sittings," is attended with no little ceremony. The services of the tattooer, called the "Matai," are engaged by prepayment of several mats, or perhaps a canoe. Here again "combs" are used, and a little mallet. The combs are made of human bones, about an inch and a half long and an inch or less in width, resembling little bone adzes with the edge cut into a number of teeth. These blades are attached to handles about six inches long. The pigment is made from the ashes of the cocoanut.

The actual *modus operandi* in all localities is very similar, and will now be described once for all. When all is ready, the person to be tattooed lies on his face, resting his head in the lap of his sister or some other female relation, who, with other young women assisting, sing loudly to drown his groans, as it would injure his record for courage to be heard giving vent to expressions of pain. Instances have occurred, however, where young braves lost all self-control, being entirely overcome with the agony of the operation, and have been despised as cowards for the rest of their lives. The operator having traced out his pattern commences to drive the toothed "comb" through the skin with his mallet by sharp and rapid taps. The assistants are ready with strips of white *masi* to clean off the blood as it flows from the wounds.

In general the patterns used throughout the Samoan Islands are





LEG OF A MARQUESAS ISLANDER

similar, small variations denoting the particular island on which the man lives, the family of which he is a member, the slaying of human beings, etc., the form of some animal being usually the badge of honor in such cases. It ordinarily requires about an hour to cover three inches square, after which the "patient" gives place to another. It takes a week or so for his turn to come round again, since, as a rule, an operator can only attend to four or five "cases" a day. When the tattooing is about half done, the operator demands another payment; and if not satisfied, he generally refuses to complete the work, which gives the young brave the rather embarrassing alternative of going through life half decorated, or submitting to the Matai's arbitrary demands. We may conjecture that the victim

(or hero) usually pays up if he is able to do so. While the operation is going on, the poor fellow suffers terrific agonies, but when it is consummated he glories in his admission to manhood and gains the unqualified admiration of his female friends.

In Fiji tattooing is almost entirely confined to the women, but the larger part of the markings is covered by the fringe-apron or "liku." The younger women usually pay special attention to ornamenting their fingers with lines and stars, in order that they may appear beautiful when presenting food to their chief. When they become mothers, a blue patch is added at each corner of the mouth. A sharp-toothed instrument, like that employed in Samoa, is used in place of the chisel, as in New Zealand.

Among the Maoris, or natives of New Zealand, the women do not tattoo any part of their faces excepting the lips, which thus become blue, for it is considered a disgrace for a woman to have red lips. This is done at the time when the girl is about to enter womanhood. The tattooing of the men presents a most formidable appearance. They have naturally a full beard, but every vestige of hair is removed from the face, in order that the tattooed patterns may not be concealed. The "moko," or tattooing, of a New Zealander is really a mark of rank, and only slaves are forbidden the more or less complete tattooing of the face.

A face completely tattooed is literally covered with spiral scrolls, circles and curved lines; but though the principal marks are generally similar, they are not exactly alike on any two persons, owing to the almost infinite variety of combinations at the operator's command. The pigment used in New Zealand is made from the resin of the Kawri pine.

A remarkable feature of face tattooing in New Zealand lies in the fact that in early times it represented the warrior's name—it was his totem—and he signed official documents with an exact copy of the "moko," or tattoo.

In the Sandwich and Palliser Islands there is comparatively little tattooing done, though some of the natives have their arms and chests decorated with lines and figures, while the more common form consists of narrow, circular or curved lines on different parts of the face.

In Tahiti the bust, legs, arms and hands of the men are tattooed, while the face is generally left unmarked. The women wear tattoo marks chiefly on the arms, ankles and feet, the latter being tattooed nearly half-way to the knees, so that at a little distance they seem to be wearing high boots or close-fitting stockings. Some of the figures employed are stars, circles, lozenges, etc. The cocoanut tree, too, is often represented, its root spreading at the heel, the stalk extending along the tendon, while its waving plume spreads out





TWO MARQUESAS ISLAND CHIEFS

gracefully on the broad part of the calf. Here, as in the other regions mentioned, tattooing has decreased very largely during recent years, owing to the discouragement of the custom on the part of the missionaries.

On Easter Island tattooing does not seem to be practiced at the present time, although persons advanced in life are said to be ornamented on all parts of the body. Both sexes were tattooed in former years, the women to a greater extent and much more elaborately than the men. In addition to the ornamentation of the body, there is found in certain instances, a narrow band around the upper part of the forehead with little circles extending down upon the forehead and joined to the band by a stem. The lips were freely tattooed, as with the Maoris, with lines curving around the chin and extending towards the cheek-bones, while the entire neck and throat

were covered with oblique or wavy lines, with occasional patches of solid coloring. The Easter Island style differed from that of Samoa and other localities in that the designs in the former were only limited by the fancy and ability of the artist, whereas in the latter a standard was adhered to. The material used on Easter Island for tattooing was obtained by burning the leaf of the plant called "ti," which was moistened with the juice of the "poporo" berry. The tattoo comb was made of bone or several fish-bones fastened to a stick.

Among the Papuans, or natives of New Guinea, the bodies of the natives are for the most part scarified, as with the Australians. Deep cuts are made into the flesh, and heat is then applied, resulting in



HAND OF A MARQUESAS ISLANDER

swollen projections rising as much as half an inch above the surface.

The noted traveler and ethnologist, Dr. Alfred C. Haddon, in his book on "Head-hunters" states that the Eastern Papuans are all tattooed, but while the younger men appear to tattoo only the face, some of the older ones have patterns on the arms, legs and chests. The women also are tattooed more or less all over the body. Their skin is so dark, however, that the tattooing is not very clearly seen.

Some of the Western Papuans ornament their bodies by means of severe scars. This practice of scarification has ceased in the region of the Torres Straits and is diminishing on the mainland of New Guinea, but Dr. Haddon saw many men among the Torres



Straits Islanders and Western Papuans who tattoo themselves slightly in imitation of the Polynesians or Eastern Papuans.

At Babaka on the Hood Peninsula, Dr. Haddon persuaded one of the girls to allow herself to be tattooed, so that he might watch the operation. He writes: "The girl lay on the ground, and the operator held a special clay vessel in one hand, in which was a black fluid paste made from burnt resin; this being applied to the skin by means of a little stick. When the design was finished, a thorn was held in the left hand, while in the right hand was a small stick around which strips of banana leaves were wound. The thorn was lightly tapped with the stick until the pattern had been well punctured into the skin."

In New Caledonia there seems to be very little tattooing, but in its place black lines, running diagonally, are drawn across the breast with charcoal. The tribes bordering on Redscar Bay tattoo themselves freely; the men restricting it to the breast, cheeks, forehead and arms, while the women are so covered with blue spots that there is hardly a part of their bodies left unmarked. They use various patterns, the usual one consisting of double parallel lines, the intervals between them being filled with smaller patterns of zigzag lines. In the northwest part of New Guinea the Dory men scarify their bodies, and also tattoo their breasts and arms with figures of their weapons.

In the Marshall Islands the tattoo is used in profusion, both sexes being equally addicted to it. Wood, in his "Illustrated Natural History," gives a striking illustration of two young women of the Caroline Archipelago, with tattooed arms and bodies.

In the Pelew Islands, where clothing is entirely discarded, the absence of it is compensated by a complete tattooing of the body.

In South America tattooing is quite uncommon. Perhaps the Mundurucú tribe of Amazonians tattoo as elaborately as any, although not with much distinction of finish. They seem to have no idea of a curved or scroll-like pattern, and content themselves with straight lines. One of their favorite plans is to cover the whole body with a trellis-like pattern, the line crossing diagonally or at right angles. One man observed by a traveler had a large black patch on the center of his face, covering the lower part of the nose and mouth, while his body was decorated with a blue checkered pattern, and his arms and legs with stripes.

In Australia and in many parts of Africa the practice of scarifying the body or tattooing by cuts, but without the addition of coloring matter, is still in vogue. The scars usually run longitudinally (or alternately longitudinally and transversely) down the upper arms, while occasionally they appear also on the breast, somewhat in the shape of a fan, spreading from the center of the body to the

arms. One Australian chief was observed to be entirely covered from his neck to his knees with scars an inch broad, set closely together and covering the whole of his body.

The scars, as a rule, signify in part at least the district to which the person belongs. This system of gashing extends to the youths, nor are they entirely recognized as men until they have endured it. In this curious rite they are first forced to swallow blood fresh from the veins in their sponsors' arms; then they are placed on their hands and knees, more blood running over their backs so as to form a coagulated mass, and in this the pattern for the tattooing is then traced. A deep incision is next made in the nape of the neck, and broad gashes are cut from the shoulder to the hip on each side, about an inch apart. These are pulled open as widely as possible, while the men chant a kind of dirge. The ceremony is concluded by the men clustering around the initiated youth, giving detailed advice as to hunting, fighting, and concealing pain.

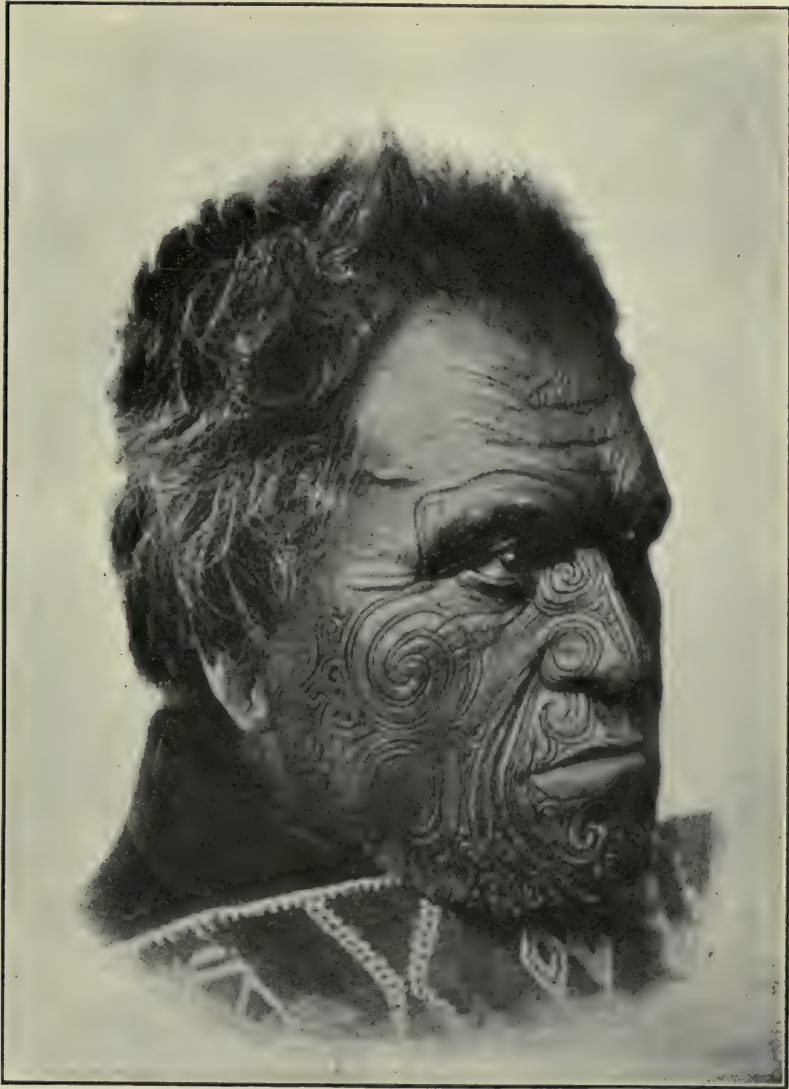
Tattooing by cuts leaving raised cicatrices prevails more or less all over Africa. On the west coast three cuts on each side of the cheek, in red and blue, seem to be the principal decoration. Dr. Holub, writing of the Koranna tribe, says: "They have among themselves a kind of free-masonry. When questioned, they confessed that they belonged to something like a secret society. One of them said, 'I can go all through the valleys inhabited by Korannas and Griquas, and wherever I go, when I open my coat and show these three cuts, I am sure to be well received.' Along the equator the tribes cover the entire body with scars, produced by raising lumps by slitting the skin and rubbing some irritant into the incision, and this mode of ornamentation is in vogue along the Congo up to Stanley Falls. The marks are all tribal. Thus, the Batéké are distinguished by five or six striated lines across the cheek-bone, while the Bayansi scar their foreheads with a horizontal or vertical band.

Several of the tribes of Borneo practice tattooing, the men sometimes being nearly covered, while others have stars on their breasts, and amulets and bracelets on their legs and arms.

The Malayan tribe of Dyaks tattoo from the breast to the knees with a sort of scale-armor pattern, while many tattoo their chins and chests so as to look as if they had real beards and moustaches.

The Kayan men have devices tattooed on the forearm and thigh, and frequently there is a rosette or circular design on the shoulder. The back of the hand and fingers are tattooed when the man has "taken a head." The Kayan women are tattooed all over the forearm and over the back of the hand. The thighs are also richly tattooed as well as the upper surface of the feet and toes. They follow in general the plan of decoration adopted by the Samoan warriors.





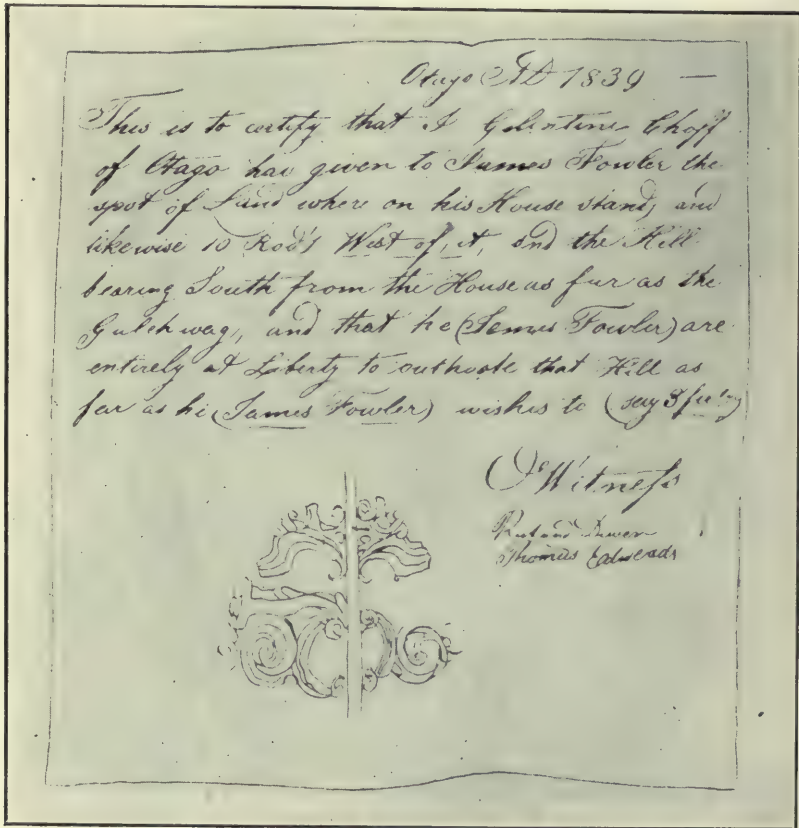
A NEW ZEALAND MAORI

The Iban women (Sea Dyaks) do not care much for tattooing, but most of the men have adopted the practice from the Kayans. They admit that the marks are Kayan designs. The Ibans probably belong to the same stock as the original Malays, and if this is so, the Iban migration may be regarded as the first wave of the movement that culminated in the Malay empire. A very repulsive example of tattooing was observed in the Burmese empire, where a young noble's body was encircled with thirteen fabulous birds in vermillion, each one standing on a monkey's head. The monkeys, which were done in blue, grinned on the backs of thirteen blue hogs.

In Japan tattooing is chiefly confined to the lower classes, whose

shoulders, arms and thighs are decorated with such figures as are seen on porcelain. Cinnabar and India ink are the pigments used. A thief who has stolen within a specified amount of property has a circle tattooed on his arm; for the second offense he is beheaded.

North of Japan lies the island of Yezo, which is occupied largely by the Ainos, who are believed to be the aborigines of Japan, and who were driven northward by the Japanese conquerors. Some of the Aino women are quite prepossessing and are much sought by the Japanese for wives. They practice the strange custom of tattooing



SIGNATURE OF CHIEF GOLONTINE KOROKO (NEW ZEALAND)

their lips, in imitation of moustaches, which adds a strange effect to their features. This tattooing is done by degrees, requiring nearly a year for its completion. The tattoo is obtained from the bark of the birch, a pipe of which is burnt under a kettle until the bottom is well blackened by a thick coating. With a knife the woman makes a few incisions on the part to be tattooed, after which she takes some of the soot upon her finger and rubs it well into the gashes she has made. Several applications result in two dark blue bands, which will last for several months.



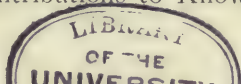
The natives of the Andaman Islands, Admiralty Islands and Solomon Islands tattoo by means of gashing, first by way of ornament and secondly to prove their power of enduring pain. Women generally are the operators, and they now use a piece of glass, but formerly a flake of quartz was employed. The marks here, as in Africa, are tribal, and consist of lines down the back and front. The face is never tattooed in the Andaman Islands, but in the Admiralty Islands



A MAORI HEAD IN THE GOTTINGEN MUSEUM—THIS SHOWS MUCH POST-MORTEM WORK

all the women are tattooed with rings around the eyes and over the face, and in diagonal lines over the upper part of the front of the body.

Among the North American Indians, the women are rather fond of tattooing themselves, producing blue and red patterns by having charcoal and vermilion rubbed into the punctures. The tattooing on a Haida chief is well shown in an illustration in Volume XXI (Plate 4, Fig. 2) of the "Contributions to Knowledge," published





JAPANESE MAN

by the Smithsonian Institution. It represents "Oolala," a mythological being in whom the Indians of Queen Charlotte's Islands have great faith. Half a man and half a bird, this "skookum," or evil spirit, is supposed to inhabit the mountains and to live on either whales or Indians. The Serrano Indians of Southern California formerly practiced tattooing, the designs upon the cheeks or chins being also drawn or incised upon trees or posts which marked the boundaries of the individual possessions. In the northern part of California only the women tattoo, and the custom is said to have originated there from the necessity of having some means of identifying captives taken during war. Hence the lines are in reality marks of





JAPANESE MAN

tribal distinction. The Klamath Indians of Oregon content themselves with a single line of black running down over the middle of the chin. The women have three lines, one from each corner of the mouth and one from the center of the lower lip, reaching down to the end of the chin. Half-breed girls have only one line, in the middle of the chin. The material used is generally some root or finely powdered charcoal, and the pricking is produced with a sharply pointed piece of bone, thorns, fish-spines, or (more recently) needles.

The Eskimo women tattoo themselves, and in some places cover their limbs and other parts with various patterns. Others tattoo the forehead, cheeks and chin, generally indicating thereby that they are



JAPANESE MAN AND WOMAN

married. The word "Kakeen" is their equivalent for tattoo. The following account of the operation is related by Captain Lyons, who submitted to it from a desire to personally experience the ordeal:

"Having furnished herself with a fine needle, she (the operator) tore with her teeth a thread off a deer's sinew, and thus prepared the sewing apparatus. She then passed her fingers under the bottom of the stove pot, from whence she collected a quantity of soot. With this, together with a little oil and much saliva, she soon made a good mixture, and taking a small piece of whalebone, she then drew a variety of figures about my arm. I had, however, determined on having only a few strokes, so that her trouble was in some measure thrown away. She commenced her work by blackening the thread with soot, and taking a pretty deep but short stitch in my skin, carefully pressing her thumb on the wound as the thread passed



through it, and beginning each stitch at the place where the last had ceased. When she had completed about forty stitches, I thought fit to allow her to desist; then rubbing the part with oil in order to staunch the little blood which appeared, she finished the operation. The color which the Kakeen assumes when the skin heals is of the same light blue as we see on the marked arms of seamen."

Among criminals in various parts of the world, secret hieroglyphics often form the tattoo marks. The following specimen was observed in Portugal by Dr. Peixotto—doubtless some magical formula used in early Roman times to drive away fevers. It reads:

Sator  
Arepo  
Tenet  
Opera  
Rotas.

It will be observed that the letters read the same vertically or horizontally.

Summing up the information which has been presented, it may be said that there are two principal methods of tattooing (1) by making cuts in the flesh so as to leave a cicatrised mark, but generally without the addition of any coloring matter; and (2) by drawing a pattern on the skin which is afterwards pricked in, and to which various coloring matters are applied, so as to produce a permanent picture.

Magitot, the ethnologist, has classified the methods employed in tattooing by localities as follows:

1. *Tattooing by pricking*, the needle being passed straight into the skin at different depths. The method prevailed in Polynesia, excepting New Zealand, in most of the Marquesas Islands, in Easter Island and Micronesia, New Guinea, at the Papuan groups and the Dayall group at Borneo. In South America it prevailed among the Charruas, certain tribes in Brazil, the Guaranis, the Pampeans and the Patagonians. In North America, among the Indians. In Africa, among the Kabyles, the Arabs, the Egyptians, the Nyam-Nyams, the Senegambians, and the tribes on the banks of the Senegal. In Asia, among the Sengli of the Island of Hainan, the ancient Koreans, the Baitos and the Ouen-chin of Japan, the Koussilis, the Aleutians, the natives of Formosa, the ancient Annamites, and a savage people in the southwestern part of China.

2. *Tattooing by simple incision*. This was practiced in Melanesia, by African tribes at Loango, Makoundi, Mangandja, Machinja, on the east and south banks of Lake Tanganyika, in Guinea and in New Zealand.

3. *Tattooing by ulceration or burning*. This was the method employed by the Huns of Attila; in Tasmania, Australia, Guiana, by the New Guinea tribes of Papuans, the Mincopies, the Negritos, and

the Alfouras; also in New Caledonia, in the Soudan, in Mozambique and in Zululand.

4. *Hypodermic tattooing*. This consisted in passing a needle charged with coloring matter, generally soot, between the epidermis and the true skin, in a slanting direction, and was practiced by the Eskimos, the Tchouktchis, the Greenlanders, and to some extent in Italy.

5. *Mixed tattooing*. Throughout Europe this combination of numbers 1 and 4 is employed. In New Zealand and among some African and Algerian tribes the processes by incision and by pricking are used. In the Marquesas Islands the methods of pricking and by ulceration are combined in some cases.

Nat. Museum, Washington, D. C.

## SCHOOL-DAYS ON THE HASSAYAMPA

By LAURA TILDEN KENT.

### VIII.

#### *Jumbo and Other Burros.*



T'S AT least two miles to the school house. And there's that long, steep, hot hill to climb at the very end of the way. I don't see how the children can do it," said Isabel's mother.

This was the second summer since Della Green had been paid for teaching the camp-school—nobody had been deceived into believing that she had really taught it—and the school house on the hill had become central once more.

"You'd better let me teach you this summer, just as I do in the winter," she added, turning to the children as she spoke.

"Oh! *no!* You can't say we're not old enough now. Even Johnny's nine! Haven't we *got* to go, Jack?" "Jack" was what the boys called Johnny, and Isabel had fallen into the way of using the name.

"We can walk, *easy*. Honest, Mama!"

"Oh! please don't go and say we can't!" Isabel was beside herself with anxiety, and Mrs. Thorne knew it. She relented a little.

"You'll be so tired!"

"Oh! goody!" said Isabel, understanding that she had gained her point.

"I could let them ride Old Jim, but I really need him now," suggested Mr. Thorne. And then he had a brilliant thought.

"I believe I could get Jones' burro," he said.

"Oh, do! Oh, that'll be fine. I always wished I had a burro!" cried Isabel.



And so, when Isabel and Johnny set out for their first day of this new term, they were riding on a very small, very meek-looking, mouse-colored animal.

"It doesn't hardly seem like he's big enough to carry us both, does it?" inquired Isabel of Johnny, as they made the journey for the first time, Isabel in the saddle, Johnny behind it.

"He's a lot stronger'n he looks," returned Johnny. And that statement they were to prove before many weeks went by, though on this first day Jumbo was very calm.

"We didn't have a bit of trouble with him, at all," declared Isabel, "except when we were coming home, he balked."

"He balked?" inquired her mother.

"Yes, *sir*, he did," cried Johnny. "We met two men in a big wagon—"

"An' he just stopped in the road and wouldn't go on any more," Isabel explained.

"And we beat him and hammered him with the stick we had, 'til we broke it—"

"And he *wouldn't go*," Isabel interrupted.

"And so the men—one of 'em—got out of the wagon and tried to lead him by—"

"And he *wouldn't go*," Isabel repeated shrilly. "And the man in the wagon said, 'Talk about stubborn as a mule! Mules can't hold a candle to them little devils!' And—"

"The man got behind and *pushed* him by the wagon," piped Johnny. "And he said some swearin' kind o' low!"

After this first experience Jumbo behaved very well for a few days. Then, one morning, he ran away. The children fell off; and it was necessary to catch Jumbo and make a new start, when he walked very meekly to school.

On the next morning he ran away again, and he repeated this performance, with a fair degree of regularity, about twice a week. The children learned to stay on, at last, and then he tried a new maneuver. He waited until he was more than half way to the school, and then he started violently, jumped to one side, whirled, in spite of Isabel's best efforts at the bridle, and flew back along the road he had just traveled.

Isabel and Johnny picked themselves up out of the rocks at the roadside, and limped home, whither Jumbo had preceded them. It did not occur to them to give up the effort to ride to school that morning, and they had remounted their steed at their own door, before their mother saw them.

"What is the matter?" cried Mrs. Thorne, rushing out in time to prevent their getting away unobserved.

"He whirled around with us, but we'll be watching him next

time! We'll have to hurry back now, or we'll be late," answered Isabel and Johnny, anxious to escape without giving the details of the mishap. Mama might not let them ride Jumbo, if she knew the worst! And they hastened away, followed by their mother's still alarmed questions.

"And he can lope now! He can lope fast enough when he runs away! He can lope now! He'll be late anyhow!" Isabel said indignantly.

They were late. Prim little Miss Elliott met them at the door.

"How is it, Isabel, that you are so exceedingly tardy?"

Isabel told the story, and the children, as well as Miss Elliott, listened with respect.

At recess, which came very soon now, Miss Elliott again spoke to Isabel.

"You seem to limp a little, dear," said she kindly. "Were you hurt by the fall?"

"A little," Isabel admitted.

"Where?" Miss Elliott inquired, but cautiously, so that the boys who were standing about might not hear.

"On my leg," responded Isabel cheerfully, but not very low.

Miss Elliott looked a little fluttered at this intelligence, glanced nervously at the boys, and then said:

"Well, just stay quietly here. Don't walk around, for you may cause an inflammation in your limb. I'm going home for one moment."

"Aw, come an' play 'dare-base,' Isabel," begged the boys.

"Miss Elliott said not to, and my leg does hurt just like everything where the burro stepped on me," Isabel objected.

"How much skin 'd he take off?" inquired the boys, growing interested.

"A piece 'bout the size of his foot, I think," said Isabel.

And then Miss Elliott came in and sent the boys away. She took Isabel into the tiny room back of the school-room, and after a glance around to assure herself that no boys were peeping, she bade Isabel display her injury, and Isabel presented a much-battered knee to Miss Elliott's horrified eyes.

"What a very painful injury it must be! My dear child, you must have been suffering greatly!" she breathed sympathetically.

"It hurt a good deal," Isabel replied cheerfully, while Miss Elliott gently rubbed the knee with arnica. "But I guess we've got to get used to things like this if we have this burro long!"

"Oh! my child!" said Miss Elliott, "I should think that he isn't at all a safe animal for you. Can't your papa procure a more gentle donkey?"



"If this one throws us off much more, I'll ask him," Isabel promised.

The next morning she proposed a new plan.

"I'll tell you what, Jack! Let's not have any saddle on him today, because when there is a saddle, I can't slip off like you can when you're on behind, and I can't stay on, so I have to get thrown off. And if we had a surcingle and a blanket, I could ride sideways, and *get* off if he started to run. And then I'd hold on to that bridle, and I guess the hateful old thing wouldn't get away from us then!"

"Bully scheme!" Jack agreed.

"Mama's got cup-custard for our lunch!" Isabel exulted a few minutes later as she slipped her arm through the bail of the lunch bucket that Jack handed up to her. "If there's anything I *like* for lunch, it's cup-custard!—Only," she added, as Jack took his place behind her, and Jumbo ambled gently away, "it makes the bucket heavier, and if this hateful old thing should try to run away, it might sort of tip me off before I wanted to go."

"I don't hardly b'lieve he'll run away today. He did yesterday, and he waits—"

Jumbo probably heard this speech. He suddenly started at some imaginary wild creature on the road before him. He vaulted into the air. Then he would have whirled but for Isabel's jerk on the bridle. As it was, he flew straight ahead, quite forgetful that he hastened toward what had frightened him.

The children prepared to slip off, but poor Johnny fell instead, and the bank above the road was rocky. Isabel was partly unbalanced by the weight of the heavy bucket, which struck the bank as she descended. Her head had better luck than Johnny's, but since she held to the bridle, as she had promised to do, Jumbo dragged her, face downward, along the stony road, until the reins were broken. But as the way was narrow here, Jumbo could not conveniently pass them and run home. They captured him without that trouble.

"How's your head *now*?" asked Isabel as they came in sight of the school-house.

"Humph!" Jack replied sourly.

"Well, anyhow, he didn't get clear away from us," Isabel mused. "I look just perfectly terrible where he dragged me on the road, and my arm's just awful skinned, and you've got your head broke. But about the worst of all," she finished tragically, "is that cup-custard! Our lunch is going to be pretty slim today."

At night, when she told her mother the story, she ended with a cheering reflection:

"There's one thing," she said; "we didn't have to go clear home

for him, and that's an improvement. I shouldn't wonder if, by the time school's out, we could stay on him pretty well."

"You may be killed before that time," said her mother gloomily. When Mr. Thorne came home a little later she began to tell him that the children should not ride that burro again, but Mr. Thorne would not wait until she finished.

"I think I've made an arrangement that you'll like," he beamed. "I've been talking to Jim Murphy today, and he says he has several burros with young colts. Now, he's a kind-hearted fellow, and he doesn't like the idea of making those little things follow the pack-train all day. And then, they're in the way, too. So he's offered me four old ones, four colts and a yearling for—guess!" Mr. Thorne still beamed. "Fifteen dollars for the lot, mind you!"

"John Thorne! What do we want with *nine burros*?"

"Well, he wouldn't sell any other way. Wanted kind people to have the beasts, he said. And won't Dot want a burro? He says that these are perfectly gentle."

These burros did prove to be perfectly gentle. The colts made all the difficulty, for when they refused to go to school, their mothers grew balky, too. Mama and Dot were forced into service as drovers nearly every morning.

Then it was decided to teach both "grown-up" burros and colts a lesson, and one day Isabel and Jack urged two unwilling steeds to the school-house, and the colts stayed at home. The result Isabel gave to her mother that evening.

"Those burros brayed and brayed and brayed all day long, just awful," she told her. "An' just the minute Jack and I were on, they began to run, an' we pulled at our bridles an' couldn't make 'em stop, an' I had just a blanket, so when we went down the steep part I couldn't help slipping, an' so there I was clear on her neck, an' I thought I'd go over her head, but I didn't, an' my heels kept pounding her knees every step, but she didn't care a bit, an' I just had to hang on by her hair, an' a wagon was coming up the hill, an' when we passed it I tried to look like I was riding fast for fun—an' I wonder what the people thought!" Isabel stopped, convulsed with mirth.

"Oh! these animals are *not* safe! What shall we do?" cried her mother.

"That's very simple, I think," said Isabel. "You'll have to start the colts off with us *every* morning—if you don't mind, Mama."

And that is just what Mrs. Thorne did have to do.

Maxton, Arizona.



## THE FABULOUS

*By R. C. PITZER.*

### CHAPTER VII.

#### THE DOWNING RANCH.



**S**CAMMEL took Luke's horse by the bridle. "I'll trot the animals to the stable," he said, "and get that kid, and then we'll knuckle down to business. Walk around and look at the place. There ain't any dangerous dogs."

Luke hesitated, scowled at the open door, and then shrugged his shoulders. "Where's the bunk-house?" he asked.

Scammell noiselessly laughed. "It's shut up every fall," he returned. "Nobody 'll be near it until the cattle come in. You'll stay with Dow and me at the house. There's plenty of rooms."

"But she said—"

"Hump, yes; she's sore because I called her down in front of you, likely. I'll introduce you to Mrs. Downing. You'll stay with us until you take the trail again. Coon's used to running things high-handed, but she'll climb down before long—she always does. Don't pay any attention to her notions."

He clucked to the horses and trotted off, leaving the stranger alone before the empty verandah. Luke stared about him, searched his pockets, found a pipe, and, with that consolation visibly heating his nose, strolled away to examine the Downing Ranch houses, while awaiting Scammell's leisure and the appearance of Dow with the burros.

The residence itself was a long, low structure of rough stones and boulders, plastered together almost in the pioneer days, and bearing many and evident marks of unskilful workmanship, while in design it hinted of the Mexican adobe ranches farther south. The house was in a very park of silver spruces, whose straight trunks rose in geometrical patterns from the grassless and needle-covered gravel of the hillside. Passing to the rear, Luke entered a grove of apple-trees, old, twisted, gnarled, and of doubtful utility, with bare limbs hanging in desolation. The little orchard mounted the hill, and Luke, walking up the roadway, came out upon a broad plateau that stretched level and treeless to the first mountains of the Great Divide. To the left were several log-houses and stables, where Scammell was even then disappearing; to the right stood row after row of corrals, and beyond these a hedge of tall, bare cottonwoods. Luke walked riverward, and, reaching the hedge, wormed through a barbed-wire fence that stretched from tree to tree. Here the land fell away to the river, and within the fence stood several hay-stacks, while the ground to the edge of the water

was evidently under constant cultivation. Beyond, the land was hilly but farmed, and there, too, fenced with cottonwood trees. East of the plowed land, and directly north of the house, was a rocky gully running from the Liver Ridge Mountains, and at the mouth of this gully Luke noted a creek flowing into Saw River. Vaguely he remembered his uncle's map. It gave but two northern creeks; could this be one of them? He had taken out his pocket-book to compare landscape with paper, when he heard the clatter of a horse behind him, and turned, hastily concealing the book.

Smudge rode up to the wire, stopped, and drew his hat down over his little eyes, scowling with pug-nosed resentment.

"Say," the boy began, "what 'd you go an' tell Miss Coon I'd been boozin' for, hey?"

Luke put his pipe in his pocket. "My lad," he said, "you need a confoundedly good thrashing, and I'm just the man to give it to you. A little of your guff goes a long way. Everybody in this delightful country seems to pick me out to shy cans at," he added, half to himself, and therewith came through the fence.

Smudge looked alarmed and brought his horse's head up with a jerk, but he held his ground. "Come on," he piped, not offering to dismount. "I kin take a thumpin' when I'm right, but that's all I'll take from a sneak. First, you tell her you didn't give me no chaw, and then, when you seen I'd taken a thimble of whisky, sociable, with a friend, you've got to trot off and peach like a hellendam minister."

"So you were drinking?" Luke said. "You deserve a thrashing for that, too. And now look here, son, you just cluck to that horse and gallop away, or I'll make you feel as if you'd been riding a hundred miles on a mule. But as for the liquor, I didn't tell her because I didn't know, and because it doesn't matter a whoop to me whether you and Coon and the whole shebang drink vitriol or not—understand? Now, pike!"

"Excuse me," Smudge grinned, rather sheepishly. "Thought you was a Easterner, pardner. If you didn't tell her, I ain't got no kick comin'. Shake."

"No," Luke refused; "you're not my style."

"All right, but you're beginning to be mine. Say, did Scam give me away? Mommer! but Miss June sure smelt my breath and lit into me with a quirt. My legs and shoulders feel like I'd been investigatin' a beehive. She was takin' out her grudge agin you, I reckon—you and Dow."

"A lovely lady," Luke murmured. "She'd be a charming wife. But you deserved it, son, and Welcome deserves a double dose. He hardly impressed me as a fellow who would sell liquor to a child."



"Yeh? Think I wear 'broidery on my pants? Git out! Anyhow, Welcome didn't; it was Dow gave me the booze. He's back on the trail somewheres, about twice shot and double nasty, singing hymns an' cussin' Miss Coon. He'll git his." Smudge paused a moment. "Better git a cayuse and come out f'r a ride," he proposed. "It's a pritty summery day down at the shack, an' I'm goin' over to the Buster trail an' cool off. We kin git dinner at some of the camps and mosey home in time for supper."

"Camps?" Luke asked quickly. "Are the prospectors already in the valley from Buster?"

"Oh, yeh; they've been comin' in all week. You kin see a line of smoke along the trail mornin's and evenin's." Smudge rode to where no trees obstructed the view and expounded. "The Buster trail," he said, pointing to the northwest, "comes in about there, and crawls along the edge of the Liver Ridge, crossin' Cub Creek—that's the little trickle that's buttin' into Saw down there at your feet—and then goes farther in and winds on toward Pactolus over in the northeast. Sabe? There's about two 'r three hundred men pikin' along there, like a circus-parade or a Labor-day celebration. If you're boomin', you don't want to fool away much time, or there won't be a rock within twenty miles of Pactolus City that you kin stake out. It's all rotten foolishness. Cattle's the cheese. I'm goin' to own cattle. Cattle for little Smudgie every blame time. Comin' with me?"

Luke shook his head. "No," he said, "I don't run away from irritable ladies with quirts and tongues."

"She ain't this way often," Smudge protested. "Don't you go to thinkin' she's scrappy, 'cause she ain't. This is only the third time she's lit into me, and I reckon I deserved 'em, and more a-plenty. It ain't none of your funeral, anyhow; and she's kind-a irritable regardin' Dow. A lot of monkey bus'ness about nothin'. Well, so long!" Smudge touched his horse with a spur and cantered along the fence, while Luke turned back toward the house.

Dow Scammel was drunk! The tale sounded like the absurd and inconsequential lie of an irresponsible boy; but of course it was possible. Yet there seemed to be no reason for such an insanity, and for Dow to repeat the offense for which he probably had been exiled the moment that exile was ended, would be no less than insanity. It was wholly incomprehensible, unbelievable.

Returning through the orchard, Luke saw Mrs. Downing advancing on the roadway. She looked up, and beckoned.

"I started to see if I could be more successful in searching for you than Mr. Scammel was," she said, smiling rather nervously.

"He is hunting me?" Luke asked in surprise. "I didn't notice.

I was over beyond the corrals looking at your landscape and farm, Mrs. Downing."

"Yes, but he couldn't wait." She took Luke's arm in quite a friendly fashion. "He rode down the road to—see his son. You haven't known Downing long, have you?"

Luke briefly explained that his business was with the father, and that the son merely acted as a guide.

"Yes," she said absently. "It's quite incomprehensible. I beg your pardon. I'm silly. Of course I was thinking of Downing. I can't understand why the boy should do such a thing, now of all times. But you don't understand. He has—he has been—he is—"

"I saw your protege, Smudge," Luke said. "He told me. Dow did not impress me as that sort of a chap at all—not that sort ordinarily. I mean, not weak. He never seemed to crave stimulants, and why he should succumb now,—really, I can't quite believe it."

"It's true. Of course you know he was sent away once for just that—that, and things like that. He was coming back on sufferance today, and I was so glad. I've always liked the boy. It's very sad. It seems to be an ineradicable mania. Mr. Scammel is quite out of patience. He rode down to—I don't know what. As soon as Smudge told us, we sent for Mr. Scammel, and when he heard he stormed out of the house, merely calling that I was to look after you. As of course we would have been only too glad to do under any circumstances."

While she talked they turned into the piny avenue, and rounded the house, where a white van stood before the empty verandah.

"Welcome is here?" Luke asked.

"Yes; he and June are in the library. He saw Downing. The boy turned about and is going down the river. He realizes his condition, I suppose, and is afraid to come home. But don't let us talk of that. I was hoping he would be sensible. I'm sure what June said to him was for his own good. He need not have taken it so hardly and so foolishly."

"I can understand a man killing himself if the world isn't worth while," Luke said, "though I can't understand—liquor."

"Perhaps I shouldn't have mentioned the matter," she sighed. "I'm a trifle upset. It's like carrying on a family squabble at the dinner-table. But as you were with Dow, it's rather like speaking to one of his friends, isn't it?" She put her lips together and went into the verandah, where she slipped into a rocker and motioned to a nearby chair. Luke obediently took a seat. "And now," she said, with a sudden change of manner, dropping into the conventional and good-humored tones of a hostess, "you've had an opportunity to see our home. Does not it impress you, a city man, as



being altogether dreary and monotonous? You wonder how two women can possibly exist here?"

"Indeed, no!" Luke exclaimed; "no! I did wonder when I first heard of you, but the mountains have taken possession of me since then. Yesterday morning on the Pass, when I first caught sight of this valley, somehow I felt as if I were seeing home after a very long absence. I'm already forgetting what a city street is, and it takes an effort to recall the crowds. No, just now at least, I am too enthusiastic to do anything but envy you."

"That is one effect of the hills," Mrs. Downing smiled, "but it frequently vanishes. We often have a houseful of city guests in the fall, and I notice that the men are either quite carried out of themselves, or quite bored to death. Some are never in the house but to eat and sleep, and others are never farther than the apple orchard. And the women invariably sympathize with our hard lots, and yawn their heads off while they commiserate."

Luke laughed. "Do you know," he said confidentially, "I was awfully surprised by Miss Downing and you. Dare I tell? I expected to be asked about the rebellion, and the price of calves in Chicago; and here I've found—Well, my mother was a little woman, like you, and, like you, she always wore soft, clinging, black things that somehow made her seem young. She was more of a chum than a mother. Miss Downing—" Luke hesitated. In his memory remained her golden brown eyes, glowing like magnets, and he drew a deep breath. "She surprised me," he added.

"She generally does," Mrs. Downing gurgled. "But you mustn't mind. She's a girl of moods, and, really, what with that odd Welcome, and Smudge, and the rest of her pets and proteges, she usually finds something to worry over. She takes a great interest in the cattle, of course, and you must consider her more as a business woman than as a daughter of the ranch. Since very early girlhood she has had the cattle on her shoulders, you might say, and now she and Mr. Scammel run the place. I don't know what I'd do without her. A son could hardly manage things better."

"You are fortunate," Luke said. "I can see that you don't care much for business yourself—you are too much like my mother for that—and to have a child who understands money matters is somewhat of a blessing in this age. Mother had great expectations of me," he added, smiling. "I was the only child, and she had planned to see me a financial something-or-other, quite respectable, conventional, well-to-do, and churchy, don't you know? But I turned out a mere dreamer, incapable of making ten dollars in business, and more incapable of saving what might be given by the gods. Mothers are generally disappointed, I think. If they decide a child

is going to be a genius, it becomes a chap with a horror of starvation and dies a millionaire."

"I was disappointed," Mrs. Downing returned. "I can't think of those days with equanimity even now. Mr. Downing died quite suddenly, before June was born, and he left our finances in a terrible tangle. Not but what everything would have gone on well enough had he lived, but he had so many irons in the fire, and I really didn't know what to do, nor how to begin doing it. If it hadn't been for Mr. Scammel, I'm afraid I would have lost about everything. It was then I realized what a man in the house meant, a man with a head for business, and I did hope that June would be a boy. I'm quite old-fashioned; I believe in men. It takes a man to rule men. And women," she added. "But I did my best to make June a boy," she continued. "Until she was about twelve, I think she was rather doubtful of her sex, really, and she could throw a riata like a man. It was beautiful to see her. Then I put her in dresses and gave her a thoroughly business education, and though it isn't quite the same as a son, I think she does her best. She doesn't impress you as one of these soft, useless sort of women, like me, does she?"

"Indeed, no!" Luke said. "But neither is she the least bit manish. Keep her just as she is; she's perfect."

"Thanks," said June, dryly, from the doorway. "Didn't mean to overhear, of course. But, mama, you'll never get over asking advice of every one you meet. Mama has a habit of consulting each man who comes here about the best way to raise me," she added. "What is your advice, Mr. ——?"

"Winne," Mrs. Downing prompted.

"Yes; I forget names so easily. So you think I'll do just as I am?" she added, as she perched herself on an arm of her mother's chair and darted a demoralizing glance at Winne from under her heavy lashes.

Luke was incapable of coherent speech. His face was flushed with embarrassment, but his eyes glowed, and an ecstatic thrill—something between a sense of hearing cherubic harps and feeling satanic gridirons—tortured him. June had changed from her corduroy riding habit into a clinging house-gown, and in her new guise seemed a very personification of grace and purity of line.

"I'm afraid I was a little short with you this morning, Mr. Winne," she continued, (Luke vaguely wondered how he could ever have thought that ripe mouth big, or those rounded, dimpled cheeks merely brown.) "But I really didn't understand. I thought you some Kettleton friend of Dow, and as a rule I don't approve of his friends." She held out a hand over her mother's shoulder.



"Shall we kiss and make up?" she asked, again flashing her golden eyes at him.

Luke caught her hand and beamed. It was a firm, hard palm, and the handshake she gave him was vigorously masculine.

"I'd like to have you consider me a pirate every morning," he stuttered, "if you'll but change your mind at noon. It—it's awfully nice of you to—not to—eat me," he added, barely saving himself from an abject inanity.

"Yes, isn't it?" she smiled, withdrawing her hand. "But I may yet."

"I hope you do!" Luke exclaimed.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE ENVELOPE.

Seated on the western end of the verandah, where the warm April sun assisted in producing the pleasant torpor that should always accompany an after-luncheon cigar, Luke lazily smoked.

"This cigar, Miss Downing, is heaven," he said. "I smoked my last Havana on New Year Day,—ah! I swore off then, don't you know?" he hastily added. "Took to a pipe. I found that too many cigars were rather damaging me. And then I—couldn't afford it. But do you grow wonderful things like cigars out here, may I ask?"

"A friend sent me a box for a Christmas present," June laughed, "and I've kept it for the boys. They'll be here with the stock in a short time."

Mrs. Downing came out, with a black shawl of an ante-bellum pattern thrown over her shoulders, and Luke hastened to fetch her a chair.

"Mr. Scammel hasn't come yet?" she inquired.

June shook her head, and almost imperceptibly frowned at her mother. Mrs. Downing lay back in her chair with a smile of thanks at Luke, followed by a low sigh. Her face bore a worried expression, and she was nervous, fidgeting, and constantly peering out among the pines and down the winding avenue. The plateau itself was quite hidden by the dull green of the needles.

"We generally have more men here at meal-time than we had today," June said. "Mr. Scammel is off on business somewhere, I guess, and Smudge is gone, too. I had to teach him a lesson in obedience this morning, and I suppose he rode off in a pet."

"Yes," Luke smiled; "I saw him. He said he was going to get dinner from some camp on the Buster trail, and strongly advised me to—er—asked me to go along for the ride."

June's laugh tinkled. "Oh, dear!" she gasped, wiping her eyes. "I'll never get over that! Why didn't you go?"

"I wasn't afraid," Luke answered, bravely enough, though his eyes fell. "I wanted to stay."

"Dear," Mrs. Downing reproved June, "you should explain. Mr. Winne will think you have a terrible temper."

"Will you?" June asked.

"No," Luke returned; "Smudge explained without meaning to. It's a hard problem. I see that you are trying to make a more or less normal man out of the boy, and that you have everything in the way of heredity and early environment to contend with. I should judge from Smudge's talk that even the environment here, after the cowmen come for the summer, isn't wholly satisfactory. Of course you ladies do a good deal to counteract it, but he rather admires the lax masculinity of the bunk house. And, too, he's a trifle afraid of the men's ridicule. He let me see that."

"Thank you," June said; "I'm glad you told me. That is something I've feared, but he wouldn't acknowledge its truth to me. I must try to keep him away from the punchers as much as possible. He swears a good deal, doesn't he? Of course he is careful not to when I can hear."

"Yes, he swears. But I don't think you need to be at all dependent about him, Miss Downing. He cares for you and for what you think of him. In fact, he is very chivalrous where you are concerned. That, of course, tends to make him deceitful now, but it must change his nature as he matures. There is quite a manly streak in Smudge. With you ladies behind him I think he is bound to turn out well."

"Thank you," said June again; "I'm glad you understand, and can appreciate what we wish to do. If you could give any advice—. We don't know masculine psychology, and it's hard to tell exactly what to do with him. Mr. Scammel and his son take no interest in such things, and their advice is useless. Mr. Scammel merely says that Smudge needs hard knocks. I don't think so. Do you?"

"It depends on the definition," Luke reflected. "All boys need them at a certain stage of development. I think, though, that with Smudge the struggle should come after he is educated and can think. For a rather unsteady boy perhaps there is nothing better, all in all, than some business interest—something with a trifle of fighting, a good deal of education, and enough opposition to quicken his own stubbornness. Smudge is stubborn; if he set his heart on doing something worth while, the struggle itself would develop him. He has no actually criminal instincts, has he?"

"Not now," Mrs. Downing put in; "he had in Denver. He has been honest with us, perhaps out of a sense of loyalty."

Luke thoughtfully puffed at his cigar. "I suppose I'll be up here all summer," he said at last. "May I borrow him from you? I need



a packer if Dow isn't—ah—if I'm to be much alone; for Mr. Scammel will be here at the ranch most of the time. At least, I don't swear much or drink much, or set a particularly bad example, and the boy would be kept away from the men. Then, too, I could study him, and perhaps learn more about his aspirations than even Miss June can. He shows a tendency to confide in me. I might be of help."

"It's very good of you to offer," June returned, gratefully. "I've been fearing the punchers' return. Last summer Smudge was with them all the time. I'm sure you can be of great help to me."

"You are very kind," Mrs. Downing supplemented, less warmly; "but, June, do you think we can give Mr. Winne so much trouble?"

"Oh, no bother!" Luke cried. "Please, Mrs. Downing, I—" Then, realizing that perhaps he was too eager, he stopped. He fancied that both ladies must know why he wanted Smudge. "I need a helper, as I've said," he gulped; "and then—well, to be honest about it, Smudge will be a sort of a connecting link between you and me, Mrs. Downing. Perhaps when I'm working in the hills and get hungry for a real dinner and a civilized hour, I can use him as an excuse and come down to report progress."

Mrs. Downing smiled, but June turned her face away and sat silent, looking out into the spruces.

"You need not find an excuse to come," Mrs. Downing said; "we will be very glad to have you without excuses whenever your prospecting will permit. But, of course, if Smudge can be of help to you we will let you hire him. It should be good for the boy to work for himself. Shall we let him go with Mr. Winne, June, providing he cares to take the place?"

June tapped her shoe on the floor in abstraction. "I—" she began with hesitation, "I hardly know. As you say, it would be a bother to Mr. Winne."

Luke leaned forward. Instinctively he knew that June understood. "I won't beg," he said, "but I want him. I've explained why."

"But June," Mrs. Downing remonstrated, "a moment ago you seemed to like the idea."

"Very well," June said, almost below her breath, "you may take him, Mr. Winne." She rose and walked toward the steps, where, just then, Dad Welcome appeared. "And you must be sure to come and report often," she added. She turned to Welcome and waved her hand. "Fed your horses, Daddie?" she called. "Fetch a chair and join the club. I've a cigar ready for you. Shall I light it?"

Welcome chuckled. "Dare you to!" he cackled, dragging a chair over the floor.

June turned with mischievous eyes challenging Luke's. "Got a match?" she demanded in an exaggeratedly masculine manner.

"June!" Mrs. Downing cried in shocked surprise. "June! You'll make yourself sick!"

"Oh, I used to smoke cigarettes when I was a kid," she returned, and therewith lighted the cigar and handed it to Welcome. But with the action her momentarily ebullient spirits failed and she quietly resumed her seat, folding her hands in her lap and musing, while rather melancholy lines grew about her mouth. There was a long silence on the verandah, a silence that Welcome suddenly broke.

"Where's the man?" he uneasily inquired.

"Who?" Mrs. Downing asked. "Oh, Mr. Scammel, you mean? It's odd that you forget names so easily. He is out on the plateau somewhere, hunting Downing, I believe. The boy should have come on to the ranch. I am quite worried. You passed him, you say, going back down the valley?"

"Yes'm, I saw him near the big bend. He was hitting the back trail like a string of steers trying to shake off the horse-flies. He was sure traveling some, and he didn't say how-de because of the hymns he was singing. I've been kind of wondering if he had those burros packed with gold-dust. He acted like it, and kept on making church music about letting thy servant depart in peace, and lead kindly light, and such things."

"I haven't looked at all your books yet, Daddie Welcome," June interposed. "Are they in the wagon? Welcome brought me a set of Ibsen as a present," she said to Luke.

"Yes, I know. Mr. Welcome asked me whether the volumes were innocuous or something to that effect."

"And your answer?" June challenged him.

"I didn't have one then. It depends on the reader, doesn't it? Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to read Ibsen."

"And John Stuart Mill," June supplemented. "So the men say. Unfortunately, with us women ignorance is not bliss."

"I can't read plays," Mrs. Downing said, "and I never get a chance to see them, of course. I remember 'The Two Orphans' very well, however, and 'The Lady of Lyons.' June would enjoy them, as she is inclined to be romantic."

June dimpled. "Yes," she demurely acquiesced, "romanticism is lovely and progressive. My mind is full of adventurings, probably because we lead such a quiet, secluded life here. There is nothing more natural and thought-provoking than romantic happenings, such as yours have been, Mr. Winne; those of the trail, I mean, that you told us of at luncheon."

"They were real, at least."

"Yes, such things must happen as long as we have wildernesses,



outlaws, prospectors, and gold. If we had nothing but the gold, they would happen. That is one thing that so forcibly attracts me to romanticism. It casts such a halo over gold-hunting, gold-making, and gold-spending, don't you think, and makes a rather sordid reality seem ideal? Mr. Pickett, and Dow, and Whiskers and his Chinaman, are quite captivating idealists. So are all business-men, however. And you and Mr. Scammel have some idea of finding fortunes yonder, haven't you?" She waved her hand westward.

"A lost mine," Luke returned.

"Hey?" The pedlar pushed his hat back and stared. "Lost mine? Why, there used to be lots of them. There aren't any more, though. They've all been found. There used to be one up in the Liver Ridge, but it's gone."

"The Fabulous," Mrs. Downing said. "Mr. Downing and Mr. Scammel hunted it for years. I remember when that horse-thief stopped with us and showed the gold. We were living in a little cabin on the other side of the river, and the men hung young Musgrove on a tree farther up the gulch. I could never go through an experience like that again. Of course it was necessary to hang the man, but they might have taken him farther from the ranch. I couldn't sleep for a week afterward. You've heard the circumstance?"

"It wouldn't take a genius at guessing," June put in, "to guess that Mr. Winne has heard the story often. Come, now, hasn't Mr. Scammel inoculated you with his virus? And aren't you two going to make a final effort to find the Fabulous?"

"Yes," Luke acknowledged, "I'm interested."

"The cabin is still standing," Mrs. Downing continued. "Only last summer June and I rode over and looked at it. And the tree is there yet—the Hanging Tree it is now called. Mr. Welcome's wagon was there when we visited the place."

"I cache my traps under that tree above the ruined cabin every summer," Welcome said. "It seems a pretty good place to leave things, and I rather like it. I rather like it," he repeated. "There are two graves up on the hillslope and I go up there and sort of say hullo whenever I pass."

"The Musgroves," June said. "I don't like to think of all that, and I know none of it was necessary."

Welcome leaned back in his chair, his gnarled hands clasped above his head, and a puzzled frown on his face. "Quien sabe?" he grunted. "I guess nobody knows; I don't, though I'd like to. It's a funny proposition. But somebody was hung all right, and somebody died, and the mine disappeared, didn't it? Things happen when there's gold around, as Miss Coon says."

"June," Mrs. Downing corrected, rather sharply.

"Yes'm, June. But you see I forget she's a grown lady. Mostly I remember her as a little kid in pants, throwing her rope at my horse and whooping."

June blushed to the roots of her hair, and Mrs. Downing straightened with a gurgle of annoyance.

"I think we'd better go in," the mother declared; "it's still too early in the year to be comfortable out of doors. June, if you want to see the pedlar's books, now might be a good time." She stood, adjusted her shawl, and, visibly annoyed, left the verandah.

Luke rose. "May I go, too?" he eagerly inquired. "I'm interested in books, and if you don't buy the whole library, Miss Downing, I'd like to have a go at some of it."

"Keep your shirt on," Welcome cheerily advised. "I'm the librarian. You can have your chance tonight, and tomorrow or some day soon maybe I'll get rid of the rest to the prospectors. By now, I guess there's a regular parade going along past the Kettleton trail. I met one man hunting a ford; said he wanted to get across toward Cub, without having to wade Liver Ridge Creek. A slim man; told me to call him Bud. I sent him back to the ford."

"Tracey!" Luke involuntarily cried. His eyes happened to rest on June's face, and he stared.

"Tracey?" she asked with an odd catch in her voice. "Bud Tracey, you say? Rob?"

"Yes, I believe so." Luke would have given anything to recall his hasty exclamation; yet, too, a jealous curiosity urged him to add, "An old friend of yours, Dow told me."

"A classmate." She turned away with feigned indifference. "You rather startled me. Does Dow know he is here?"

"They saw each other. They seem to be enemies. At least, each warned me against the other. Dow was particularly bitter," he added, covertly watching her. "He told me a long rigmarole regarding a school feud. But if Dow was even approximately right, I can't say that I care to know anything more of Mr. Bud Tracey."

"Did he mention me?" she asked, lifting her eyes.

"Oh, no," Luke lied. He dared not risk breaking the new acquaintanceship by telling the truth. "Or but indirectly," he hedged. "They both seem to be naturally hot-headed and vindictive, and rather aboriginal."

"Mr. Tracey is a very good man, everything considered," June said; "and he is a friend of mine. He has the misfortune to be the son of a man I—can't bear to think of. I notice—excuse me for mentioning it—but I notice that you like to give judgments on persons before you know them. You are right about Dow, but Mr. Tracey's principal fault, or virtue you would call it, is that he sees too vividly the power of gold. If Dow told you anything really detrimental, except this, Dow lied, that's all. At least he had no right to make it public, now or then!"

She turned away, leaving Luke quite idiotic and speechless, and, despite his abashment, burning with hot anger against, not Dow, but Tracey; against Tracey, the lover of June Downing, and Luke Winne's rival!

Before June could join Welcome on the verandah steps, a horse



sprang among the pines and came tearing up the slope through the trees, regardless of the winding avenue. At the same instant Mrs. Downing appeared in the doorway and ran forward.

"Mr. Scammel!" the mother cried, with her hand at her throat. "Something has happened—June!—what has happened to Downing?"

Scammel drew his foamy horse to its haunches, scattering the gravel. "Winne!" he sharply called. His face was black and lowering, his mouth twitched convulsively, and anxiety lined his forehead. Luke sprang down the steps to meet him.

"Downing?" June's mother cried again. "He is—"

"He's all right," Scammel snapped. "He wasn't drunk. Welcome talked through his hat, as usual; ought to be run out of the country. I'll mix with him some time. . . . Winne, I want to see you at once." He turned his mount away.

"Not drunk?" Mrs. Downing persisted in wonder. "But Smudge said—"

"Smudge talked to save his skin. Dow's been a pretty sick man—colic—a bad dose. He asked the boy to unpack some liquor to ease the pain, and Smudge stole a drink; that's all."

"Sick!" Mrs. Downing cried. "But where is he? Why haven't you brought him here? Mr. Winne, you must join your friend at once and fetch him to the house. I'll have his room prepared."

Scammel grunted. "He's all right now," he said, more softly. "Don't worry, Mrs. Downing. I gave him some liniment; that's what kept me so long. And he can't come here; there are men poaching on our ground, and he and Winne will have to get there as quickly as possible if we're to do any gold-mining this summer. Dow's all right. It's just a matter of business. Coming, Winne?"

He trotted his horse around the house without answering Winne's flood of queries; but once out of hearing and sight in the apple-orchard, he stopped and fairly fell from the saddle.

"Quick, man, quick!" he cried, catching Luke by the shoulder. "The map! That brat of mine has stolen something from you. Is it the map?"

Luke blinked, gasped, and clawed at his pocket-book. "It was here," he said, trembling with a sudden nervous ague, "in the letter. I had it—he could have taken it—that's why he sent me from camp!"

Scammel snatched the envelope and tore it open. "Gone!" he belatedly, with a foul oath, and dashed the envelope to the ground.

"Gone?" Luke echoed in dismay.

"Oh, you burro! you fool! Rot him, he wants three-fourths of it! I'll make him go share and share! He—Oh, you idiot! You can walk home and be damned!" A stream of foamy blasphemy burst from his lips, and he cursed his son, himself, and Luke with ecstatic fervor.

Luke did not heed. "Gone!" he kept mumbling, as he stared at the white envelope. He stooped, picked it up, and a slip of brown paper fell out. Luke pounced upon it with a shout of relief.

"Here's the map!" he cried, breaking into hysterical laughter; "here's the map! See! This is the Fabulous! Dow got the letter!"

Scammel clawed at him. "Let's see!" he fairly sobbed. "Thank the Lord! It's the map! I've got the map!"

(To be continued.)

## ARKANSAW KATE'S LOVER

By CHARLES LEE SLEIGHT.



**T** FIRST glance the Rev. George Ward took the pale-visaged, frock-coated visitor for a brother clergyman, but when he noted the sinister gleam of his eye and the upward curve of his perpetually-sneering lip, he changed his mind.

"I'm Bill Henderson, your next-door neighbor," said the stranger, suavely, seating himself in the proffered chair, but ignoring the young clergyman's extended hand.

Ward eyed the man with increased interest. So this was Bill Henderson, one of the "bad men" of the town. He had heard much of him during his three weeks' residence in Jasper; of the deftness of those slim white fingers in manipulating a pack of cards; of the way in which he had fleeced many a miner out of his precarious earnings, sometimes by using as a lure the woman who had lived with him, known as Arkansaw Kate. As he studied the peculiarly pallid face and the snake-like eyes glinting beneath their drooping lids, he rejoiced that he had prevailed upon Arkansaw Kate to go back to her husband and children.

"I understand," continued Henderson, "that during my absence you have induced my—er—fair housekeeper to return home. Is that true? If so, may I venture to ask why you did it?"

"Yes, it's true," replied Ward, "and I did it purely from a sense of duty and pity, to save her from present sin and future misery. Kate is too fine a woman to be lost."

"Yes, she's a good-looker, all right. Are you sure you had no other motive than those mentioned?"

The suggestive tone and manner of the gambler brought the hot blood to Ward's cheek, and his big brown eyes flashed ominously. "Man! if I were not a minister!" he cried, his hand unwittingly leaping toward the table drawer, but before his fingers touched the knob he found himself gazing into the fore-shortened barrel of a leveled revolver.

"Being a minister won't save you," gritted Henderson, his accentuated sneer showing a gleam of white teeth; "for, by God, I'm going to kill you, just as I'd shoot any other damned sneak who entered my house and robbed me. I'll give you just one minute to say your prayers. Being a minister, you won't need much time to prepare for the other world."

Unwinkingly and without a tremor, Ward looked from the murderous weapon aimed at his heart to the murderous black eyes that seemed to pierce to his very soul.

"I have been told that Bill Henderson was brave," said he, holding out his hands, not in supplication, but simply to show they



were empty. "That he never shot an unarmed man in cold blood. I don't believe you can be Bill Henderson."

"Hell!" ejaculated the other, lowering his revolver, a sudden gleam of admiration lighting up his face; "you're a brave man yourself."

The consuming passion for helping men that had impelled Ward to come West, and the memory of his success in saving Kate, prompted the clergyman to make an effort to reclaim this man.

"Henderson," said he, "you know at the bottom of your heart that I have saved Arkansaw Kate from a life of misery and degradation. You *know* I did right. You know that it is cowardly and mean to kill a defenseless minister for doing good. I am sure that you despise the brutes who jumped on the Saviour and crucified Him. Yet you are about to do the same thing to a servant of that Christ. It isn't brave, it isn't fair and square, it isn't"—he paused, and noting the graceful pose and faultless attire of the gambler, added—"it isn't even gentlemanly."

Henderson slowly returned his weapon to his hip pocket, and with a smile that momentarily transfigured his face, quoted: "Galilean, thou hast conquered!" and turning upon his heel, left the house.

Ward drew a breath of relief and wiped the cold sweat from his brow, for the ordeal had been trying. Pulling open the table drawer, he glanced at the revolver which Kate had given him, with the significant words at parting: "You'll need it if Bill suspects that you have helped me away."

He had needed it, and, God forgive him! he had been tempted for a moment to use it. He was glad he had been restrained from bloodshed. Far better than killing a bad man was the helping him to become better. There was good in Henderson, after all. His better nature had been touched, and perhaps he could be saved, as Kate had been.

The following morning, while Ward was jotting down notes for a sermon in which he intended to show that no man is beyond reclamation, he was aroused by a sound next door like the blow of a whip, followed by the scream of a horse, and a volley of oaths in Henderson's voice.

On impulse he caught up his revolver and rushed out doors, and saw a huge black stallion trying to wrench himself loose from a post to which he was tied, while a few feet away stood Henderson hastily winding a handkerchief about his left hand.

"Bite me, will you, you black devil!" gritted the man as he knotted the bandage with his teeth and uninjured hand.

Picking up his whip, he stepped deliberately in front of the horse and raised his arm.

"Stop! don't strike him again!" cried Ward, springing forward.

But while he was speaking, the blow fell, and the whip was raised for a second stroke. Before it could be given, however, the maddened animal broke loose and, seizing Henderson by the coat, shook him to and fro and hurled him heavily to the ground. Then with a shrill scream he reared, and was about to bring his forefeet down upon his helpless master, when a ball from Ward's revolver crashed through his brain and he fell dead.

Ward helped the other man to his feet and inquired anxiously, "Are you hurt?"

For a minute Henderson clung to him and made no reply, but stared around as if just awakened from sleep. When his glance rested upon the fallen horse, a look of comprehension came into his face and he turned to the clergyman and said, questioningly, "You killed him?"

"Yes," replied Ward. "It was his life or yours."

An evil scowl darkened the gambler's brow. "I loved him," said he. "He had the devil's own temper, but I loved him. He was the only creature I did love, except Kate. You have taken her from me, and now you have killed the only friend I had left. Damn you! I'm going to shoot you now before you can do me any further damage!" and picking up Ward's own revolver, he slowly leveled it.

The clergyman stood spellbound, fascinated by the peculiar glitter of the other's eyes that gleamed like diamonds beneath their drooping lids.

Suddenly, "Cut it out, Bill!" came a sharp command from the road, and both men turned and saw Macpherson, the deputy sheriff, on horseback watching them. "Drop it, Bill! That's right," as Henderson, with a muttered curse, flung away the weapon and strode off. "Now, Elder, what's the row?"

After Ward had explained matters, the deputy continued: "He's full of dope. No, not drink; he takes some sort of drug, and it puts the devil in him. When he's himself he would never be guilty of drawing his gun on a defenseless man. Leave him alone. He'll go off and find Kate, and so the town will be rid of two bad eggs."

"But he doesn't know where she lives, and surely she'll never go off with him a second time."

"He'll find her and get her, all right. Bill usually gets what he goes after."

Ward shivered apprehensively, for if he himself had felt the hypnotic, impelling power of Henderson's eyes, he could imagine what an influence the man must exert over a passionate woman like Kate, who perhaps still loved him.

He determined to watch him closely, and if he saw any indica-



tions of his leaving town, to follow him. For several days, however, he was unable to get sight of the man anywhere. He seemed to have dropped out of existence entirely. Finally he went to the deputy sheriff and inquired about him.

"Bill?" said Macpherson, with a short, unpleasant chuckle. "Oh, it's just as I told you. He's found out where Kate went and has followed her."

"Where did she go?" demanded Ward.

"I don't know. But I can start you on Bill's trail, if you like."

Three days later Ward had traced Henderson to a village near Kate's home, and had found out her real name and where she lived, and early the next morning he knocked at the open door of the forlorn little farmhouse that had been described to him.

The person who appeared in the doorway was evidently Kate's husband, a drab-hued man with pale hair and whiskers and pale blue eyes.

"I'm the Rev. George Ward, and I'd like to see your wife," said the clergyman, without any preliminaries.

"Oh, you're the preacher that sent Kate home," returned the man, with just a momentary gleam of curiosity in his hopeless eyes. "We-ell, she's gone."

"What! again? with that man?" exclaimed Ward, aghast.

"Yes; doggone him!"

The expletive was drawled forth without a particle of emphasis.

"When did she go, and where?" asked Ward.

"About sun-up, I reckon; and they took the road over yonder," pointing toward the north. "I followed their trail a ways. I reckon they rode double at first, and then Henderson got off and walked."

"Did he take your horse?"

"Gosh! I wish he had!" exclaimed the man, with his first display of enthusiasm. "I'd 'a' got together some of the neighbors, and we'd 'a' pumped him full of lead. No," with a relapse to his usual apathy, "he just took my wife, that's all."

At that moment two children appeared in the doorway. The younger, a dear little fellow of three years or so, eyed the clergyman an instant doubtfully, and then trotted up to him confidently and held out his arms. Ward took him up, and as he felt the warm little body nestling against his breast, his eyes grew misty, and he wondered how Kate could ever leave such a helpless baby for the sake of a selfish brute like Henderson. Mother-love had brought her home once; perhaps it would do so again.

"Let me take this boy and your horse for a few hours, and I believe I can get her back," he said. "The child will be safe

enough, and this will help pay for the horse if anything happens to him," and he placed his watch and chain in the man's hands.

At first the man mildly demurred, but finally he apathetically consented. As Ward was riding away, he called after him, "Sa-ay, you'd better take my shot-gun."

"I have a gun," returned the clergyman, grimly tapping his pocket, "but I hope I shall not need it."

For some miles there was little difficulty in tracking the fugitives. Kate was well known in the neighborhood, and, moreover, she and her companion were both too uncommon in appearance to escape notice. Several times Ward was held up by suspicious men who recognized the horse and child, but upon telling his errand he always received a hearty "God-speed," which he gratefully accepted, and an offer of assistance, which he promptly declined. One strapping young fellow who, from some remarks he dropped, had apparently been a rejected suitor of Kate's, was determined to accompany him.

"You've just got to take me along, Elder," said the young man. "I think a heap of Kate, and it's my funeral as well as yours."

"I fear it would be Henderson's funeral if you went with me," said Ward. "No, no; I don't want the man killed, but the woman saved. This baby will bring her back without bloodshed."

"All right," finally acquiesced the man. "But if in a couple of hours I don't see you and her a-coming down that hill yonder, I'll follow you with my rifle."

About noon Ward stopped at a farmhouse to procure a drink of milk for the child. Upon making the usual inquiry for the two fugitives, he learned to his dismay that no one answering to his description had passed by that way, so there was nothing to do but retrace his steps. Some distance back he discovered a lane leading off from the main road, and noticing fresh hoof-prints in the sod, he turned into it at a venture.

The dismounting to open and close the gate disturbed the drowsy baby, and he murmured fretfully, "I 'ant my mamma."

"Please God, we'll find her soon," said Ward, settling himself again in the saddle, and tilting his hat to shade the tousled little head from the sun's rays.

The lane led to a thick grove, and he followed it a little way through the trees until suddenly the neigh of a horse ahead brought him to a halt. Slipping to the ground, he fastened his own horse to a sapling, and quietly proceeding on foot, came to an open glade, where he saw Henderson and Kate seated upon the grass, eating a lunch.

"Hands up, Bill Henderson!" he called, covering the gambler with his revolver.



Henderson sprang to his feet and promptly did as he was ordered. Kate also arose and approached the clergyman.

"Keep out of range!" warned Ward, backing to the spot where Henderson's horse was tied.

"Give me my baby!" demanded Kate. "Give him to me—quick—before there's any shooting!"

"Get in the saddle and I will," said Ward.

As he passed the child to her, the little one half awoke and murmured, "I 'ant my mamma."

"You've got her, darling," cried the mother, hugging him convulsively, "and she'll never leave you again."

Slipping her foot into a stirrup, and handing her the rein, Ward gave the horse a slap and sent him trotting down the lane. For just one second he lowered his weapon and allowed his glance to follow her; when he turned again he found himself looking straight in the muzzle of Henderson's revolver.

"My turn now. This is three times and out," said the gambler with a sardonic grin. "Drop your gun! That's right. Now I'll shoot you, and then I'll go and get Kate and keep her."

"She will never go with you again," said the clergyman quietly. "She just said so."

"She did? That settles it then, for Kate never lies."

His face worked convulsively, and his arm dropped to his side. "In that case," he began; "in that case—I don't see—the use—"

Suddenly he paused, cried out in a loud voice, almost a shriek, "Kate!" and fell prone to the ground.

Ward rushed forward and worked over him for some time trying to resuscitate him, but his efforts were in vain. The man was dead.

West Somerville, Mass.

## THE PACK TRAIN

By JESSIE DAVIES WILLDY.

**D**USTY mules, and dusty packs,  
Winding down the mountain road;  
Saddles rubbing sweating backs  
Underneath each heavy load.

Harness creaking at the straps,  
Buckles jingling, sing a song,  
Swinging thro' the hilly gaps  
As the pack-train jogs along.

Jangling down the rocky trails  
To the cool, deep water-pools;  
With necks outstretched and switching tails,  
Go the thirsty braying mules.

Dusty mules, and dusty packs,  
Winding down the mountain road;  
Saddles rubbing sweating backs  
Underneath each heavy load.

Colorado Springs.

## PIMA MYTHS

*By FRANK RUSSELL*



**A**FTER a time they began to play kints again, and Yellow Coyote lost as before. After he had lost all his property he wagered his body and soul, which Sandy Coyote won. Then the latter killed him and ate his flesh. Yellow Coyote's wife was pregnant at that time and later gave birth to a boy. When this boy was about nine years old he went out one day and met Sandy Coyote, who was bringing in a deer on his shoulders. A piece of the deer fat fell, and the boy picked it up, concealing it in his armpit. Sandy Coyote asked him if he had seen anything of the fat, but the boy said he had not. Sandy Coyote searched him and found the fat, which vexed him so that he thought to treat the lad as he had his father. "Let us play kints together," said he. The boy told his mother about it, and she cautioned him not to gamble, as that was the cause of his father's death. For fear that he might do so she took him that night away toward the east. It was raining, but she carried fire with her in a small olla. She took up her residence in the Superstition mountains, where they lived upon herbs and grass seed. One day while the mother was away gathering seed the boy killed a bird with his little bow and arrows. When she returned he declared that he had killed a bird, but she would not believe that he had done it. But they buried the bird in the ashes and ate it. After that the boy killed many birds, rats, cottontails, and large hares. From time to time his mother made larger arrows and a heavier bow for him. One day he came running to his mother asking for a yet larger bow that he might kill a mule deer. She told him that only a grown man and not even he single-handed could kill a mule deer. But he insisted, saying that he could kill it. So she made the large bow, and he went away with it. When he reached the place where the deer was and was creeping close upon it a soft whistle reached his ear. He looked around and saw Mountain Lion coming toward him. When Mountain Lion came up he said, "Wait here and I will kill the deer for you." He was as good as his word and brought the deer and also gave the boy his bow, arrows, quiver, and clothing, at the same time telling him not to let his mother know who had killed the deer, but to tell her that a man had given him the other things. The mother went with the boy and tried to find a track, but she could find nothing. After that the boy killed plenty of deer. One day he shot a deer which escaped with an arrow in him.

One day as Vulture was returning to his home near Maricopa he saw a dead deer with a strange arrow in it. He took both deer's meat and arrow home with him and showed it to the people who



gathered according to their custom about him. He asked whose arrow it was, but no one could tell him. Sandy Coyote was in the company and recognized the arrow, but was too much ashamed to speak. Then Vulture said, "I think I know the arrow. I have heard of a boy living in the west who was ill-treated, so that he and his mother were driven away to the mountains. I think they must have found a home somewhere in this country, for this is his arrow."

Sandy Coyote admitted that it was his son's (nephew's) arrow. "Give it to me, and I will some day go there and give it to him," he said. The next day Sandy Coyote searched for and found his brother's widow and her son. When he reached their house he went in and saw them eating a dish of meat. "Here, take your arrow," said he. "You shot a deer, which carried it away and your father's brother found it, brought it to his home, and inquired whose it was. At last they said it was yours, so I bring it to you." The boy said nothing, but took the arrow and put it away. After the boy and his mother were through eating they put away the remaining food without a word.

Sandy Coyote turned to leave, making an attempt to whistle to show his indifference to the coldness manifested toward him, but he only succeeded in shedding tears. "What is the matter with you that you cry so?" said the boy; "when I was younger and lived with you, you never gave me meat, but I did not cry."

A long time after that the woman said to her son, "I am going home to my own people, where I may get something to bring to you, and then you may go and play kints with Sandy Coyote, who killed your father; I think you are clever enough to beat him now." For many days he waited for his mother to return, and at last he went after her. On the way he saw two attractive girls approaching him. Turning aside, he lay down beside the trail and began to sing a pleasing song just after the girls had passed him. Surprised at hearing a voice behind them, they looked back to see whence it came, but could find no one. They saw nothing except a dead body that was well advanced with decay. When they started on they heard the singing again, but when they renewed the search they could find no living person. The younger said, "It must be this decaying corpse that is singing."

"Let us go," said the elder; but the younger refused, saying, "I am going to take that dead body, for I can see it winking." So she took it to her home and left it while she went to gather grass seed. Soon the younger girl wanted to return to the house.

"You want to go back to that putrid corpse," said the elder; "you crazy thing!"

"Well, I am going; and if you are going to stay here, stay as long as you like." So the younger woman got ready to go home, but the

other also got ready and accompanied her. When they reached the house the younger went in and found a handsome young man, to whom she went without a word. The elder girl called her several times, asking her to come and help cook some food. At last the elder girl came and discovered the young man, and she also came to him. But the younger said, "You scolded me for bringing him here; now you may go out and leave him to me."

Finally the young man said, "Go out, both of you, and cook something for me to eat; I am hungry." So they both went to do as he wished. The next day the husband of the two young women came home, and was very angry at finding the young man there.

"Put up one of your wives," said he, "and we will have a game."

The young man said, "I have nothing to wager." But the husband replied, "Put up one of your wives." Then the young man said, "You must put up your shirt." And it was the turn of the husband to reply, "I have no shirt."

"Yes, you have."

"No, this is my skin," he answered, scratching his breast until the blood came.

"It is not your skin; it is your shirt. If you do not believe me, I will take it off you and then I shall win the wager from you." "I agree," said the other. So the young man took the husband of the women up by the hands and shook him, and he dropped dead out of his skin.

At this time the young man's mother came, and they took the two young women with them to their home. Soon he went to play kints with Sandy Coyote, taking with him beads, deerskins, and other things to wager. As he journeyed he sang:

Vasohona, vasohona, aikinyamuginu yangai ku-uli.

Vasohona-a, vasohona.

Over there, over there, you pay me my father old.

Over there, over there.

As he went along he took some white stones, which he made to resemble white birds' eggs. These he put in a little nest which he made. When he reached his uncle's house he told Sandy Coyote that he had come to play kints with him. They got ready to play and put up their wagers, but the young man said, "It is about time the birds laid their eggs."

"No," said Sandy Coyote, "it will be two or three months from now before they begin to build their nests."

"As I came along I saw that the dove had already laid her eggs."

"No; you are lying to me."

Then the young man said, "Well, if I go and bring those eggs to you and show you that I was telling the truth I shall win our wager, if I do not bring them you shall win." So the young man went out



and brought the eggs. After the wager had been paid they prepared for another game and another wager was laid. When they were ready the young man cut his toe-nail and threw it into the west, where it hung, looking like the rim of the new moon.

"Look at the moon there in the west," said he.

"No; we are having a full moon now," said Sandy Coyote, "it is in the east; you are lying to me. How could the full moon be in the west in the evening?"

"Well, suppose you look. If you find any moon you shall pay me the wager, and if you do not then I shall pay you." So Sandy Coyote looked and saw the supposed moon and came back and said, "You win."

Again and again they played and again and again the young man won.

When they were ready to play kints Sandy Coyote said, "Sit there; it is your father's place."

But the young man answered, "No; I shall sit here and you may sit there. If you wish me to sit there you must carry me there. If you can carry me there you will win all we have wagered this game; if you cannot, then I shall win."

So Sandy Coyote thought he could do it easily, and took hold of the young man to carry him to the other side, but he found the man so heavy that he could not move him. So Sandy Coyote lost again, and was compelled to admit that he had lost all that he had. The young man said he would like to have Sandy Coyote wager himself, if he had nothing else, and the other agreed to this.

When they were ready to throw the kints the young man said, "Your cane is looking at me very sharply; I would like to have it turned the other way."

Sandy Coyote replied, "No one can move it in any way. I cannot, nor can you."

"Well, suppose I pull it out and turn it the other way, then I shall win the wager; and if I cannot, then you shall win."

The other agreed; so he got up and moved the cane around as he wished, thus winning the final wager. Then the young man grasped Sandy Coyote by the hair and shook him until he dropped down dead. Taking all that he had won, the young man went home.

After a time his mother said she would like to go where her people were living. After some preparation they started on their journey. At the end of the first day they camped. During the night the mother turned herself into a gray spider. The second day they went on again and camped in the evening. That night the elder wife turned herself into a black spider. At the end of the next day's journey they camped again, and that night the remaining wife turned herself into a yellow spider. The young man was left alone the

next day, but he hoped to reach his mother's people, and so journeyed on until nightfall, when he camped. During the night he turned himself into a rough black lizard.

Even to this day Coyote is known as the wise one. It is dangerous to kill or harm him, for he will avenge himself by stealing or doing worse mischief. He knows well the house of the one who tries to injure him, no matter where the deed may have been performed. And yet he is not always unfriendly, for if he is heard to cry out as if jumping it is a warning that the Apaches are near and danger menaces.

#### CHILDREN OF CLOUD.

When the Hohokam dwelt on the Gila and tilled their farms about the Great Temple that we call Casa Grande, there was chagrin among the young men of that people, for the prettiest woman would not receive their attentions. She would accept no man as her husband, but Cloud came out of the east and saw her and determined to marry her. The maiden was a skillful mat-maker, and one day she fell asleep when fatigued at her labor. Then Cloud sailed through the skies above and one large rain drop fell upon her; immediately twin boys were born.

Now all the men of the pueblo claimed to be the father of these children. After enduring their clamors for a long time, the woman told her people to gather in a council circle. When they had come, she placed the children within the circle and said, "If they go to anyone it will prove that he is their father." The babies crawled about within the circle, but climbed the knees of no one of them. And so it was that the woman silenced them, saying, "I wish to hear no one of you say, 'These are my children,' for they are not."

When the boys had reached the age of 10, they noticed that their comrades had fathers and they inquired of their mother, "Who can we call father? Who can we run to as he returns from the hunt and from war and call to as do our playmates?"

And the mother answered: "In the morning look toward the east and you will see White Cloud standing vertically, towering heavenward; he is your father."

"Can we visit our father?" they inquired.

"If you wish to see him, my children, you may go, but you must journey without stopping. You will first reach Wind, who is your father's elder brother, and behind him you will find your father."

They traveled for four days and came to the home of Wind. "Are you our father?" they inquired.

"No; I am your uncle. Your father lives in the next house; go on to him." They went to Cloud, but he drove them back, saying, "Go to your uncle and he will tell you something." Again the uncle sent them to the father, and four times they were turned away



from the home of each before their father would acknowledge them.

"Show me that you are my children," said he; "if you are, you can do as I do." Then the younger sent the chain lightning with its noisy peal across the sky. The older sent the heat lightning with its distant diapason tones. "You are my children," exclaimed Cloud; "you have power like unto mine." As a further test he placed them in a house near by where a flood of rain had drowned the inmates. "If they are mortals," thought he, "they will be drowned like the others." Unharmed by the waters about them, the children demonstrated their power to survive, and Cloud then took them to his home, where they remained a long time.

When they longed to see their mother again, Cloud made a bow and some arrows different from any that they had ever known, and gave to them. He told them that he would watch over them as they journeyed, and admonished them against speaking to anyone that they might meet on the way. As the boys were traveling toward the westward, they saw Raven coming toward them, but they remembered their father's injunction against speaking, and turned aside so as not to meet him. They also turned aside to escape meeting Roadrunner, Hawk, and Eagle. Eagle said, "Let's scare those children." So he swooped down over their heads, causing the boys to cry from fright. "Oh, we just wanted to tease you, that's all; we don't mean to do you any harm," said Eagle.

Thus they journeyed on until they met Coyote. They tried to turn aside in order to avoid him, but he ran around and put himself in their way. Cloud saw their predicament and sent down thunder and lightning, and the boys by their magic power added to the bolts that flashed before the eyes of Coyote until he turned and fled.

It was on the mountain top that the boys were halted by Coyote, and one stood on each side of the trail at the moment when they were transformed into the largest mescal that was ever known. The place was near Tucson.

This is the reason why mescal yet grows on the mountains and why the thunder and lightning go from place to place—because the children did. This is why it rains when we go to gather mescal.

#### SKULL AND HIS MAGIC.

Once there was a pretty girl who was unwilling to marry anyone. All the young men brought presents of game to her parents, but none found favor in the eyes of the critical maiden. At last, to the surprise of neighbors and kinsmen, she chose for her husband one who was a man by night and a skull by day. Then all laughed at the marriage, saying, "One man in this valley has a bone for a son-in-law."

One morning the crier of the village made this proclamation:

"Today we hunt deer in the mountains to the northward!" Skull went ahead of the party and hid in a defile in the mountains. When the hunters came driving the game before them the deer all fell dead at the sight of gruesome Skull; so the people had an abundance of venison without the trouble of trailing and killing. Thus it was that Skull rose in their regard and ridicule was no longer heaped upon him.

The next day had been appointed for the foot race in which the runners would kick the ball. Skull entered as one of the contestants, though his neighbors laughed and said, "How can one ball manage another?" But when he reached the goal a winner, the last voice of contumely was silenced.

#### ORIGIN OF THE HORSE.

Two brothers who lived apart from their kinsfolk were skilled deer hunters. Day by day they followed the deer and antelope, and when their chase was successful they carried the game home on their shoulders. This was heavy work, and at last the elder, in the goodness of his heart, took pity on his younger brother, saying: "You must help me to carry out my plans and I shall become transformed into something that will be useful to you. Shoot an arrow through my body from front to back, and another from side to side; cut me transversely into four pieces and throw them into the water. In four days you may come back and see what has happened."

When the younger man, sorrowing and wondering, had obeyed, he returned to find four strange animals which we now call horses, two males and two females, colored black, white, bay, and yellow or "buckskin." He was not frightened, for his brother had given him warning, and he had provided himself with a rope, which he tied around the neck of one of the horses, took a half hitch in its mouth, and rode it home, driving the others.

Thereafter horses multiplied in Pimería and in time all were provided with mounts, though had it not been for the sacrifice of the good brother we should never have had any.

#### ANOTHER VERSION.

At the time when Rsârsûkatc A-âtam confined the game animals in the cave at Aloam mountain, our people were living between Casa Grande and Tucson. Among them were two unhappy brothers, one blind and the other lame. One day as the elder was lamenting, crying, "Why am I lame?" and the other was crying, "Why am I blind?" they suddenly heard a peal of thunder and a voice said, "Take care! Take care!" At this they were frightened, and the younger opened his eyes to see and the elder sprang to his feet and walked.

Then they went to hunt for game, but the Rsârsûkatc A-âtam had cleared the ranges of every living thing that could supply the Pimas with food, so that the brothers wandered over mountain and mesa without success until they were gaunt with hunger. Then the elder told his brother that he would die for the latter's sake and that after a time the younger brother should return to see what had been the result of his sacrifice. When the young man returned he found two horses, a male and a female.





## The Relation of A Piano to the Home

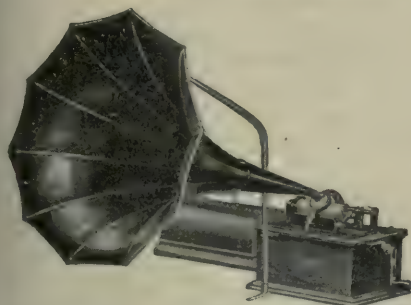
In providing a piano for the home, we encourage the cultivation of the greatest refinement the children have—the study of music. The effect of good music on proper character building is as certain in its results as we are all certain that music is pleasant to hear.

## THERE IS NO REASON

Why your home should not have a piano. Our Splendid Line of the World's Best Pianos and our Liberal Payment Plan Makes it almost obligatory on your part to own a piano—**See Us About a Piano Now.**

Home of

**The Victor**  
*and...*  
**The Edison**



When you are ready for a Talking Machine, COME TO US. Our collection of Victors is the finest on the Coast. You can ALWAYS find what you want here. RECORDS by the THOUSAND. All sizes, all kinds, all prices. We have for years been the recognized headquarters for

**Everything in Music**  
Our Pianos, Pianolas, Music Boxes

Are all the standards in their line. Come—visit our store, see the immense stock of everything musical and you will ever after make it your shopping place.

**Our Payment Plan**

Enables every one to have music in their home.

**Southern California Music Co.**

Agents for Regina Music Boxes and Victor Talking Machines

**332-334 S. Broadway, Los Angeles**

**San Diego Riverside San Bernardino**

**Home also of the Pianola**

# Out West Magazine Company

CHAS. F. LUMMIS, President

C. A. MOODY, Vice-President and General Manager

W. S. DINSMORE, Treasurer

R. M. SHEPPARD, Secretary

W. B. MOSELEY, Business Manager

CHAS. E. BABCOCK, Circulation Manager

PUBLISHERS OF

## OUT WEST

Edited by { CHAS. F. LUMMIS  
CHARLES AMADON MOODY

Published Monthly at Los Angeles, California

Entered at the Los Angeles Postoffice as Second-class Matter.

**Advertising Rates** . . will be cheerfully furnished on application. Special dis- counts allowed on 3, 6 and 12 month contracts. Rates of cover-pages and other preferred spaces (when available) will be named on application. The publishers reserve the right to decline any advertising not considered desirable. Size of column  $2\frac{1}{2} \times 8$  inches—two columns to the page. Last advertising form closes on the 15th of month preceding date of issue. Advertisers are earnestly requested to instruct as early as the 5th whenever possible.

**Subscription Price** . . \$3.00 a year delivered post-free to any point in the any other country. United States, Canada, Cuba or Mexico. \$3.75 a year to

All manuscript, and other matter requiring the attention of the editor, should be addressed to him. All letters about subscriptions, advertising or other business, should be addressed

**OUT WEST MAGAZINE COMPANY**

312-316 Mason Opera House Bldg., Los Angeles, California

## California Industries

Eucalyptus growing as a commercial proposition is occupying the attention of many thousands of persons in all parts of the United States. In California thousands of acres are being planted by private individuals and corporations, and great tracts are being subdivided and sold to small investors.

There is no question that Eucalyptus culture will solve the question of the future hard wood supply of the United States and that large profits will accrue to those who invest money in legitimate Eucalyptus propositions.

To the end that "Out West" readers may be fully informed, any one who is thinking of investing in Eucalyptus should write for an "Out West Report" on the subject. Address

**OUT WEST MAGAZINE CO.**

Department Out West Report

**LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA**

N. B.—OUT WEST will shortly publish a comprehensive article on the Eucalyptus industry which will cover the question fully and completely.

**ANYVO THEATRICAL COLD CREAM**

prevents early wrinkles. It is not a freckle coating; it removes them. ANYVO CO., 427 North Main St., Los Angeles



# NOTICE

## GET AN OUT WEST REPORT

Owing to the great number of letters received by the OUT WEST Magazine asking for information regarding localities, companies, and general subjects pertaining to the Pacific Coast, the Southwest and Mexico, it has been decided by the business management to open a department, in charge of competent persons, for the purpose of supplying reliable information and reports. The service is free and dependable—to all alike—and on any subject or locality embraced above.

An "OUT WEST REPORT"—a personal letter giving the desired information in detail so far as we have it or can obtain it, will be sent the enquirer—also literature on the subject where such is issued.

Persons desiring information regarding any particular locality will, by writing us, be supplied with an "OUT WEST REPORT" giving the information desired, also literature on the locality where any is issued.

Anyone desiring to find the locality best adapted for their particular purpose will, by writing and stating exactly what is wanted, receive an "OUT WEST REPORT," telling where it can be found and giving complete information regarding the locality, with literature on same if any is issued.

If information is desired regarding any particular land or mining company, an "OUT WEST REPORT" will give all the reliable information that it is possible to get on the subject.

If a new location is desired for reasons of health, let us know what is wanted or required, and an "OUT WEST REPORT" will immediately put you in touch with a suitable location.

If a hotel of a particular class is desired, write us telling just what is wanted, and we will send an "OUT WEST REPORT" telling where to find exactly the place.

If uncertain as to just what is wanted, where wanted or how to get it, and it pertains to the Pacific Coast, Southwest or Mexico, write us at once for an "OUT WEST REPORT" on the subject.

An "OUT WEST REPORT" can be depended on—all information will be prompt, complete and reliable. We have nothing to sell, except magazines and advertising space.

This department service is open alike to our subscribers and others. It costs the enquirers nothing, and may save much by helping to avoid expensive mistakes.

Always get an "OUT WEST REPORT"—then you are sure.  
Address all letters of enquiry to,

### OUT WEST MAGAZINE

Dept. OUT WEST REPORT

Los Angeles, California

**NOTE**—OUT WEST guarantees nothing more than the correctness of the statements in "OUT WEST REPORTS." It cannot guarantee that any particular investment will be profitable, or any particular place agreeable to the individual.

The department is conducted by the business management of OUT WEST,—not by the editorial staff.

# Magazine Clubs for 1910

OUT WEST .....\$1.50  
Cosmopolitan ..... 1.00  
American ..... 1.50

OUR PRICE \$2.50; value \$4.00

OUT WEST .....\$1.50  
American ..... 1.50  
Good Housekeeping ..... 1.25

OUR PRICE \$2.50; value \$3.25

OUT WEST .....\$1.50  
American ..... 1.50  
Success ..... 1.00

OUR PRICE \$2.50; value \$4.00

OUT WEST .....\$1.50  
Good Housekeeping ..... 1.25  
Cosmopolitan ..... 1.00

OUR PRICE \$2.50; value \$3.75

OUT WEST .....\$1.50  
Cosmopolitan ..... 1.00  
Success ..... 1.00

OUR PRICE \$2.50; value \$3.50

OUT WEST .....\$1.50  
Country Life ..... 4.00  
Outing ..... 3.00

OUR PRICE \$5.50; value \$8.50

OUT WEST .....\$1.50  
Country Life ..... 4.00  
Leslie's Weekly ..... 5.00

OUR PRICE \$6.00; value \$10.50

OUT WEST .....\$1.50  
Delineator ..... 1.00  
Everybody's ..... 1.50

OUR PRICE \$3.05; value \$4.00

OUT WEST .....\$1.50  
Designer ..... 1.00  
Success ..... 1.00

OUR PRICE \$2.30; value \$3.50

OUT WEST .....\$1.50  
Forest and Stream ..... 3.00  
National Sportsman ..... 1.00

OUR PRICE \$4.00; value \$5.50

OUT WEST .....\$1.50  
Forest and Stream ..... 3.00  
Outing ..... 3.00

OUR PRICE \$5.50; value \$7.50

OUT WEST .....\$1.50  
Good Housekeeping ..... 1.25  
Suburban Life ..... 3.00

OUR PRICE \$4.00; value \$5.75

OUT WEST .....\$1.50  
Hampton's Magazine ..... 1.50  
Review of Reviews ..... 3.00

OUR PRICE \$3.60; value \$6.00

OUT WEST .....\$1.50  
Hampton's Magazine ..... 1.50  
Woman's Home Comp'n ..... 1.50

OUR PRICE \$3.00; value \$4.50

OUT WEST .....\$1.50  
Harper's Magazine ..... 4.00  
Good Housekeeping ..... 1.25

OUR PRICE \$5.20; value \$6.75

OUT WEST .....\$1.50  
Harper's Magazine ..... 4.00  
World To-Day ..... 1.50

OUR PRICE \$5.20; value \$7.00

OUT WEST .....\$1.50  
Human Life ..... 1.00  
National Magazine ..... 1.50

OUR PRICE \$2.85; value \$4.00

OUT WEST .....\$1.50  
Human Life ..... 1.00  
Success ..... 1.00

OUR PRICE \$2.65; value \$3.50

OUT WEST .....\$1.50  
Independent ..... 2.00  
Review of Reviews ..... 3.00

OUR PRICE \$4.30; value \$6.50

OUT WEST .....\$1.50  
Independent ..... 2.00  
Success ..... 1.00

OUR PRICE \$3.25; value \$4.50

OUT WEST .....\$1.50  
McClure's ..... 1.50  
Review of Reviews ..... 3.00

OUR PRICE \$4.00; value \$6.00

OUT WEST .....\$1.50  
McClure's ..... 1.50  
Woman's Home Comp'n ..... 1.25

OUR PRICE \$3.00; value \$4.25

OUT WEST .....\$1.50  
National Sportsman ..... 1.00  
Great Southwest ..... 1.00

OUR PRICE \$2.45; value \$3.50

OUT WEST .....\$1.50  
National Sportsman ..... 1.00  
Outdoor Life ..... 1.50

OUR PRICE \$3.05; value \$4.00

OUT WEST .....\$1.50  
National Sportsman ..... 1.00  
Sunset ..... 1.50

OUR PRICE \$2.80; value \$4.00

OUT WEST .....\$1.50  
National Magazine ..... 1.50  
Designer ..... 1.00  
Success ..... 1.00

OUR PRICE \$3.20; value \$5.00

OUT WEST .....\$1.50  
National Magazine ..... 1.50  
Great Southwest ..... 1.00

OUR PRICE \$2.60; value \$4.00

OUT WEST .....\$1.50  
Outing ..... 3.00  
National Magazine ..... 1.50

OUR PRICE \$4.45; value \$6.00

OUT WEST .....\$1.50  
Outing ..... 3.00  
Sunset ..... 1.50

OUR PRICE \$4.30; value \$6.00

OUT WEST .....\$1.50  
Outing ..... 3.00  
National Sportsman ..... 1.00

OUR PRICE \$4.30; value \$5.50

OUT WEST .....\$1.50  
Pearson's Magazine ..... 1.50  
Outing ..... 3.00

OUR PRICE \$4.55; value \$6.00

OUT WEST .....\$1.50  
Pearson's Magazine ..... 1.50  
Scribner's ..... 3.00

OUR PRICE \$4.80; value \$6.00

OUT WEST .....\$1.50  
Pearson's Magazine ..... 1.50  
Sunset ..... 1.50

OUR PRICE \$3.05; value \$4.50

OUT WEST .....\$1.50  
Sunset ..... 1.50  
American ..... 1.50

OUR PRICE \$2.75; value \$4.50

OUT WEST .....\$1.50  
Sunset ..... 1.50  
Woman's Home Comp'n ..... 1.25

OUR PRICE \$3.00; value \$4.25

OUT WEST .....\$1.50  
Sunset ..... 1.50  
World To-Day ..... 1.50

OUR PRICE \$3.10; value \$4.50

OUT WEST .....\$1.50  
World's Work ..... 3.00  
Delineator ..... 1.00

OUR PRICE \$3.55; value \$5.50

OUT WEST .....\$1.50  
World's Work ..... 3.00  
Everybody's ..... 1.50

OUR PRICE \$3.50; value \$6.00

OUT WEST .....\$1.50  
World To-Day ..... 1.50  
Hampton's ..... 1.50

OUR PRICE \$3.00; value \$4.50

Write for prices on any magazine or club.

Established agents may take orders for any of these clubs at the above prices, and retain the regular commission. Anyone desiring to become an agent may do so by sending two orders with first remittance.

**PACIFIC SUBSCRIPTION COMPANY**  
315 Mason Opera House Bldg. Los Angeles, California



# MAGAZINE BARGAINS

We have made a select list for 1910 -- ORDER NOW, as many publishers will soon increase their subscription price.

OUT WEST and		Total Value	Cost	OUT WEST and		Total Value	Cost
Ainslee's Magazine	\$3.30	for \$2.65		Ladies' World	2.00	1.65	
American Boy	2.50	1.95		Leslie's Weekly	6.50	4.90	
American Farm Review	1.75	1.50		Life	6.50	5.55	
American Homes & Gardens	4.50	3.80		Lippincott's Magazine	4.00	3.05	
American Home Monthly	2.50	1.80		Little Folks (Salem) new	2.50	2.10	
American Magazine	3.00	2.00		McCall's Mag. and Pattern	2.00	1.60	
American Photography	3.00	2.30		McClure's Magazine	3.00	2.45	
American Poultry Advocate	2.00	1.55		Magazine of Mysteries	2.50	1.90	
American Poultry Journal	2.00	1.60		Metropolitan and Rural Home	1.70	1.50	
American Thresherman	2.50	1.80		Metropolitan Magazine	3.00	1.95	
Argonaut	5.50	4.45		Modern Priscilla	2.25	1.80	
Atlantic Monthly	5.50	4.80		Motor Boat	3.50	2.90	
Black Cat	2.50	1.90		Musician	3.00	2.30	
Blue Book	3.00	2.55		National Home Journal	2.00	1.60	
Bohemian	3.00	2.30		National Magazine	3.00	2.20	
Book-keeper	2.50	1.95		National Sportsman	2.50	2.05	
Bookman	4.00	3.40		New England Homestead	2.50	2.05	
Breeder's Gazette	3.25	2.20		New England Magazine	3.00	2.65	
Burr McIntosh Monthly	4.50	3.55		New Idea (N. Y.) fashions	2.00	1.65	
California Cultivator	2.50	2.05		Normal Instructor	2.25	1.75	
Cassier's Magazine	4.50	3.80		North American Review	5.50	4.50	
Century Magazine	5.50	4.90		Orange Judd Farmer	2.50	2.05	
Children's Magazine	2.50	1.95		Outdoor Life	3.00	2.30	
Christian Herald (N. Y.)	3.00	2.30		Outing Magazine	4.50	3.55	
Commoner	2.50	1.80		Outlook	4.50	3.80	
Cosmopolitan	2.50	2.00		Overland Monthly	3.00	2.30	
Country Life in America	5.50	4.30		Pacific Monthly	3.00	2.05	
Craftsman	4.50	3.55		Pearson's Magazine	3.00	2.30	
Current Literature	4.50	3.55		People's Home Journal	1.85	1.50	
Delineator	2.50	2.20		Petaluma Weekly Poultry J'n'l	2.50	1.80	
Designer	2.25	1.80		Pet Stock Magazine	2.00	1.60	
Dressmaking at Home	2.50	1.95		Photo Era	3.00	2.05	
Educational Foundations	4.50	2.30		Physical Culture	2.50	2.05	
Electric Railway Journal	2.50	4.00		Pictorial Review and pattern	2.50	2.00	
Electrical World	4.50	4.00		Popular Science Monthly	2.50	2.05	
Engineering News	6.50	6.05		Poultry Culture	2.00	1.55	
Engineering Record	4.50	4.00		Poultry Herald	2.00	1.50	
Etude (for music lovers)	3.00	2.45		Poultry Keeper	2.00	1.55	
Everybody's	3.00	2.40		Poultry Success	2.00	1.60	
Fanciers' Monthly	2.25	1.80		Primary Plans	2.50	1.90	
Farm and Ranch	2.50	2.05		Puck	6.50	5.30	
Farm Journal (5 years)	2.50	1.95		Putnam's Magazine	4.50	2.80	
Farm Poultry	2.00	1.55		Recreation	4.50	3.55	
Field and Stream	3.00	2.30		Red Book	3.00	2.55	
Forest and Stream	4.50	3.25		Reliable Poultry Journal	2.00	1.55	
Forum	3.50	2.90		Review of Reviews	4.50	3.30	
Game Fanciers' Journal	2.00	1.55		School Journal	2.50	2.10	
Garden Magazine	2.50	2.00		Scientific American	4.50	3.90	
Gentlewoman	1.70	1.50		Scribner's Magazine	4.00	3.80	
Good Housekeeping	2.75	2.00		Short Stories	3.00	2.30	
Good Literature	1.85	1.50		Smart Set	4.50	2.80	
Graphic	4.00	3.40		Smith's Magazine	3.00	2.50	
Great Southwest	2.50	1.70		Southern Cultivator	2.50	1.90	
Green's Fruit Grower	2.00	1.55		St. Nicholas	4.50	3.90	
Green Book Album	3.00	2.55		Strand Magazine	3.00	2.70	
Grizzly Bear	2.50	1.95		Suburban Life	4.50	3.30	
Gunter's Magazine	3.00	2.50		Success	2.50	2.00	
Hampton's Magazine	3.00	2.30		Sunset Magazine	3.00	2.05	
Harper's Bazar	2.50	1.35		Teacher's Magazine	2.50	2.10	
Harper's Magazine	5.50	4.80		Technical World Magazine	3.00	2.30	
Harper's Weekly	5.50	4.80		Theatre Magazine	5.00	4.00	
Health	2.50	1.80		Toilettes	3.50	2.80	
Health Culture Magazine	2.50	1.95		Travel Magazine	3.00	2.30	
Holland's Magazine	2.50	2.05		Van Norden Magazine	3.00	2.20	
Home Needlework	2.25	1.90		Vogue	5.50	4.80	
House and Garden	4.50	3.55		Watson's Jeffersonian	2.50	1.80	
House Beautiful	4.00	3.60		West Coast Magazine	2.50	1.80	
Housewife	1.85	1.50		Whist	2.50	2.20	
Human Life	2.50	1.95		Woman's Home Companion	3.00	2.20	
Hunter-Trader-Trapper	2.50	2.05		Woman's National Daily	2.50	1.90	
Independent	4.50	3.30		World To-Day	3.00	2.00	
Inland Poultry Journal	2.00	1.55		World's Chronicle	3.00	2.05	
Jeffersonian (weekly)	2.50	1.95		World's Work	4.50	3.55	
Judge	6.50	5.90		Young's Magazine	3.00	2.20	

ALL SUBSCRIPTIONS ARE FOR ONE FULL YEAR. Subscriptions may be new, renewal, or extensions. Magazines may be sent to one or to separate addresses. Additional postage is charged on Canadian and Foreign subscriptions. If you do not find what you want, send us your list, and we will quote you the lowest possible price. We will duplicate any offer made by any reputable agent, agency, or publisher.

## PACIFIC SUBSCRIPTION COMPANY

315 Mason Opera House Bldg.,

P. O. BOX 625,  
Sta. C.

Los Angeles, Cal.

# A QUESTION...

*Are you a Fancier of Poultry, Dogs, Pigeons and Pets for pleasure or profit*  
**?**

Then you want the Fanciers' Journal of the Pacific Coast, the paper that is read by every Poultry-Keeper and Dog and Pet-Stock Fancier from British Columbia to Mexico—the

## PACIFIC COAST FANCIER'S MONTHLY

It was established in 1883, and is beautifully illustrated, handsome and interesting from cover to cover. Every prominent breeder advertises in its pages, and if you want to keep posted in all that goes on in the Poultry, Dog and Pet-Stock world of California and the rest of the Pacific Coast you need the Fanciers' Monthly.

The Fanciers' Monthly is the Pioneer Poultry Journal of the Pacific Coast. It has always been and is today recognized all over the United States as the poultry magazine of the West, thoroughly practical, strictly up-to-date—not a luxury but a necessity, if you want to make poultry pay.

The Fanciers' Monthly has for ten years been a favorite with breeders of Dogs, Pigeons and Pets. It pays its readers and it pays its advertisers.

The Fanciers' Monthly is beautifully illustrated, brim full of good reading, and is a prime favorite with successful breeders.

The Fanciers' Monthly costs but little. No person who keeps fowls or pets, few or many, can afford not to take it. Try it! Accept nothing claimed to be just as good. There is but one Fanciers' Monthly. It has many imitators, but no equals.

Send your address and \$1.00 and receive the Fanciers' Monthly regularly for two years, being but fifty cents, or it will be sent on trial one year for seventy-five cents.

ADDRESS

FANCIERS' MONTHLY :: :: San Jose, California

# Redwood

# City



Plant of The Frank Tanning Co., Redwood City, Cal.

**T**HE county seat of San Mateo County. One of the oldest towns in California, yet one of the newest and most up-to-date. At the head of navigation on an arm of San Francisco Bay, and certain to become an important manufacturing center.

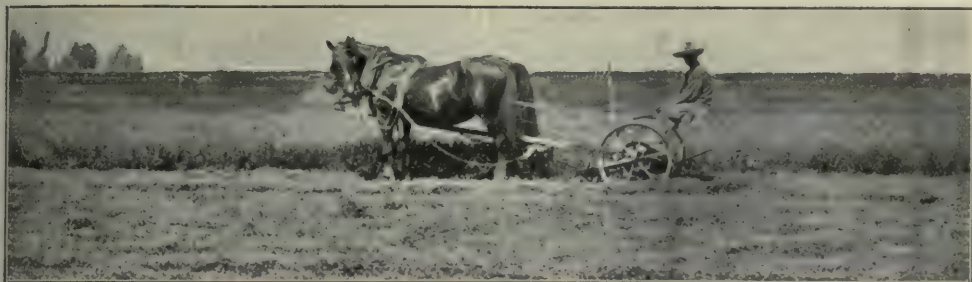
*For full particulars address any of the following:*

Curran Clark, Real Estate, 147 Main St., Redwood,  
or, Russ Bldg., 235 Montgomery Street, San  
Francisco.  
Redwood City Commercial Bank.

Redwood City Realty Co., Inc., Redwood City.  
Savings & Trust Co. of San Mateo County.  
Redwood City Lumber Co.  
Edw. F. Fitzpatrick, Attorney-at-Law.



## SIX TO EIGHT CROPS OF ALFALFA YEARLY AND A HOME IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA



OUR NEW PLAN BOOK tells how you can secure 5 to 40 acres of Southern California's most fertile irrigated valley land. IT TELLS how you can have the same put under cultivation for little money. How big profits are made annually upon your investment without moving or giving up present business until ready.

\$1,500 PER ACRE is being made from these rich valley lands growing fruit. YOU can do the same. BY OUR PLAN you get a BIG PROFIT from your investment the second year and it increases yearly. *Nothing like it ever offered before.*

WRITE TO-DAY for our new plan book, etc. DO IT NOW.

**NATIONAL HOMESTEAD ASSOCIATION** Dept. x. 644 Chamber of Commerce Bldg.  
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

A Book With New Ideas

## Scientific Living

FOR PROLONGING THE  
TERM OF HUMAN LIFE

## The New Domestic Science

Cooking to simplify living and retain the  
**LIFE ELEMENTS IN FOOD**

By Laura Nettleton Brown

This work represents new views on the health question, especially as related to food. It treats of the life in food, showing that in its preparation by the usual methods the life-giving vitality is destroyed; that is, the organic elements become inorganic. It also shows that food which cannot be used uncooked can be rendered palatable and digestible without destroying its food value. The reason is clearly stated and recipes and directions for cooking, with menus for a balanced diet, are given. A clear line of distinction is shown between food and stimulants or drugs. It treats of the chemistry of food in a way that is easily understood and made practical, and should be read by all who are interested in the maintenance of health and longevity and by students and teachers of domestic science, by whom its new and practical ideas will be appreciated. 300 pp. Cloth. \$1.00, with Health-Culture one year \$1.50.

**THE HEALTH-CULTURE CO.,**

421 ST. James Bldg., New York.

N. B.—A sample copy of Health-Culture and list of books on Scientific Living SENT FREE.

## The Mahogany and Hickory of America



The Timber situation in this country is beginning to be one of the greatest questions before the public. In Eucalyptus we have the only possible solution.

A wood that grows five times as fast as oak or hickory and is stronger and far better for furniture and will reproduce itself from the stump as often as it is cut.

We have the best proposition, best land, all of our planting contracts guaranteed by \$25,000 bond, all moneys paid to trust company who receipts for same and makes deeds and contracts. Send for new art booklet.

**American Eucalyptus Co.**

Department A

343 So. Hill Street

*Pierce & Co.*  
HOME 181  
MAIN 8666

**KODAKS**  
127 W SIXTH ST COR SPRING

Hummel Bros. & Co., "Help Center." 116 E. Second St. Tel. Main 509.



Los Angeles, Cal., May 18, 1909.

The Mathie Brewing Company,  
1834-1858 East Main St., Los Angeles, Cal.

Gentlemen:

For several years I tried different doctors and medicines for indigestion, sleeplessness and nervousness, but to no avail. My father asked me to try MATHIE'S MALT TONIC, and after using it for some time I felt much better and my general health was much improved, and I still continue to use it.

Yours gratefully,

PEARL ALDERETE.

## **MATHIE MALT TONIC**

**\$1.50 Per Dozen - - Delivered**

**The Mathie Brewing Co. Los Angeles, Cal.**



Home Phone Ex. 942 Sunset Phone East 66

Designing  
Engraving  
Printing



Estimates  
Promptly  
Furnished

**WE PRINT THE OUT WEST MAGAZINE**

**Wayside  
Press**  

(INC.)  
Commercial, Book and Catalogue

**Printing and Binding**

**837 So. Spring Street, Los Angeles**



# \$2500 INCOME

## Yearly for Life

We are growing a crop in California that pays \$750 to \$1000 an acre the **first** year and **every** year. That sounds too good to be true—but it can be done because it **has been** done and is **now being done**. There are **no years of waiting for profits**, as in growing oranges, grapes or eucalyptus. You get them the **first** and **every** year.

**PROFIT SHARING** By our plan, we plant, cultivate, harvest and market the crop for non-residents and return big profits yearly. When ready to take possession of your land you can make \$750 to \$1000 from each acre every year. There are no crop failures.

**FACTS, NOT PROMISES** You take no chances. Every dollar you invest is paid into the Merchants Bank and Trust Company of Los Angeles, California, and paid out by them only for **things done, not things promised**.

**OUR BOOK-LET** Tells the story of this remarkable crop and how three acres will produce \$2500 to \$3000 yearly. It shows how you can secure a **life income** and home in this land of sunshine and flowers for little money.

Write for it today. It's free and may be worth thousands of dollars to you.

## Turkish American Tobacco Corporation

Suite C, 505 Central Building,

Los Angeles, California

## Los Angeles Brewing Company's



Pure and Wholesome

## LAGER BEERS

Are a Home Product not ex-  
celled by any Eastern  
Manufacture



*Why Not Try It?*

PHONES

Sunset East 820 Home Exch. 820



Los Angeles  
Pacific Co.  
ELECTRIC LINES

The Shortest and Quickest Line  
Between Los Angeles and  
the Ocean

See Venice, Santa Monica, Ocean Park,  
National Soldiers' Home, Playa del  
Rey, Redondo.

Fish at LONG WHARF,  
Port Los Angeles,  
or Playa del Rey

Take the  
Balloon Route Excursion  
One Whole Day for \$1.00

Showing a part of California's Finest  
Scenery. 28 Miles Right Along the  
Ocean. An Experienced Guide With  
Each Car.

Cars Leave Hill Street Station 9:40  
a. m. Daily

Los Angeles Passenger Station  
Hill St., Bet. Fourth and Fifth

## ANYVO THEATRICAL COLD CREAM

prevents early wrinkles. It is not a freckle coating; it re-  
moves them. ANYVO CO., 427 North Main St., Los Angeles



**A Coconut Palm**

scale in Mexico. With governmental encouragement large tracts of the cream of the Mexican Republic have been taken over by operating companies who agree to colonize them by marketing in small tracts to prospective settlers. As the lands pass from the companies, prices advance and it will be but a short time until \$10 land will be changing hands at \$100 to \$250 per acre. It was the same in the Southwest, the Northwest and Canada. Our experts after considering available agricultural land all over Mexico, selected the Playa Vicente Plantation, located in the most productive section of the most fertile region of Mexico.

Climate:—Equable, average 75 degrees past ten years. Rainfall:—About 100 inches. Altitude:—About 500 feet, no swamp or marsh land. Soil:—Produces four crops per year, reaching maturity with great rapidity and produces, among the products best known in the United States: Corn, bananas, tobacco, chocolate, oranges, lemons, limes, pineapples, rubber, sugar, rice, coffee, cocoanuts, vanilla, cotton, grape fruit, grapes, figs, nectarines, mangoes, olives, almonds, walnuts, apricots, prunes, pears, dates, kaffir corn, rye, barley, beans, peas, pumpkins, melons, beets, onions and berries. Also a great variety of timber.

**20 ACRES** of this land, when cultivated, will produce wealth and independence outside of increase in land. We have cut the Playa Vicente Plantation into 20-acre tracts which surround our townsite on the Xochiapa River.

**PRICE and TERMS** are out of all proportion to the value of the land as improved land in the same district, of the same character, is selling at \$100 and up per acre. Starting, we are going to offer a limited number of these 20-acre tracts at \$10 per acre—\$200 for a 20-acre tropical plantation which will make the buyer independent—on terms of \$20 as first payment and \$10 per month until paid for, when a deed will also be given for a lot in the townsite.

**Don't Delay** but write at once for our free, illustrated book which tells all about the land and answers all questions. Address

**The Mexican Tropical Land Co.**

**209-10 Union Trust Building,  
LOS ANGELES, CAL.**

**NOTE:**—Send a first payment (\$20) in order to secure an early allotment with the assurance that we will return it if our book and detail description do not prove it satisfactory. Make checks or drafts to the Company.

The men behind this project are of the highest character and will furnish any reference desired.

**Playa Vicente Plantations**

**State of Vera Cruz**

**MEXICO**

**Produce Four Crops Yearly  
Soil is Always Producing**

**Fertile - Healthy - Accessible**

In a few years Mexico will be supplying the United States with the bulk of the products of the soil which we consume. The United States is becoming more densely populated each year. The productive acres are being cut up. The demand is getting greater—the supply less. The tide is turning to Mexico. The big transportation companies realize this and are rushing lines there.

In the Western United States and Canada all producing lands have been taken up at their original low cost and today bring their full high values. Colonization has but recently started on a large





**T**HOROUGHLY  
protected by elec-  
tric automatic block  
signal system insuring  
safety to the traveller.  
Four routes to the East

¶ Through sleepers to  
principal Eastern points  
No change of cars.

# Southern Pacific

600 South Spring Street  
CORNER SIXTH

# SOUTHERN PACIFIC

## Yosemite

All Rail All the Year

To the Heart of the Valley

An easy and comfortable trip to Nature's  
Creastest Wonders

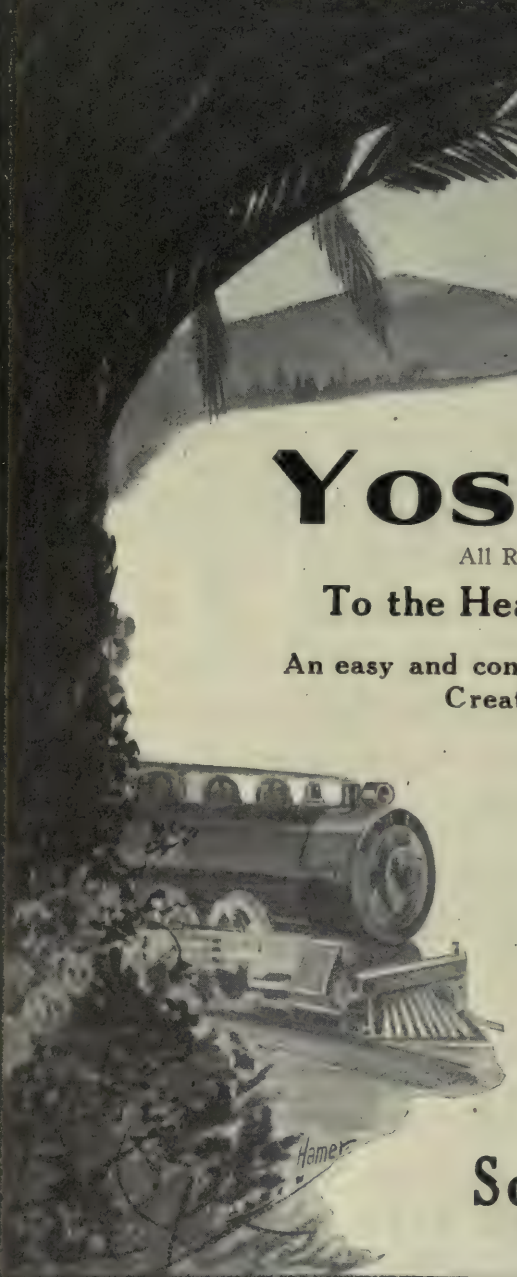
Side trips at low rates. Yo-  
semite to Wawona and the  
wonderful

**Mariposa  
Big Trees**

See Special Yosemite Represen-  
tative at

600 South Spring Street  
Corner Sixth

**Southern Pacific**







On....  
*The Trail*

# Grand Canyon

OF ARIZONA

ON Bright Angel Trail trip to the river—deep down in the earth a mile and more—you see the history of the birth and physical development of this earth and all glorified by a rainbow beauty of color. Trails are open the year 'round.

Excursion rates during summer

☐ Bear in mind when going East—The...

## California Limited

is the only exclusively first class train to the East via any line. Our folders tell.

JNO. J. BYRNE, A.P. T.M.  
LOS ANGELES





---

...*The*...  
**California Limited**

**T**HE only train to Chicago and East exclusively first class. Perfect equipment, dining car service unmatched, courteous employes. Stopover can be made at such unique places as Grand Canyon, Petrified Forest, Indian Villages—Laguna and Acoma—the Enchanted Mesa, Cliff Dwellings.

---

*Our illustrated folders will interest you. Just address*

JNO. J. BYRNE, A. P. T. M., Santa Fe Ry.  
Los Angeles, Cal.

---

**SANTA FE**



# LOS ANGELES LIMITED

## "A JOY RIDE"

will be realized if you take this palatial train.

### Three Days to Chicago...

The Los Angeles Limited runs daily from Los Angeles via Salt Lake Route, Union Pacific and Chicago and Northwestern with finest of electric lighted equipment. Also carries a standard sleeper from Los Angeles to Denver, Kansas City and St. Louis. Full particulars at all ticket offices and at 601 South Spring St., Los Angeles.

F. A. Wann, General Traffic Manager.  
T. C. Peck, General Passenger Agent.



# The Value of Personal Knowledge

---

---

Personal knowledge is the winning factor in the culminating contests of this competitive age and when of ample character it places its fortunate possessor in the front ranks of

## **The Well Informed of the World.**

A vast fund of personal knowledge is really essential to the achievement of the highest excellence in any field of human effort.

**A Knowledge of Forms, Knowledge of Functions and Knowledge of Products** are all of the utmost value and in questions of life and health when a true and wholesome remedy is desired it should be remembered that Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna, manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co., is an ethical product which has met with the approval of the most eminent physician and gives universal satisfaction, because it is a remedy of

**Known Quality, Known Excellence and Known Component Parts** and has won the valuable patronage of millions of the Well Informed of the world, who know of their own personal knowledge and from actual use that it is the first and best of family laxatives, for which no extravagant or unreasonable claims are made.

This valuable remedy has been long and favorably known under the name of—Syrup of Figs—and has attained to world-wide acceptance as the most excellent family laxative. As its pure laxative principles, obtained from Senna, are well known to physicians and the Well Informed of the world to be the best we have adopted the more elaborate name of—Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna—as more fully descriptive of the remedy, but doubtless it will always be called for by the shorter name of—Syrup of Figs—and to get its beneficial effects, always note, when purchasing the full name of the Company—California Fig Syrup Co.—printed on the front of every package, whether you call for—Syrup of Figs—or by the full name—Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna.

---

---

## **California Fig Syrup Co.**

**SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.,**

**LOUISVILLE, KY.**

**U. S. A.  
London, Eng.**

**NEW YORK, N. Y.**



# The Earliest Land in the United States



**Must be the Most Valuable Land** because it produces the earliest fruits and vegetables and has the Longest Growing Season.

**The Long Growing Season** is one of the many great advantages of Coachella Valley, Cal.

**It is Bound to Become the Early Garden Spot of California**

Things grow every day in the year. The sun shines 360 days. The soil is very fertile. Easily worked and holds water well.

The "crop" of agricultural land in California is about all harvested—and there will never be another crop. It is a pity but it is a fact. There will be other sections of the United States opened up, but they have not and never will have the many advantages that Southern California offers. Agricultural land in Southern California commands the highest prices and it always will, and why? Because they net the greatest returns by producing the most when the prices are the highest. Land that will grow oranges that can be sold on the Eastern markets in November or December for \$4 to \$5 a box, is worth twice as much as land that produces oranges in January or February that sell for \$2 to \$3. It is the same with all other fruits and vegetables. If Redlands orange groves are worth \$1500 per acre, Coachella groves ought to be worth a good deal more. Water is plentiful, the soil is of the very best, the product is superior, the market is nearer, no damaging frosts and above all the season is four to eight weeks earlier. These are acknowledged facts. That is why Redlands and Riverside orange growers are buying land in Coachella Valley.

## **The Coachella Valley Mutual Development Co.**

was organized to acquire and develop these lands. No land will be placed on the market until it is fully improved and on a good paying basis. We have no land for sale now but will have by November or December. We are now developing water for a 200-acre tract. Grapes, oranges, etc., are growing on a part of this tract. We have arranged to plant 70 acres to alfalfa in September and cut one crop this year. This land produces NINE cuttings a year of from one to two tons per cutting. Where is there a better place to grow alfalfa? The company will harvest the alfalfa while the lands remain in their possession, the proceeds from which will pay all expenses and a good dividend on the stock. It increases the value of the land. The purchasers of the land will have a good paying proposition from the day they buy. The land will be sold in 5-acre or larger tracts with a perpetual water right. One share of water goes with each acre of land.

While we have no land for sale just yet, we have something better, something that you can convert into land at your pleasure and at an increased value. It is the CAPITAL STOCK of the company, convertible into land as soon as we have land for sale. The company will exchange land for Convertible Stock, giving \$125 worth of land (market value) for each share. Under this provision of the by-laws this stock is worth at least \$125 as soon as the company has land for sale and it should be worth much more as it shares in the profits of the company. There is no bonded indebtedness. The stock has first lien on the entire property and is secured by over \$200 worth of land per share. There are only 250 shares of Convertible Stock to be issued and half of this has already been sold. The other block of stock will NOT be convertible.

**PRICE AND TERMS:**—We now offer, subject to sale, about 120 shares (\$12,000) of this Convertible Capital Stock at par—\$100. Those desiring to do so can pay \$27.50 per share with subscription and balance in three equal monthly payments of \$25. Subscription blanks, descriptive circulars and detail information can be secured of

**Coachella Valley Mutual Development Co.**

**Coachella, Cal.**

**E. G. Hamilton, Sec'y-Treas., 3110 Budlong Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.**

**E. O. Burdon & Co., Colman Bldg., Seattle, Wash.**

STYLE  
NEATNESS  
COMFORT  
THE IMPROVED

# BOSTON GARTER

The Name is stamped on every loop—Be sure it's there

THE *Velvet Grip* CUSHION BUTTON **CLASP**

LIES FLAT TO THE LEG—NEVER SLIPS, TEARS, NOR UNFASTENS

WORN ALL OVER THE WORLD

Sample pair, Silk 50c., Cotton 25c.  
Mailed on receipt of price.

GEORGE FROST CO., Makers  
Boston, Mass., U.S.A.

**INSIST ON HAVING THE GENUINE  
REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES**



A Delicious Drink

# Baker's Cocoa



Registered,  
U. S. Pat. Off.

made by a  
scientific  
blending of  
the best  
tropical fruit

**52 HIGHEST AWARDS**

**WALTER BAKER & Co. Ltd.**

Established 1780

**Dorchester, Mass.**

**Order a Box  
by Mail**



*Bishop's*  
**ROUGH HOUSE**  
Chocolates

If you can't buy Rough House from your dealer send us sixty cents in stamps for a pound box. We pay the postage. The chocolates not like any you have had before—hard and chewy centers—no creams. Twelve different styles.

**BISHOP & COMPANY**  
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

**One Oil for All Engines**

Don't be confused by the conflicting claims and uncertain performances of oils that are "made especially" for different types of cars and engines or to meet different conditions. There's one oil that gives perfect lubrication in all types of engines under all conditions. Ask for

# ZEROLENE

**Auto Lubricating Oil**

The only oil that is really non-carbonizing, so pure, free and clear that it feeds regularly under all conditions of heat or cold. Made in the one grade only, which never varies—produced in only one place in the world—sold only under the name Zerolene.

Put up in cans with patent spout, that cannot be refilled—also in barrels for garage trade. Sold by dealers everywhere.

Write for booklet, "21,000 Miles with Zerolene." Free.

**STANDARD OIL COMPANY**  
(Incorporated)



# Vose Pianos

home free of expense. Write for Catalogue D and explanations.  
**VOSE & SONS PIANO CO., 160 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.**

have been established over 60 years. By our system of payments every family in moderate circumstances can own a Vose piano. We take old instruments in exchange and deliver the new piano in your



# OUT WEST

THE NATION  
THE WORLD

BACK OF US  
IN FRONT



A MAGAZINE  
OF THE OLD  
PACIFIC  
AND THE NEW

EDITED BY  
CHAS. F. LUMMIS

5c. PER  
COPY

LOS ANGELES, CAL.  
MASON OPERA HOUSE

\$3 A  
YEAR



In the manufacture of

## *Nuyler's* COCOA

Cocoa Beans of the highest grades only, scientifically blended, are used.

Cleanliness and Workmanship in our Plant are as carefully scrutinized as is the quality of material used.

Under such conditions it is not surprising

that *Nuyler's* COCOA

is the acknowledged Best in the World. The standard by which others are judged.

Quality higher than price.

Price within the reach of all.



## Get Our New Booklet

### *A Story of Eucalyptus*

Just off the press. Alive with facts about this wonderful new industry. Investigate now. A small payment down and small payments monthly will mean a perpetual income a little later on.

**Murrieta Eucalyptus Co.**  
211 Mercantile Place  
Los Angeles, Cal.

# NAVAJO BLANKETS

## AND INDIAN CURIOS AT WHOLESALE

I have more than 250 weavers in my employ, including the most skillful now living, and have taken the greatest pains to preserve the old colors, patterns, and weaves. Every blanket sold by me carries my personal guarantee of its quality. In dealing with me, you will get the very finest blankets at wholesale prices. I also handle the products of the Hopi (Moqui) Indians, buying them under contract with the trading posts at Keam's Canyon and Oraibi and selling them at wholesale.

I have constantly a very fine selection of Navajo silverware and jewelry, Navajo "rubies" cut and uncut, peridots and native turquois. Also the choicest modern Moqui pottery, and a rare collection of prehistoric pottery.

**J. L. HUBBELL, Indian Trader**

Write for my Catalogue  
and Price List

Ganado, Apache Co., Arizona



## Maier Brewing Company's "Select" Beer

**NOTED** for its Age,  
Purity and Strength.  
All shipments by bottles or  
kegs promptly filled. Family  
trade a specialty. :: :: ::

OFFICE AND BREWERY  
**440 Aliso Street, Los Angeles**  
BOTH PHONES: Exchange 91





**for Whooping Cough  
Croup, Sore Throat  
Coughs, Bronchitis  
Colds, Diphtheria  
Catarrh.**

*"Used while you sleep"*

Vaporized Cresolene stops the paroxysms of Whooping Cough. Ever dreaded Croup cannot exist where Cresolene is used.

It acts directly on the nose and throat making breathing easy in the case of colds; soothes the sore throat and stops the cough.

Cresolene is a powerful germicide acting both as a curative and preventive in contagious diseases.

It is a boon to sufferers from Asthma.

Cresolene's best recommendation is its 30 years of successful use.

**For Sale by All Druggists**

*Send Postal for Descriptive Booklet*

Cresolene Antiseptic Throat Tablets for the irritated throat. of your druggist or from us 10c in stamps

**THE VAPO-CRESOLENE CO., 180 Fulton St., New York**  
Leeming-Miles Building Montreal, Canada

**YOU** want to do well  
whatever you do;  
you expect to buy clothes  
somewhere.

**¶ You'll do it as well as it  
can be done, if you buy  
Hart, Schaffner & Marx  
all-wool clothing of**

**Mullen & Bluett**  
*The Quality Store*  
**FIRST and SPRING Los Angeles**  
*26 Years Famous For Values*

# GOVERNMENT

Irrigation now under construction in Glenn County. The cheapest Alfalfa and Orangeland in California. The Central Irrigating Canal, the largest in California now ready to furnish water to all. Our oranges are ripe one month earlier than southern California. **¶ Write for prospectus.**

**W. E. GERMAIN**  
**P. O. Box 65**  
**Willows, Glenn Co., California**

# The German Savings and Loan Society

The (German Bank)  
[A member of the Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco]  
**526 California St., San Francisco, Cal.**

Guaranteed Capital	\$ 1,200,000.00
Capital actually paid up in cash	\$ 1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	\$ 1,504,498.68
Deposits June 30, 1909	\$36,793,234.04
Total Assets	\$39,435,681.38

Remittance may be made by Draft, Post Office, or Wells, Fargo & Co's. Money Orders, or coin by Express.

Office Hours: 10 o'clock A. M. to 3 o'clock P. M., except Saturdays to 12 o'clock M. and Saturday evenings from 6.30 o'clock P. M. to 8 o'clock P. M., for receipt of deposits only.

OFFICERS: President, N. Ohlandt; First Vice-President, Daniel Meyer; Second Vice-President, Emil Rohte; Cashier, A. H. R. Schmidt; Assistant Cashier, William Herrmann; Secretary, George Tourny; Assistant Secretary, A. H. Muller; Goodfellow & Eells, General Attorneys.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS: N. Ohlandt, Daniel Meyer, Emil Rohte, Ign. Steinhardt, I. N. Walter, J. W. Van Bergen, F. Tillmann, jr., E. T. Kruse and W. S. Goodfellow.

MISSION BRANCH, 2572 Mission Street, between 21st and 22nd Street. For receipt and payment of Deposits only. **C. W. HEYER, Manager.**

RICHMOND DISTRICT BRANCH, 432 Clement St., between 5th and 6th Avenues. For receipt and payment of Deposits only. **W. C. Heyer, Manager.**

# EUCALYPTUS Timber Groves

**Pay 33 $\frac{1}{3}$  Per Cent**

Interest Compounded Annually. We are planting orange land to Eucalyptus because it will produce the largest trees in the shortest time. The soil is rich, deep and fertile.

The location and climatic conditions are ideal. On railroad, near to Los Angeles.

We are selling groves for \$180 per acre cash or \$200 per acre on easy terms. The price includes planting, replacing, cultivating, irrigating, permanent supervision and other care.

Send for Our Free Booklet, 48 pages handsomely illustrated. Tells all about the industry. Before buying you should see it.

## Eucalyptus Syndicate

327 W. 3rd St. Los Angeles, Cal.

Home A-3307 — Phones: — Main 8561

# Los Angeles Brewing Company's



## Pure and Wholesome LAGER BEERS

Are a Home Product not ex-  
celled by any Eastern  
Manufacture

*Why Not Try It?*

PHONES

Sunset East 820

Home Exch. 820

# Bailey's Rubber Complexion Brushes and Massage Rollers

Make, Keep and Restore Beauty in Nature's own way



## IT'S THE FLAT-ENDED TEETH

with circular biting edges that remove dust caps, cleanse the skin in the bath, open the pores, and give new life to the whole body. BAILEY'S RUBBER BRUSHES are all made this way. Mailed for price.

Beware of imitations. At all dealers.

Bailey's Rubber Complexion Brush	.50
Bailey's Rubber Massage Roller	.50
Bailey's Bath and Shampoo Brush	.75
Bailey's Rubber Bath and Flesh Brush	1.00
Bailey's Rubber Toilet Brush (small)	.25
Bailey's Skin Food (large jar)	.50



## Bailey's Won't Slip TIP

This tip won't slip on ANY SURFACE, on smooth ice, or mar the most highly polished floor. Made in five sizes, internal diameter: No. 17,  $\frac{3}{8}$  in.; No. 18,  $\frac{1}{2}$  in.; No. 19,  $\frac{5}{8}$  in.; No. 20, 1 in.; No. 21,  $1\frac{1}{8}$  in. Mailed upon receipt of price, 30c. per pair. Agents wanted.

100 Page Rubber Catalogue Free.

C. J. BAILEY & CO., 22 Boylston St., BOSTON, Mass.

## KIDDER'S PASTILLES

Standard relief for 50 years. Sold by all Druggists. 35 cents.

STOWELL & CO., Mfrs., Charlestown, Mass.





# WANTED, FARMERS

We want good Farmers, to take some of the Fertile Lands in the  
**Valley View Colony** Kern County, California

To farmers who will improve and farm their lands at once, we will sell, from 10 acres up, with perfect title, of fine, level land, rich loam soil in the proven water belt; close to schools, stores, etc., at only

**\$20.00 PER ACRE**

On terms of one-half cash, balance on long time. We will also assist good parties, in the development of water and erection of new homes, planting of trees, etc. These lands are adapted to the production of

## FRUITS, ALFALFA and GRAINS

of the highest quality, and are absolutely the only good lands yet for sale in Southern California at Low Prices. Climate, high and healthful. Pure mountain water to be had in abundance. Main line Southern Pacific only  $3\frac{1}{2}$  hours from Los Angeles, Cal.

See us at once, as this offer will not appear again

## Western Irrigation Land Bureau

Water Bearing Lands at Colony Prices  
SUITE 514 Merchants Trust Building

207 So. Broadway

Los Angeles, Cal.

# \$2500 INCOME

## Yearly for Life

We are growing a crop in California that pays \$750 to \$1000 an acre the first year and every year. That sounds too good to be true—but it can be done because it has been done and is now being done. There are no years of waiting for profits, as in growing oranges, grapes or eucalyptus. You get them the first and every year.

**PROFIT SHARING** By our plan, we plant, cultivate, harvest and market the crop for non-residents and return big profits yearly. When ready to take possession of your land you can make \$750 to \$1000 from each acre every year. There are no crop failures.

**FACTS, NOT PROMISES** You take no chances. Every dollar you invest is paid into the Merchants Bank and Trust Company of Los Angeles, California, and paid out by them only for things done, not things promised.

**OUR BOOKLET** Tells the story of this remarkable crop and how three acres will produce \$2500 to \$3000 yearly. It shows how you can secure a life income and home in this land of sunshine and flowers for little money.

Write for it today. It's free and may be worth thousands of dollars to you.

## Turkish American Tobacco Corporation

Suite C, 505 Central Building,

Los Angeles, California

# Magazine Clubs for 1910

OUT WEST .....\$1.50  
Cosmopolitan ..... 1.00  
American ..... 1.50

OUR PRICE \$2.50; value \$4.00

OUT WEST .....\$1.50  
American ..... 1.50  
Good Housekeeping ..... 1.25

OUR PRICE \$2.50; value \$3.25

OUT WEST .....\$1.50  
American ..... 1.50  
Success ..... 1.00

OUR PRICE \$2.50; value \$4.00

OUT WEST .....\$1.50  
Good Housekeeping ..... 1.25  
Cosmopolitan ..... 1.00

OUR PRICE \$2.50; value \$3.75

OUT WEST .....\$1.50  
Cosmopolitan ..... 1.00  
Success ..... 1.00

OUR PRICE \$2.50; value \$3.50

OUT WEST .....\$1.50  
Country Life ..... 4.00  
Outing ..... 3.00

OUR PRICE \$5.50; value \$8.50

OUT WEST .....\$1.50  
Country Life ..... 4.00  
Leslie's Weekly ..... 5.00

OUR PRICE \$6.00; value \$10.50

OUT WEST .....\$1.50  
Delineator ..... 1.00  
Everybody's ..... 1.50

OUR PRICE \$3.05; value \$4.00

OUT WEST .....\$1.50  
Designer ..... 1.00  
Success ..... 1.00

OUR PRICE \$2.30; value \$3.50

OUT WEST .....\$1.50  
Forest and Stream ..... 3.00  
National Sportsman ..... 1.00

OUR PRICE \$4.00; value \$5.50

OUT WEST .....\$1.50  
Forest and Stream ..... 3.00  
Outing ..... 3.00

OUR PRICE \$5.50; value \$7.50

OUT WEST .....\$1.50  
Good Housekeeping ..... 1.25  
Suburban Life ..... 3.00

OUR PRICE \$4.00; value \$5.75

OUT WEST .....\$1.50  
Hampton's Magazine ..... 1.50  
Review of Reviews ..... 3.00

OUR PRICE \$3.60; value \$6.00

OUT WEST .....\$1.50  
Hampton's Magazine ..... 1.50  
Woman's Home Comp'n. .... 1.50

OUR PRICE \$3.00; value \$4.50

OUT WEST .....\$1.50  
Harper's Magazine ..... 4.00  
Good Housekeeping ..... 1.25

OUR PRICE \$5.20; value \$6.75

OUT WEST .....\$1.50  
Harper's Magazine ..... 4.00  
World To-Day ..... 1.50

OUR PRICE \$5.20; value \$7.00

OUT WEST .....\$1.50  
Human Life ..... 1.00  
National Magazine ..... 1.50

OUR PRICE \$2.85; value \$4.00

OUT WEST .....\$1.50  
Human Life ..... 1.00  
Success ..... 1.00

OUR PRICE \$2.65; value \$3.50

OUT WEST .....\$1.50  
Independent ..... 2.00  
Review of Reviews ..... 3.00

OUR PRICE \$4.30; value \$6.50

OUT WEST .....\$1.50  
Independent ..... 2.00  
Success ..... 1.00

OUR PRICE \$3.25; value \$4.50

OUT WEST .....\$1.50  
McClure's ..... 1.50  
Review of Reviews ..... 3.00

OUR PRICE \$4.00; value \$6.00

OUT WEST .....\$1.50  
McClure's ..... 1.50  
Woman's Home Comp'n. .... 1.25

OUR PRICE \$3.00; value \$4.25

OUT WEST .....\$1.50  
National Sportsman ..... 1.00  
Great Southwest ..... 1.00

OUR PRICE \$2.45; value \$3.50

OUT WEST .....\$1.50  
National Sportsman ..... 1.00  
Outdoor Life ..... 1.50

OUR PRICE \$3.05; value \$4.00

OUT WEST .....\$1.50  
National Sportsman ..... 1.00  
Sunset ..... 1.50

OUR PRICE \$2.80; value \$4.00

OUT WEST .....\$1.50  
National Magazine ..... 1.50  
Designer ..... 1.00  
Success ..... 1.00

OUR PRICE \$3.20; value \$5.00

OUT WEST .....\$1.50  
National Magazine ..... 1.50  
Great Southwest ..... 1.00

OUR PRICE \$2.60; value \$4.00

OUT WEST .....\$1.50  
Outing ..... 3.00  
National Magazine ..... 1.50

OUR PRICE \$4.45; value \$6.00

OUT WEST .....\$1.50  
Outing ..... 3.00  
Sunset ..... 1.50

OUR PRICE \$4.30; value \$6.00

OUT WEST .....\$1.50  
Outing ..... 3.00  
National Sportsman ..... 1.00

OUR PRICE \$4.30; value \$5.50

OUT WEST .....\$1.50  
Pearson's Magazine ..... 1.50  
Outing ..... 3.00

OUR PRICE \$4.55; value \$6.00

OUT WEST .....\$1.50  
Pearson's Magazine ..... 1.50  
Scribner's ..... 3.00

OUR PRICE \$4.80; value \$6.00

OUT WEST .....\$1.50  
Pearson's Magazine ..... 1.50  
Sunset ..... 1.50

OUR PRICE \$3.05; value \$4.50

OUT WEST .....\$1.50  
Sunset ..... 1.50  
American ..... 1.50

OUR PRICE \$2.75; value \$4.50

OUT WEST .....\$1.50  
Sunset ..... 1.50  
Woman's Home Comp'n. .... 1.25

OUR PRICE \$3.00; value \$4.25

OUT WEST .....\$1.50  
Sunset ..... 1.50  
World To-Day ..... 1.50

OUR PRICE \$3.10; value \$4.50

OUT WEST .....\$1.50  
World's Work ..... 3.00  
Delineator ..... 1.00

OUR PRICE \$3.55; value \$5.50

OUT WEST .....\$1.50  
World's Work ..... 3.00  
Everybody's ..... 1.50

OUR PRICE \$3.50; value \$6.00

OUT WEST .....\$1.50  
World To-Day ..... 1.50  
Hampton's ..... 1.50

OUR PRICE \$3.00; value \$4.50

Write for prices on any magazine or club.

Established agents may take orders for any of these clubs at the above prices, and retain the regular commission. Anyone desiring to become an agent may do so by sending two orders with first remittance.

## PACIFIC SUBSCRIPTION COMPANY

315 Mason Opera House Bldg.

Los Angeles, California



# MAGAZINE BARGAINS

We have made a select list for 1910 -- ORDER NOW, as many publishers will soon increase their subscription price.

OUT WEST and		Total Value	Cost	OUT WEST and		Total Value	Cost
Ainslee's Magazine	.....	\$3.30	for \$2.65	Ladies' World	.....	2.00	1.65
American Boy	.....	2.50	1.95	Leslie's Weekly	.....	6.50	4.90
American Farm Review	.....	1.75	1.50	Life	.....	6.50	5.55
American Homes & Gardens	.....	4.50	3.80	Lippincott's Magazine	.....	4.00	3.05
American Home Monthly	.....	2.50	1.80	Little Folks (Salem) new	.....	2.50	2.10
American Magazine	.....	3.00	2.00	McCall's Mag. and Pattern	.....	2.00	1.60
American Photography	.....	3.00	2.30	McClure's Magazine	.....	3.00	2.45
American Poultry Advocate	.....	2.00	1.55	Magazine of Mysteries	.....	2.50	1.90
American Poultry Journal	.....	2.00	1.60	Metropolitan and Rural Home	.....	1.70	1.50
American Thresherman	.....	2.50	1.80	Metropolitan Magazine	.....	3.00	1.95
Argonaut	.....	5.50	4.45	Modern Priscilla	.....	2.25	1.80
Atlantic Monthly	.....	5.50	4.80	Motor Boat	.....	3.50	2.90
Black Cat	.....	2.50	1.90	Musican	.....	3.00	2.30
Blue Book	.....	3.00	2.55	National Home Journal	.....	2.00	1.60
Bohemian	.....	3.00	2.30	National Magazine	.....	3.00	2.20
Book-keeper	.....	2.50	1.95	National Sportsman	.....	2.50	2.05
Bookman	.....	4.00	3.40	New England Homestead	.....	2.50	2.05
Breeder's Gazette	.....	3.25	2.20	New England Magazine	.....	3.00	2.65
Burr McIntosh Monthly	.....	4.50	3.55	New Idea (N. Y.) fashions	.....	2.00	1.65
California Cultivator	.....	2.50	2.05	Normal Instructor	.....	2.25	1.75
Cassier's Magazine	.....	4.50	3.80	North American Review	.....	5.50	4.50
Century Magazine	.....	5.50	4.90	Orange Judd Farmer	.....	2.50	2.05
Children's Magazine	.....	2.50	1.95	Outdoor Life	.....	3.00	2.30
Christian Herald (N. Y.)	.....	3.00	2.30	Outing Magazine	.....	4.50	3.55
Commoner	.....	2.50	1.80	Outlook	.....	4.50	3.80
Cosmopolitan	.....	2.50	2.00	Overland Monthly	.....	3.00	2.30
Country Life in America	.....	5.50	4.30	Pacific Monthly	.....	3.00	2.05
Craftsman	.....	4.50	3.55	Pearson's Magazine	.....	3.00	2.30
Current Literature	.....	4.50	3.55	People's Home Journal	.....	1.85	1.50
Delineator	.....	2.50	2.20	Petaluma Weekly Poultry Jrnl	.....	2.50	1.80
Designer	.....	2.25	1.80	Pet Stock Magazine	.....	2.00	1.60
Dressmaking at Home	.....	2.50	1.95	Photo Era	.....	3.00	2.05
Educational Foundations	.....	2.75	2.30	Physical Culture	.....	2.50	2.05
Electric Railway Journal	.....	4.50	4.00	Pictorial Review and pattern	.....	2.50	2.00
Electrical World	.....	4.50	4.00	Popular Science Monthly	.....	2.50	2.05
Engineering News	.....	6.50	6.05	Poultry Culture	.....	2.00	1.55
Engineering Record	.....	4.50	4.00	Poultry Herald	.....	2.00	1.50
Etude (for music lovers)	.....	3.00	2.45	Poultry Keeper	.....	2.00	1.55
Everybody's	.....	3.00	2.40	Poultry Success	.....	2.00	1.60
Fanciers' Monthly	.....	2.25	1.80	Primary Plans	.....	2.50	1.90
Farm and Ranch	.....	2.50	2.05	Puck	.....	6.50	5.30
Farm Journal (5 years)	.....	2.50	1.95	Putnam's Magazine	.....	4.50	2.80
Farm Poultry	.....	2.00	1.55	Recreation	.....	4.50	3.55
Field and Stream	.....	3.00	2.30	Red Book	.....	3.00	2.55
Forest and Stream	.....	4.50	3.25	Reliable Poultry Journal	.....	2.00	1.55
Forum	.....	3.50	2.90	Review of Reviews	.....	4.50	3.30
Game Fanciers' Journal	.....	2.00	1.55	School Journal	.....	2.50	2.10
Garden Magazine	.....	2.50	2.00	Scientific American	.....	4.50	3.90
Gentlewoman	.....	1.70	1.50	Scribner's Magazine	.....	4.00	3.80
Good Housekeeping	.....	2.75	2.00	Short Stories	.....	3.00	2.30
Good Literature	.....	1.85	1.50	Smart Set	.....	4.50	2.80
Graphic	.....	4.00	3.40	Smith's Magazine	.....	3.00	2.50
Great Southwest	.....	2.50	1.70	Southern Cultivator	.....	2.50	1.90
Green's Fruit Grower	.....	2.00	1.55	St. Nicholas	.....	4.50	3.90
Green Book Album	.....	3.00	2.55	Strand Magazine	.....	3.00	2.70
Grizzly Bear	.....	2.50	1.95	Suburban Life	.....	4.50	3.30
Gunter's Magazine	.....	3.00	2.50	Success	.....	2.50	2.00
Hampton's Magazine	.....	3.00	2.30	Sunset Magazine	.....	3.00	2.05
Harper's Bazar	.....	2.50	1.95	Teacher's Magazine	.....	2.50	2.10
Harper's Magazine	.....	5.50	4.80	Technical World Magazine	.....	3.00	2.30
Harper's Weekly	.....	5.50	4.80	Theatre Magazine	.....	5.00	4.00
Health	.....	2.50	1.80	Toilettes	.....	3.50	2.80
Health Culture Magazine	.....	2.50	1.95	Travel Magazine	.....	3.00	2.30
Holland's Magazine	.....	2.50	2.05	Van Norden Magazine	.....	3.00	2.20
Home Needlework	.....	2.25	1.90	Vogue	.....	5.50	4.80
House and Garden	.....	4.50	3.55	Watson's Jeffersonian	.....	2.50	1.80
House Beautiful	.....	4.00	3.60	West Coast Magazine	.....	2.50	1.80
Housewife	.....	1.85	1.50	Whist	.....	2.50	2.20
Human Life	.....	2.50	1.95	Woman's Home Companion	.....	3.00	2.20
Hunter-Trader-Trapper	.....	2.50	2.05	Woman's National Daily	.....	2.50	1.90
Independent	.....	4.50	3.30	World To-Day	.....	3.00	2.00
Inland Poultry Journal	.....	2.00	1.55	World's Chronicle	.....	3.00	2.05
Jeffersonian (weekly)	.....	2.50	1.95	World's Work	.....	4.50	3.55
Judge	.....	6.50	5.90	Young's Magazine	.....	3.00	2.20

ALL SUBSCRIPTIONS ARE FOR ONE FULL YEAR. Subscriptions may be new, renewal, or extensions. Magazines may be sent to one or to separate addresses. Additional postage is charged on Canadian and Foreign subscriptions. If you do not find what you want, send us your list, and we will quote you the lowest possible price. We will duplicate any offer made by any reputable agent, agency, or publisher.

**PACIFIC SUBSCRIPTION COMPANY**

315 Mason Opera House Bldg.,

P. O. BOX 625,  
Sta. C.

Los Angeles, Cal.

# The Newest Book

## "INDUSTRIAL MEXICO"

Comprehensive volume written in popular style, yet accurate and reliable, on the industrial and agricultural possibilities of the Great Republic of Mexico.

The volume will be bound in paper and in cloth, containing between 75 and 100 pages, more than twenty full page half-tone illustrations, and about fifty smaller illustrations, printed on high grade book paper with an attractive colored cover.

### CONTRIBUTORS OF NOTE

Each industrial or agricultural phase will be dealt with by some expert, thus assuring reliability and honesty. A book full of information which can be fully depended upon.

Among the contributors will be such men of note as Judge Robert J. Kerr, noted American attorney of Mexico City; Judge J. G. Griner, attorney of San Antonio, recognized authority on Mexican law; Russell Hastings Millward, former vice U. S. Consul at Tampico and a magazine writer of fame; W. D. Hornaday, one of best known authorities on Mexican industries; U. S. Consul Miller, Vera Cruz; Dr. Pehr Olssen-Seffer, agricultural expert of the Mexican National Government and former professor of agriculture in the Leland-Stanford University of California; Wm. M. Canada, U. S. Consul at Matamoros, and many others.

### DEDICATED TO MINISTER MOLINA

The book will be dedicated to Minister of Fomento Molina, who has done more than any one else to bring Mexican agriculture to the front. As a result, this book will contain no article but for which the accuracy can be vouched.

There has never before been made an attempt to issue such a comprehensive book in popular form.

It will supply every fact that a person interested in Agricultural Mexico wishes to know.

### WHAT THE VOLUME WILL CONTAIN

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| Chap. I—Opportunities for the Homeseeker—<br>T. P. Keator              | Chap. XI—The Maguey Plant—International<br>Bureau of American Republics |
| Chap. II—What Mexico offers the Investor—<br>S. M. Emory               | Chap. XII—Zupupe Culture—Russell Hastings<br>Millward                   |
| Chap. III—American Plantations — Lucille<br>Wetherell                  | Chap. XIII—Cotton Culture—U. S. Consul<br>Miller.                       |
| Chap. IV—Tropical Agricultural—H. G. Hast-<br>ings.                    | Chap. XIV—Caravonica Cotton—Dr. Pehr<br>Olssen-Seffer                   |
| Chap. V—Government Irrigation Projects—W.<br>D. Hornaday               | Chap. XV—The Sugar Crop   |
| Chap. VI—Civil Rights of Aliens—Judge J. G.<br>Griner                  | Chap. XVI—Fruits of Mexico  |
| Chap. VII—Real Estate Titles—Judge Robert<br>J. Kerr                   | Chap. XVII—Banana Growing—Arnold Drake<br>Metcalf                       |
| Chap. VIII—Bond Issues on Mexican Proper-<br>ties—Judge Robert J. Kerr | Chap. XVIII—Rubber and Its Relatives                                    |
| Chap. IX—New Mining Law—Judge Robert J.<br>Kerr                        | Chap. XIX—Coffee  |
| Chap. X—Henequin Fiber—Dunn's Review                                   | Chap. XX—Cacao.   |
|  | Chap. XXI—Citrus Fruits and Pineapples                                  |
|  | Chap. XXII—Ranching   |
|  | Chap. XXIII—Dairy Farming   |
|  | Chap. XXIV—Hardwood—Mahogany  |
|  | Chap. XXV—The Chicle Zapote   |

Retail Price—Paper Cover 25c.—Cloth Bound 50c. Special Price to the trade and Industrial Companies where 500 or more are ordered.

—For further particulars address—

# Horace H. Shelton

Box 689, SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS



# OUT WEST MAGAZINE

## CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

### BRING BUYER AND SELLER TOGETHER

In this Classified Department will be inserted advertisements of a clean and reliable character, up to 14 lines, at the rate of 50 cents per line. None will be inserted of less than 4 lines. No illustrations nor display features will be permitted in this department. Our policy, which excludes medical, palmistry, fortune-telling, or misleading advertisements, or advertisements of unreliable parties or commodities, also prevails in this department, and the business management will appreciate prompt notice from OUT WEST readers of any such that may get in by false pretense. Address all letters pertaining to this department to

### OUT WEST MAGAZINE

CLASSIFIED DEPARTMENT

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

#### CALIFORNIA LANDS

**EUCALYPTUS** land for sale. We plant it to trees and care for it. We provide a market for the crop and insure highest price for commercial timber. Terms are cash or monthly instalments, as you prefer. A savings bank investment. No risk, no worry, no work, absolutely safe and the most profitable crop grown. For booklet and particulars address Eucalyptus Timber Corporation, 353 So. Broadway, Los Angeles, Cal.

**IRRIGATED FARM LANDS** in Fresno and Merced Counties, California—Sold in tracts of five acres and up. A postal card will bring you particulars regarding the finest lands in California. Address Miller & Lux, Los Banos, Merced County, Cal.

**FOR EUCALYPTUS** lands, investments and particulars address us. Ask for our Story of Eucalyptus, just off the press. It will tell you all the facts of this wonderful hardwood. Address Murrieta Eucalyptus Co., 211 Mercantile Place, Los Angeles, Cal.

**HEMET--HEMET--HEMET--SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA**—Investigate this valley. It will pay big dividends in health and prosperity. Most perfect conditions; water, soil and climate cannot be equalled; population right sort; town high-class, modern and up-to-date; orange, walnut, olives and deciduous fruit lands; improved and unimproved. Address Valley Realty Co., Hemet, Cal., or Los Angeles office, 553 So. Spring street.

**SUNNYVALE ACRES**—Beautiful acre and half acre lots. Rich sediment soil. Artesian water. Will grow berries of all kinds, garden truck, alfalfa, apples, pears, cherries, peaches, apricots and prunes. 1 acre will support you.  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile from depot. Price from \$200 up. \$50 cash and \$10 a month. Write for catalogue. Sunnyvale Land Co., Sunnyvale, Calif.

#### BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

**\$21,500 MADE IN 22 MONTHS BY ONE MAN.** Another—a new man—has already made \$7,000, since January 1st. Most are making \$200 to \$400 monthly. Would you like to do the same? Write us. The Oxygenator Co., 248 Pearl St., Buffalo, N. Y.

#### PATENT ATTORNEYS

**JAMES R. TOWNSEND**—Patents, Copyrights, Trade-Marks and Labels. Los Angeles, Cal., from 1882 to 1909. 430 Bradbury Block, 304 So. Broadway. Phones: Main 347, Home A4619.

#### SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES

**LOS ANGELES BUSINESS COLLEGE**—One management 20 years. All preparatory, commercial and academic subjects. Also private tutors. Learn the Shrader way. Get new literature. 417 West Fifth St., Los Angeles, Cal.

**ISAACS-WOODBURY BUSINESS COLLEGE.** Fifth Floor Hamburger Bldg., Los Angeles. Open entire year. Thorough courses. Positions secured. Write for catalogue. E. K. Isaacs, President.

**HEALD'S BUSINESS COLLEGE,** 614 South Grand Ave., Los Angeles, Cal. Thoroughly prepares young people for business. Positions secured. Full particulars free on application.

**BROWNSBERGER COMMERCIAL COLLEGE.** 953-5-7 West Seventh Street, Los Angeles. Elegant home, broad courses. Strong Faculty. Graduates assisted. Beautiful catalog free.

#### MISCELLANEOUS

**JUDSON FREIGHT FORWARDING CO.**—Reduced rates on household goods to and from all points on the Pacific Coast. 443 Marquette Bldg., Chicago; 1501 Wright Bldg., St. Louis; 736 Old South Bldg., Boston; 206 Pacific Bldg., San Francisco; 200 Central Bldg., Los Angeles.

**STIKPATCH** mends stockings without darning. Washes and wears better than darning. Buy of your dealer or send ten cents to us for package of 20 patches postpaid. Agents wanted. Leland Co., Box 376, Los Angeles, Cal.

**FREE** 15 different post cards, with three months subscription for 10 cents. Largest and oldest collectors 100 page monthly on stamps, coins, post cards, curios, minerals, old books, relics, etc. Phil. West Collectors World, Superior, Nebraska.

#### MEXICAN LANDS

**TEPIC, MEXICO.** On the West Coast. Shares are being offered in a producing plantation, operated on modern American methods. Growing corn, tobacco, garvanza, rubber, bananas, pine-apples, hardwood and cattle. 300 per cent profit in five years. Share in the profits. \$5 per share, fully secured. Best of reference. Full information on request. M. P. Wright & Co., Delta Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal.



# Let Us Send You a Case of California's Best Wines

**WE PAY THE FREIGHT TO ANY POINT  
IN THE U. S. ON THE FOLLOWING:**

**SPECIAL NO. 1**

Two cases of 8-year old assorted California wines, every drop pure and wholesome; freight included to any point, for only.....\$10

**SPECIAL NO. 2**

Two cases of our 10-year-old assorted California wines. Boxed free and freight prepaid, for only.....\$12

**SPECIAL NO. 3**

Two cases of assorted California wines—fine private stock, 15 years old. This special also includes one bottle of California brandy and one bottle of apricot brandy, packed free and freight prepaid to any point, for only.....\$15

**SPECIAL NO. 4**

Two cases of our famous Gold Medal wines, including one bottle of California Champagne, one bottle best brandy and one bottle apricot brandy. Packed free, freight prepaid to any point, for only.....\$22

*Edw. Germain Wine Co.*  
*633 South Main St.*

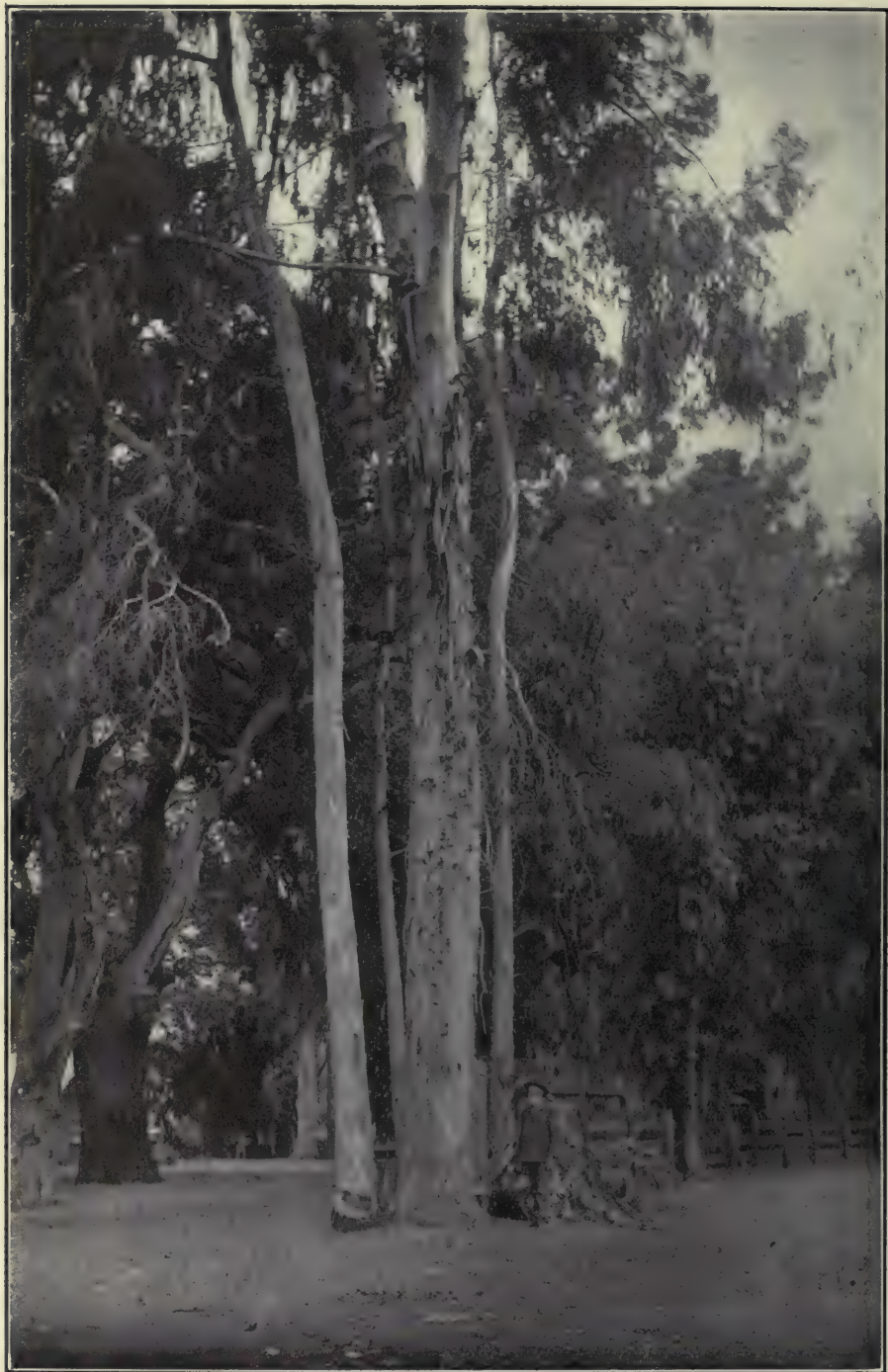
HOME-EX-919

SUNSET MAIN 919

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA







EUCALYPTUS GLOBULUS; ON RANCH OF ELLWOOD COOPER, SANTA BARBARA  
Trees are 24 years old; the largest equal in diameter to oaks over 200 years old.





Vol. XXXI, No. 4

NOVEMBER, 1909

## THE EUCALYPTS OF THE SOUTHWEST

By ALFRED JAMES McCLATCHIE.\*



**B**OTANISTS recognize some 150 species, more or less, of the genus *Eucalyptus*. To discriminate accurately each species among so large a number taxes the ability of even the best botanist in the world. Hence it is not surprising that laymen are confused as to their right names. Well-established common names for them are very few, compared with the total number of species. These trees have been known to the civilized world for such a comparatively short time that satisfactory popular names have not been assigned to many of the numerous species. This makes it necessary to use the scientific names in discussing separate species. As there are already over fifty different species of *Eucalypts* growing in the Southwest, it will undoubtedly be many years before a large proportion of them will come to be known by well-established common names that will take the place of the scientific ones that at present must be used.

The Blue Gum (*Eucalyptus globulus*) is one of a very few species that can be said to have an established common name here. It is the best-known *Eucalypt*, and is in many respects the best-known forest-tree in the world. It is indigenous to Tasmania and the neighboring part of Australia, where it grows in valleys and on moist declivities of mountains. In similar climatic situations it makes a marvellous growth wherever it has been introduced, and attains arboreal proportions in a great variety of unfavorable situations much more rapidly than other trees. Upon account of the comparatively large size of its seeds, the ease with which it is propagated, and its rapid growth from the very start, it has been planted more extensively than all other species combined. In fact, the words *Eucalyptus* and *Eucalypt* mean to-

\*Many of the illustrations for this article are from photographs made for the Department of Agriculture. The article itself is reprinted at the request of many readers from *Out West* for May, 1904.

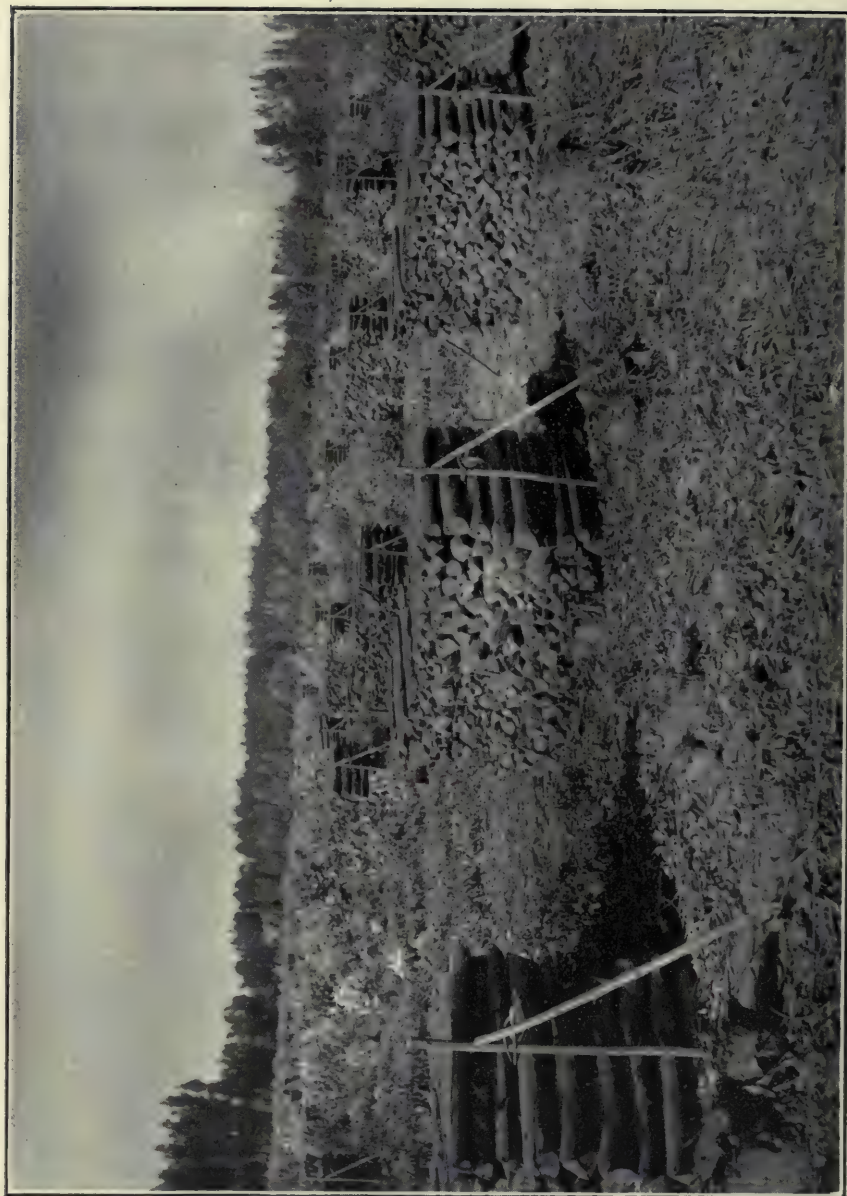


EUCALYPTUS RUDIS, MINNEWAWA RANCH, FRESNO  
Tree twelve years old; trunk two feet in diameter.





EUCALYPTUS VIMINALIS, PASADENA (26 YEARS OLD)



FOUR-FOOT WOOD CUT FROM BLUE GUM GROVE  
Eighty cord-piles per acre, the growth of seven years.

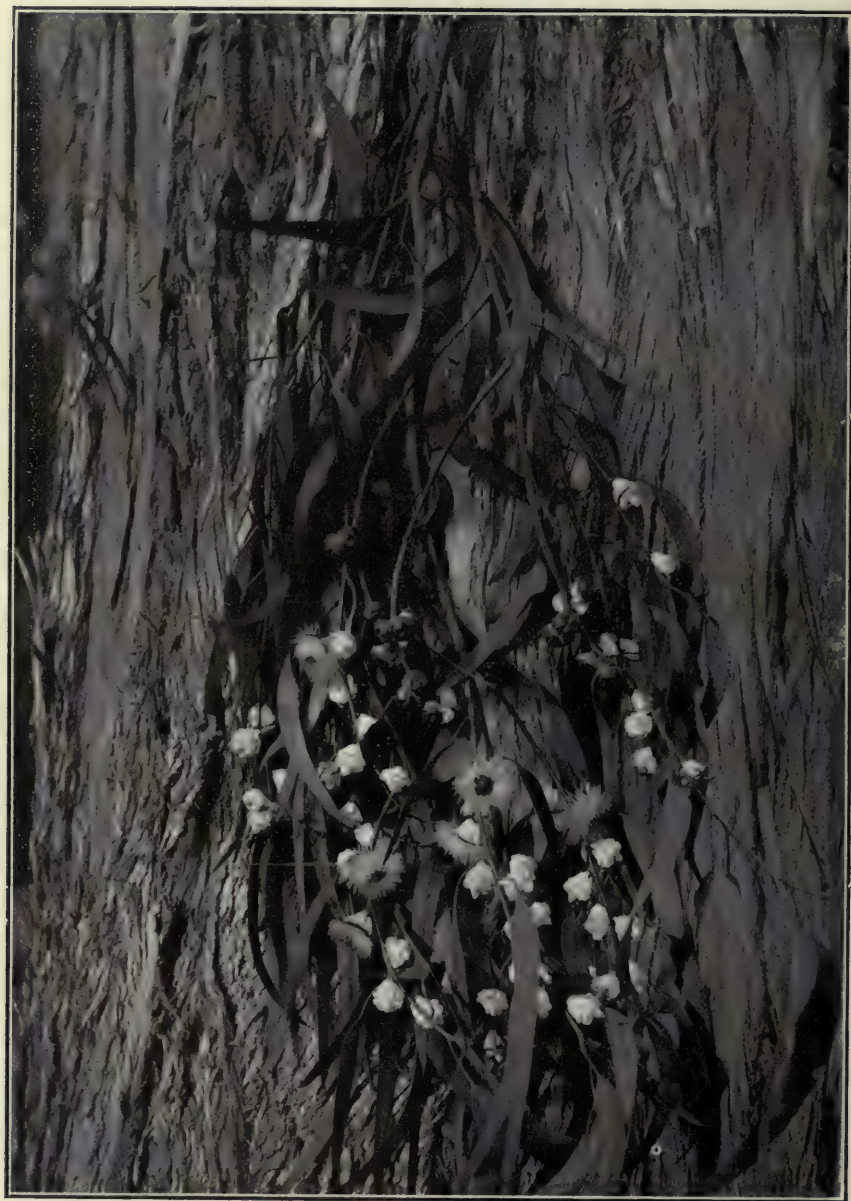


most people the Blue Gum. It is so common and so conspicuous compared with most other species that the fact that there are others is almost lost sight of by laymen.

The Blue Gum was the first Eucalypt to gain favor in California, and has been planted almost to the exclusion of others. Its merits are many, but for some purposes and some locations other species are much more desirable. The tree has the power of adapting itself to a great variety of climatic and soil conditions. It thrives in moist, warm regions, in quite dry, hot ones, in lowlands and in stony uplands. Wherever the mercury does not fall below 25 degrees in winter nor rise above 105 degrees F. in summer, and the annual rainfall is eight to twenty inches, the Blue Gum will grow. It is the species commonly grown for shade, for windbreaks, for fuel, and for piles in California, and the one from whose leaves most of the Eucalyptus oil is distilled. It is less ornamental than many other species, but few, if any, surpass the Blue Gum in general usefulness.

The ease with which it is propagated, its rapidity of growth, and its general usefulness in California have caused the Blue Gum to be the species of Eucalyptus that has been first and most generally tried in other sections of the south and west. In many cases it has proven unsuited to particular regions, and the resulting inference has been that Eucalypts could not be grown in them. The discouraging outcome of the trial of a single supposedly-promising species has thus delayed the introduction of Eucalypts into many parts of the country where they might be successfully and advantageously grown.

Next to the Blue Gum, the best known Eucalypt name for many years was "Red Gum". This name has been applied indiscriminately to several species, differing widely in appearance and characteristics. In fact, when the writer came to California thirteen years ago, he was wisely informed by a sixteen-year resident that there were two kinds of Eucalypts in California, the Blue Gum and the Red Gum. The latter name is properly applied to *E. rostrata*, one of the most useful of all Australian trees. It does not grow quite as rapidly as the Blue Gum, but it endures greater extremes of heat and cold, withstands more drouth, and furnishes timber that is more durable. In Australia it is used for lumber, for ship and bridge building, for telegraph poles, for posts, and for piles. It deserves to be planted much more extensively than it has been. For many interior dry regions it is much better suited than the Blue Gum. Plantations serving as a forest cover for ravines, hillsides, and dry plains will within a decade begin to be sources of posts, fuel, railway ties, telegraph poles, and bridge timbers, and would eventually produce timber



EUCALYPTUS GLOBULUS





EUCALYPTUS CALLOPHYLLA

suitable for many other important purposes. Such plantings made along the lines of railroads would furnish material for keeping them in repair and making extensions, besides supplying telephone and telegraph poles within easy reach of the points where they would be needed.

Another species to which the name of "Red Gum" may be properly applied is *E. tereticornis*. It resembles *E. rostrata* quite closely, but in most situations grows more rapidly, forming straighter and more erect trunks. Its timber is nearly, if not quite, as valuable as that of *E. rostrata*. In Australia it is generally known as Forest Red Gum, being highly prized for a great variety of purposes. The Manna Gum (*E. viminalis*) and the Swamp Mahogany (*E. robusta*) are both improperly called "Red Gums" in California. Both are inferior in nearly all respects to the true Red Gums. The former grows nearly as rapidly as the Blue Gum, and endures greater extremes of heat and cold, but produces a timber that is less valuable. The latter has been much grown as an avenue shade tree, but has disappointed many who have planted it. During the early years of its growth it is showy and somewhat attractive, becoming quite coarse in appearance and slower of growth as it gets older.

For an avenue tree the Sugar Gum (*E. corynocalyx*) has proven quite satisfactory. It maintains its early rate of growth and appearance well and blooms profusely during several months of the year. But this species is much more valuable as a forest and timber tree than as a shade or ornamental one. It endures greater heat and more drouth than the Blue Gum, in most situations makes nearly as rapid a growth, and furnishes a timber that is much more durable. The Sugar Gum deserves to be planted much more generally and upon a much larger scale than it has been, being as it is one of the most generally useful species of the genus. Its erect, even trunks furnish lasting posts, railway ties, and telephone and telegraph poles. In most dry interior situations it should be set in preference to the Blue Gum.

For a shade and ornamental tree, the Red Box (*E. polyanthema*) is in many respects more satisfactory than any species previously mentioned. The spreading habit of the tree, with its persistent, slightly-furrowed, grayish bark, its characteristic foliage of ashly or dull-green hued leaves, its profuse bloom of dainty whitish flowers, and its goblet-shaped seed-cases, present a very pleasing appearance. Its growth is not rapid, but it is steady, and the early rate long-maintained. The older trees have a compact substantial appearance not possessed by many other Eucalypts. Besides the above desirable characteristics, it is remarkably hardy to both heat and cold, it being one of the few tested at the Experiment Station





EUCALYPTUS MELIODORA



EUCALYPTUS TERETICORNIS





EUCALYPTUS CITRIODORA  
Ellwood Cooper's Ranch, Santa Barbara, (15 years old).

farm near Phoenix that has been entirely uninjured by either the frosts of winter or the heat of summer. The tree, when grown, furnishes a very hard, strong and durable timber that is useful for a great variety of purposes. It is worthy of being planted freely, especially in regions too frosty or too hot for faster-growing species.

Another species that possesses the combined merits of attractiveness and usefulness is the Lemon-scented Gum (*E. citriodora*). It is a fast-growing tree, usually soon becoming tall and slender; its trunk is straight and even, its light-colored bark mottled by the flaking off of thin patches, its foliage graceful and delightfully fragrant, and its bloom profuse and conspicuous. The lemon-scented odor exhaled by the crushed leaves gives the tree its specific name, *citriodora*. The tree does not endure heavy frosts, being particularly adapted to a moist tropical or semi-tropical climate. It furnishes a beautiful, yellowish or brownish wood that is strong, flexible, and durable. In Australia it is used for the inside woodwork of homes, for carriages, and for railway coaches. In the Southwest, where the good hardwood timber for many purposes comes from the opposite quarter of the country, coast-region planters of Eucalypts would do well to consider the many merits of this excellent, fast-growing tree.

The Red Iron-bark (*E. sideroxylon*) is still another species that is both attractive and very useful. Usually erect in growth and of medium height, with numerous side branches, graceful foliage and pinkish or red bloom, it is one of the most attractive trees of the genus. Its deeply furrowed, dark-red or brownish bark is the darkest in color and the hardest of the Iron-barks. The whole appearance of the tree, with its rough, dark bark, its silvery, narrow leaves, and its daintily-colored flowers, is quite distinctive, contrasting strongly with the smooth-barked, broader-leaved species. It furnishes a dark-red wood that is hard and heavy, and very strong and durable. In Australia the Red Iron-bark is most abundant in the stony, sterile portions of gold-producing districts. In California it thrives in dry soil near the coast and on the plains and hillsides of some of the interior valleys, but is unsuited to excessively hot dry regions. Because of its beauty and the great usefulness of its timber, the tree is worthy of culture wherever soil and climatic conditions are favorable. On account of a more or less close resemblance of the foliage and flowers, a very different and inferior tree (*E. leucoxylon*) has been by herbarium botanists confused with the Red Iron-bark. It is much more hardy to heat and cold than the latter, but produces a crooked inferior timber. It may be readily distinguished by its smooth, light-colored bark and its white wood.



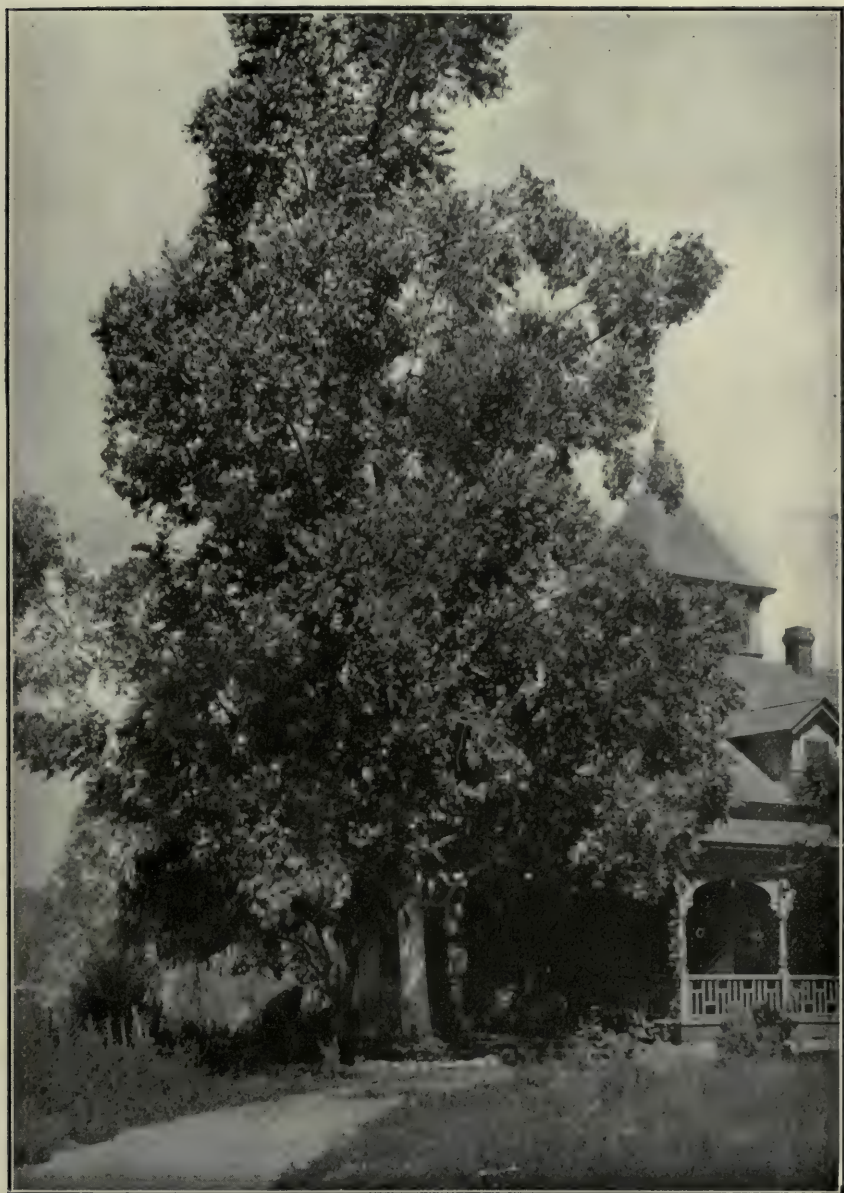


EUCALYPTUS CITRIODORA



EUCALYPTUS ROSTRATA  
Eastlake Park, Los Angeles.





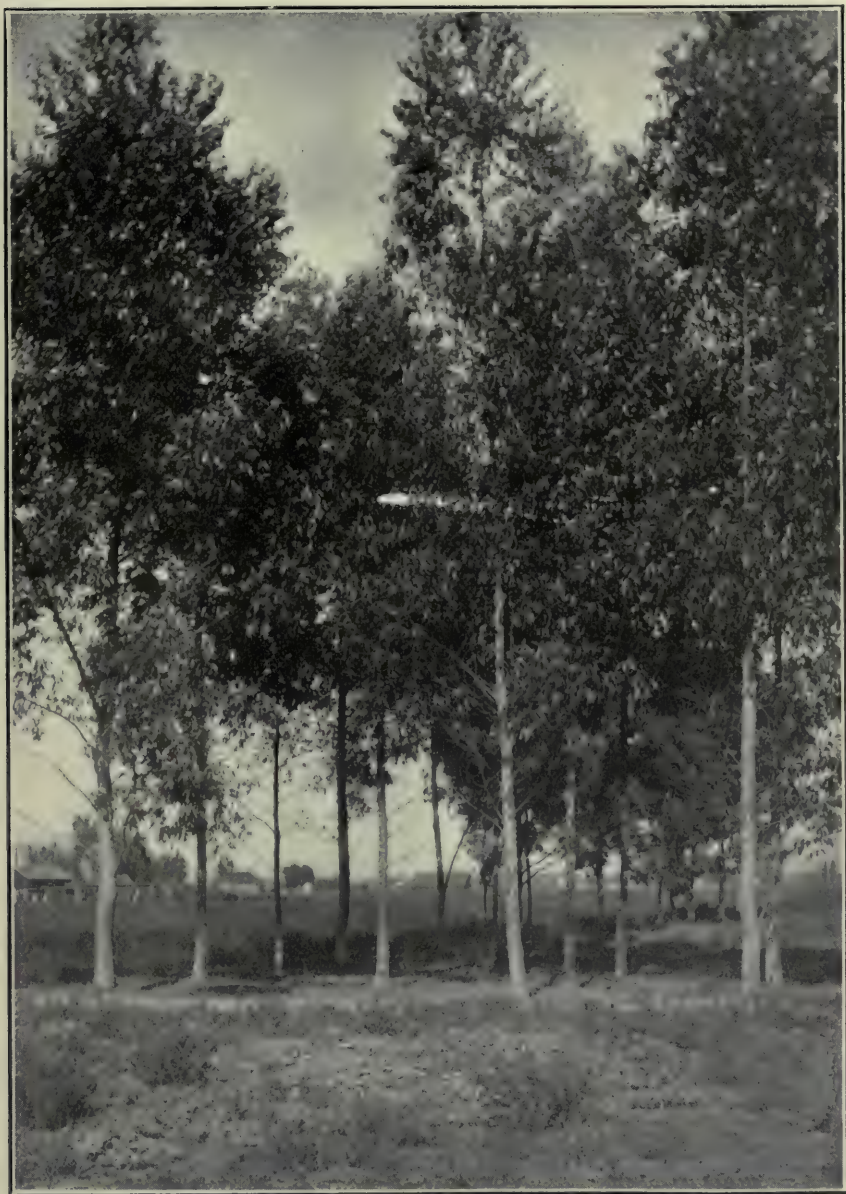
EUCALYPTUS DIVERSICOLOR, SOUTH PASADENA, CALIFORNIA

Two trees that differ widely as to appearance, endurance of climatic conditions, and the character of its timber are *E. gunnii* and *E. microtheca*. The former endures lower temperatures than most other Eucalypts, extending on Australian mountains to an elevation of 4,000 to 5,000 feet, but is seldom very attractive in appearance. In valleys of the Southwest it grows continuously during the winter, even though the temperature falls below freezing each night, but is injured by the excessively hot, dry weather of summer. Consequently it is evidently well suited to all moderately elevated mountain situations of the Southwest. *E. microtheca*, on the other hand, is a denizen of hot deserts, where the soil is gravelly and apparently void of moisture. It is said by Baron Von Mueller to endure uninjured temperatures as high as 125 degrees to 150 degrees F. It has been grown only to a limited extent in our country, but deserves trial in the hot, dry interior. The tree has a pleasing appearance, the bark being peculiarly furrowed, the foliage graceful, and the flowers dainty. It furnishes a dark-red, or brown, excessively hard wood that, on account of its color and markings, is useful for cabinet-work.

The endurance of low and high temperatures that characterizes separately the two species just discussed is found to a great extent in a single species, until recently little known. About fifteen years ago the proprietor of the Minnewawa ranch near Fresno ordered from San Francisco and set out a grove of Eucalypts that later proved to be *E. rudis*, a comparatively obscure Australian species. The trees attracted the attention of nurserymen and others of the region, and from seed from them have been grown great numbers of young trees. It has been found that they endure greater extremes of heat and cold than any other Eucalypt that has been tried in the Southwest, with the possible exception of *E. polyanthema*. But unlike the latter, *E. rudis* makes a rapid growth, surpassing the Blue Gum in this respect in many localities. Experiments at the Station Farm near Phoenix have demonstrated that it is suited to the trying climatic conditions of that region, being uninjured by either the heat of summer or the frosts of winter. The wood seems to be as valuable as that of the Blue Gum. *Eucalyptus rudis* seems to be the species that is destined to be planted extensively throughout the parts of the Southwest having trying climatic condition.

So varied in characteristics and in their relation to climate and soil are the different species of the genus *Eucalyptus*, that a suitable one exists for each of the numerous purposes for which trees are grown, and for nearly all situations in the Southwest. For an ornamental and timber tree in the moister regions free from heavy frosts the Lemon-scented Gum is well adapted. For torrid desert





EUCALYPTUS CORYNOCALYX, NEAR COMPTON

situations *E. microtheca* is available, and for frosty mountain situations, *E. gunnii*. Between these extremes, are *E. globulus*, *E. rostrata*, *E. tereticornis*, *E. corynocalyx*, *E. sideroxylon*, and many others that thrive in regions free from extremes of temperature and humidity and furnish timber that is valuable for an almost endless variety of purposes. Then there are *E. polyanthema* and *E. rudis*, the one rather slow-growing, and the other rapid-growing, that endure great extremes of climatic conditions, and are serviceable for shade, for fuel, for windbreaks, and for numerous other useful purposes.

Though the role the Eucalypts have been playing in the Southwest is a very important one, the role that they are destined to play in the future will be of greater and increasingly greater importance. The commercial uses to which these trees have been put heretofore are of the grosser sort compared with those to which they will be put in the future. Furnishing posts for fences, piles for wharves, and fuel for the fireside and for driving the wheels of industries is an important office, and one which the Eucalypts may well continue to fill. But not until the timber is cut into lumber and given the multitude of shapes for which the various species are so well adapted will these trees play the part in our Southwestern civilization for which they are best fitted.

We bring from various parts of the United States ready-made tools, implements, furniture, carriages, and street cars, constructed from trees that can never be duplicated. We finish our dwellings with material cut from hardwood trees that have stood many years longer than has our government—trees that were an essential feature of the landscape of the region in which they grew. Instead of marring the beauty of our country and depleting native forests that have been hundreds of years in growing, we can grow in the Southwest, for material for our implements, our furniture, our carriages, our street cars, our railway coaches, and our dwellings, trees that after being cut for the use of one generation will put forth a fresh growth that will furnish timber for the next.

Collectively, then, the various species of Eucalypts are destined to play a very prominent part in the affairs of the Southwest, their role being the clothing of the naked unproductive portions with garments of beauty and utility; the tempering of the winds and the rays of the sun; the yielding of honey for the delectation of the palate and of oil for the healing of wounds and maladies; the production of fuel for the fireside and the factory; the supplying of ties for railways, posts for fences, piles for wharves, timbers for bridges, and poles for trolley, telephone and telegraph lines; the furnishing of material for implements, for vehicles, for furniture, and for the embellishment of our dwelling houses; the saving of millions of our native trees by producing in a single decade material for this multitude of purposes.





EUCALYPTUS SIDEROXYLON, MONTECITO, CALIFORNIA

## THE LAST MILITARY EXPEDITION OF THE SPANIARDS INTO THE NORTH- WESTERN PLAINS

1720

By AD. F. BANDELIER



MY FIRST durable impression of the desert western plains was obtained in 1880 at the station "La Junta" of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé railroad, where I had been unloaded to wait for the next train going to Santa Fé. It was a cloudless day and I was eager to spend it walking about the swellings near the Arkansas river, observing the insect life that flitted, buzzed and crawled around and on the yellow-blossoming shrubs—and above all to obtain a glimpse at the characteristic landscape.

It was then deserted as far as the eye could reach. The buffalo had just gone, with it the Indian; and civilized man had not yet had time to make a lasting impression. On both sides of the railroad track, solitudes extended, in appearance boundless, covered with low vegetation already beginning to fade. To the east the same dreary monotony prevailed, barely affected by the line of trees along the Arkansas river. In the west it seemed as if the horizon were as sharply cut off as on the ocean, although there were sinuosities rising above it in places. Above such sinuosities three mountains arose in the distance, unconnected with each other—the "Huajatoyas" (Spanish Peaks), the "Cuerno Verde" (Green Horn Mountains) and far far-away Pike's Peak like a silvery miniature. I was then for the first time impressed with the figure man must have cut (civilized man) when he entered upon these wastes in former times, when, to offset the commodities now offered to him by civilization, he had only the buffalo to depend upon and more or less hostile Indians to consult.

I recalled:

"The days of old, the days of gold,  
The days of 'Forty-nine."

In that year I had seen, in western Illinois, now and then a white-covered wagon sheltering, sometimes a few men, again a small family, pass through the village; they were "bound for California" across the Plains. How many ever reached their goal cannot be accurately known, because the number of those who perished is not to be determined, neither is the manner in which they lost their lives. Very few of the tragedies enacted during that time and in the course of three succeeding decades has it been possible to report accurately; the few survivors of early settlers in New Mexico can tell of trains anxiously expected and that never came in. Many of these trains arrived safely, however, although sorely pressed by the Indians. It was with one of those trains, for instance, that



the first Archbishop of Santa Fé, the Most Rev. J. B. Lamy, was compelled to handle a gun against human beings. He did so, and, when pulling the trigger, turned his face away. The Very Rev. Francis Eguillon, Vicar General of Santa Fé, confessed to me that on that occasion he had glanced along the line of the barrel and fired, but was greatly relieved at the fact that he had not hurt anybody. Fortunately for the safety of the trains, these were humane exceptions.

Later on, I remember seeing the long string of "Prairie-Schooners" en route for Colorado and Kansas. Their transit, while not quite as dangerous as that of their predecessors to California, was still perilous enough. And the deceptions that awaited the intrepid travelers at the end of their journey! One wagon passed with a snow-white cover, on which were painted the hopeful words, "Kansas or Bust." A few months afterwards the same wagon passed again, this time eastward bound. The legend had been changed to: "Bust, by G-D."

The expeditions of the Spaniards into the great western plains in former centuries were not always successful. In fact, success with these expeditions meant only a return to the point of departure with a comparatively small loss. Coronado, in 1541, was glad to penetrate to southern Nebraska and come back to his "point of beginning" on the Rio Grande. In 1585 (about), the expedition of Humaña Leyva and Bonilla entrusted its fate to the plains. Nothing very definite was ever heard from it. It perished on the plains, and the only survival, a boy, afterward said the Indians had set the grass on fire around the Spanish camp and thus destroyed the whole outfit. It is possible that more attempts were made from Santa Fé in the course of the seventeenth century. One of these, the expedition of Diego de Peñalosa Brizeño, much controverted, is by no means improbable, but its exit was, under all circumstances, like that secured by the king of France, who

".....with twenty thousand men,

Marched up the hill, and then—marched down again."

Whoever Peñalosa may have been (and he was by no means a reputable character) his later intrigues in England and France created for Spain some apprehensions for the safety of its most northern colonies like New Mexico. Although the plains were a formidable barrier between the West and the East, the very Spanish explorations through them showed that they were not impassable.

On the more-or-less annual journeys made by the Pueblo Indians to the "Buffalo-country" or the "great plains," these village Indians came in contact with aborigines of northern stock, and captives resulting from such contact were transferred to the Spaniards. We find Pawnees, under the name of "Pananas," at El Paso del Norte

before 1680. But while the tales told by such made but vague impressions upon the Spanish mind, their attention became directed to the countries north of New Mexico by comparatively unimportant incidents. In history, however, nothing is insignificant; the apparently casual not infrequently plays the part of an over-turned leaf, a broken twig, the moist surface of a pebble, on an obliterated trail.

In the first years of the eighteenth century a case of Indian witchcraft (unimportant in reality) agitated the minds of the Indians of Picuries, a once important Pueblo in northern New Mexico. They became so excited that, yielding to the instigations of the Yutes and some Comanches, they abandoned their village in the mountains in 1704 and moved to the plains north of Taos, possibly about 350 miles north of Santa Fé. The place was already known to the Spaniards as "El Cuartelejo," and a vague tradition intimates that the Picuries Indians had temporarily resided there in the second half of the seventeenth century. The Picuries were brought back to their old home in New Mexico in 1706, and it is not yet known whether or not their short stay in the plains left any architectural traces. At any rate, their flight to the "Cuartelejo" brought about more continuous intercourse between the Spaniards in northern New Mexico and roaming tribes in southeastern Colorado, and the latter became so annoying that in 1719 a military reconnoissance was set on foot by the Governor of New Mexico, Don Antonio Valverde y Cossio, to put an end to marauding by Yutes, Apache bands and other nomads, and also to prepare the ground for a possible extension of Spanish sway in the direction of and beyond the Arkansas river.

The intrigues against Spain, which Peñalosa had conducted (in France chiefly) towards the end of the seventeenth century, had awakened the Spanish government to the consciousness of a possible danger to its New Mexican possessions from the French in Louisiana, but at the same time they were placed on the alert against a similar danger coming from the north through Canadian Frenchmen penetrating as far as the Pawnees about the Platte river. An eventual confederacy of the latter powerful tribe with the French might have become a serious menace. This discovery appears to have been made between 1706 and 1719; hence, when the expedition in the latter year was organized at Santa Fé, one of the chief advisers in the council of war was a Frenchman of the name of Jean L'Archêvêque, born at Bayonne, in southern France, in the year 1671. He came over to Texas with the expedition commanded by the celebrated French explorer, Robert Cavalier de la Salle, in 1684, and, it is well known, allured La Salle into the fatal ambush that caused the latter's death in 1687. Cast



away among the Indians of Texas, rescued by the Spaniards, sent to Spain, returned to Mexico in 1692, he reached New Mexico in 1696 as a private soldier; then became a trader with so much success that he gradually rose to become one of the principal New Mexican colonists. His descendants still reside in the territory and the family of L'Archévêque are well known at Bayonne in France. He was not only a successful trader but had in the course of military service acquired much experience in Indian warfare, except, perhaps, on the plains. Yet when, at the suggestion of the New Mexican Governor, a formal military expedition to the Pawnees was ordered by the Viceroy of New Spain, Archévêque (Hispanized into Archibeque) was aggregated to it (although no longer in the military service) as chief guide and adviser, because the expedition was expected to come in contact with his countrymen, the French.

The expedition had a prevailing military character. Fifty soldiers, etc., of the Spanish armament in New Mexico, or about one half of it, composed the force. It was large enough to maintain itself against open attack unless made in numbers that could not be looked for. But it was hardly large enough to warrant offensive operations. The intention was evidently not to conquer but to induce negotiations while creating respect; to draw away the Pawnees from a suspected alliance with the French, and thus to secure a military, and eventually a commercial, foothold towards the North. Had the enterprise succeeded, its consequences might have been of considerable importance for the destinies of the West. A limited number of servants and a reasonable pack-train, with Indians (also limited in number), accompanied the corps. The Lieutenant Governor of New Mexico, Don Pedro de Villazur, was made commander-in-chief, Archévêque, or Archibeque, his "right bower". Villazur was an officer of the regular army, probably competent in that capacity, but he had not been long in the Southwest. The difference between Indian campaigning and European regular warfare was, in the eighteenth century, much greater than it is now, and the country into which he was to march, as well as the natives he was to meet, were entirely unknown to him and uncomprehended. Fate allowed him just 63 days of a fatally-ending novitiate in a school, where, so the most meritorious officers have confessed to me, there is always something new to learn.

Villazur took at least a part of his silver-ware along. That seems to have been unnecessary, and possibly was. Nevertheless, it was just as easy to carry as, and less exposed to breakage than glass or china. It reminds us of the fact that previous to the American occupation in Mexico, window-panes were exceedingly scarce in that country because their transport seldom escaped dis-

aster. Silver was more easily obtainable than tin or brass. A silver inkstand is also mentioned among the belongings of the unfortunate commander. As late as the fifth decade of the past century the end of a horn (cow or buffalo) fixed in a block of wood served as inkstand among the rural population of New Mexico. Ink was made of charcoal, water and unmentionable addition, and eagle quills, of course, served as pens. One of my most intimate friends among the Pueblo Indians was taught to write with such tools. That an officer of the regular army of Spain should have taken useful pieces of silver-ware along need therefore occasion no surprise and authorize no strictures. A journal he had to keep under any circumstances—it was obligatory.

One feature of the expedition remains strangely in doubt even to this day. Later documents treat of a chaplain, Fray Juan Mingues, a Franciscan who, they say, accompanied the expedition and perished with it. A French narrative has it, that Father Mingues escaped on horseback. I have the depositions, textually, of all the survivors, and not one of them mentions the priest, neither is he alluded to in the documents relative to the organization of the expedition or to the official investigation which its fate called for. And yet have I followed the tracks of Fray Juan Mingues in the church-books of New Mexico year for year, from Mission to Mission, from 1706 to the 15th of June, 1720, the day after Villazur started from Santa Fé. After that date no trace is found of him anywhere, as far as I have been able to search. What became of him is a mystery the more inexplicable, as the fate of a chaplain on such a venture was a matter of importance.

From the 14th of June, 1720 (the day on which Villazur left Santa Fé with his men) until the 6th of September, no official tidings seem to have reached the capital of New Mexico. At least I have not been able to find any trace. But, on the latter day, a soldier of the expedition, Felipe Tamariz, came in with terrifying news. The expedition had, at dawn on August 15th, been surprised by the Pawnee Indians and as good as annihilated in a very short time. Don Pedro de Villazur, the commander, his mainstay, Juan de Archibeque, and over 40 Spaniards had been killed, the camp and belongings captured, and only a half a dozen Spaniards and the Indian auxiliaries had escaped, together with a number of horses. It is superfluous to follow the lengthy investigations that succeeded. Only a part of the documents resulting therefrom have I been able to obtain, and the most important of them are declarations by survivors.

It appears that, after leaving Taos, the most northern of the New Mexican Pueblos, the party entered the northern plains, following the route of Valverde of the year previous, passing the



"Quartelejo" and coming in contact with the Apaches of the "Jicarilla", who were on friendly terms with the Spaniards. A certain number of these joined the expeditionary corps as auxiliaries and guides. The line of march was north declining to the east and always in the plains. Thus they reached, on the 14th of August, the southern bank of the river beyond which lay the villages of the Pawnees. An Indian captive who spoke Pawnee was sent across to parley with the Pawnees, and represent to them the purpose of the expedition, which was to initiate friendly relations. But he was also, and very incautiously, instructed to inquire whether there were any French among them. The messenger never returned, but some Pawnees presented themselves at the Spanish camp, only, for lack of an interpreter they could not be understood. Villazur then fell back to another river, and established his camp on the south side in tall grass. The line of march and the approximate distance would lead to the supposition that the place was at least near where Platte City now stands, near the south fork of the Platte. These are, however, mere suggestions, subject to serious local investigation.

It seems that Villazur and Archibeque, or, perhaps, the former contrary to the latter's advice, had full faith in his Apache auxiliaries. At least he left the night watch exclusively in the care of the latter. Only the horses were sent a short distance from the camp, farther away from the river, under guard of half a dozen Spanish soldiers. All these dispositions show that Villazur, and even Archibeque, were over-confident in the trustworthiness of their allies and in the superiority of their own armament. They also relied too much on the security which the two rivers separating them from the Pawnees might afford.

It was afterwards ascertained that the stillness of the night, which the camp improved for comfortable rest, had been broken by sounds that to anyone conscious of the situation would have been very suspicious. The barking of a dog was heard near the camp, and also the noise of people swimming the river. But no warning was given to the sleeping Spaniards by the Apaches, and the guard in charge of the horses paid no attention to these ominous signs, possibly because they did not hear them distinctly enough. At day-break the camp was aroused and began to prepare for the retrograde march. Villazur was standing outside of his tent, yet unarmed. Archibeque was in the saddle, everything was bustle and in momentary confusion, as is wont to be the case when a hurried departure is looked for.

At this moment musket shots and the flight of arrows issued from the tall grass very near the camp. The effect was murderous, owing to the proximity from which they were discharged. Volley

followed upon volley. Villazur ordered his servant to get his carbine, but master and servant fell almost at the same time. Archibeque was shot down at the first fire and when his body-servant tried to assist him it was too late. The latter received five wounds, but finally escaped on his master's horse. The Spanish picket rushed up in succour but they were too few in numbers and took to flight, nearly all of them wounded, driving before them the already partly stampeded animals. Of the Apache auxiliaries nothing is told; it is as if they had taken no part in the engagement—at least not to assist the Spaniards.

The action proper lasted but a few minutes. The first discharges did terrible execution and the remaining Spaniards in the camp were quickly dispatched at closer quarters. The booty became scattered among the Pawnees, and possibly also other tribes of the plains. That the Pawnees were, in this successful surprise, aided and abetted by some French from Canada can hardly be doubted. French sources do not deny it.

The consternation wrought by the news of this catastrophe in New Mexico, and even as far as Mexico City, cannot easily be imagined. One half of the military force destined to guard the extreme Spanish North was destroyed at one blow, the remainder insufficient to defend the territory against the Navajos, southern Apaches, Yutes and Comanches prowling in and about the country. The lack of concerted action on the part of the Indians, however, made it possible to hold on until reinforcements could be sent. It was also feared that the French might take advantage of the disaster and undertake a march upon New Mexico from the North in conjunction with such tribes of the plains as might rally beneath their flag. That fear, however, was exaggerated; only a few French (if any) had aided the Pawnees, and Canada was not in a condition to think of a conquest toward the Southwest.

Contrary to the plans that determined the expedition of Villazur intended to establish Spanish influence beyond northern New Mexico, the outcome of that ill-fated expedition was to lead French Canadians into the Spanish domain. Nineteen years after the massacre, the first Frenchmen reached Taos, coming all the way across the northern plains. Only one of them remained, but he conceived the criminal idea of inciting the Pueblo Indians to an uprising against the Spaniards. The plot was discovered, and he was shot at Santa Fé on the 18th of October, 1743.

Since 1720 no Spanish expedition of any magnitude penetrated the northern plains. Sporadic efforts were made towards the east and southeast, the more or less annual hunts for the buffalo by the Pueblo Indians serving to a certain extent as conductors. These hunts, gradually developing into mere trading expeditions, fur-



nished the means of communication between the roaming tribes of the prairies and the pueblos. After the former ceased to trouble the latter by hostile incursions, delegations of them appeared at rare intervals in northern New Mexico, more than once with the intention of bringing about a concerted uprising against the whites, but the Pueblo Indians were wise enough to understand that these efforts would be futile, from the time that the United States held control over the whole continent south of Canada and north of Mexico.

New York.

## COMPETITIVE DRAWING

(In the Arizona Schools.)

By CHAS. F. LUMMIS

**W**HICH'LL I merry? Aw, leggo, now!  
 Hefto choose? But I cain't, I say!  
 Like yo' both, but I jes' donno now  
 Which I'd cotton-to thet-away.

Sot on settlin' it 'fore yo'r dinner?  
 Wot'd I say to a poker game—  
 Show-down—me to go to the winner?  
 I'm agreeable, ef yo're the same!

'Ll I deal? In course I will, mos' cheerful.  
 Pete, yo' shuffle; Hank, cut f'r luck.  
 That's yo'r pasteboards. Discard keerful—  
 Half a minnit we'll see who's stuck!

Yer, yo' Pete, et's yo'r firs' say-so,  
 How many keerds yo' goin' to draw?  
 Four! Now et takes a gall to play so!  
 Yo' mus' think luck is yo'rn by law!

Wal, ef that Pete hain't drawed four aces!  
 Sort o' looks like ez ef he'd won—  
 Ex-cuse me! This pot's Hank Casey's,  
 Seein' ez Hank hez drawed—his gun!

—Reprinted by request (from *Life*).

## THE FABULOUS

By R. C. PITZER.

### CHAPTER IX.

#### DOUBTFUL DIRECTIONS.



CAMMEL laughed for one triumphant second, while his trembling hands took the brown paper and held it under his nose. But then his face fell, and he stared in blank dismay.

"There ain't any directions here," he stammered, still glaring at the paper. "The map's full of figures. What do they mean?"

Luke scratched his head and thoughtfully lowered his eyes to his feet, while his lips pursed, and heavy furrows grew on his forehead. "The details are in the letter," he reflected. "These numerals were repeated there with explanations. I'm not sure that I remember. Can you make anything of it as it stands?"

"We'll see," Scammel said; "it shouldn't be hard. Kind of frightened me for a minute." He squatted on his heels beside his horse, and Luke crouched down, peering over his partner's shoulder.

The map was rudely drawn on a square piece of brown wrapping paper, with ink that time had faded into a pale blue. An oval line of scratches bordered the paper, evidently crudely indicating the mountain ranges about Saw Valley. The center was unmarked, save for a long wavering line which doubtless indicated Saw River. From this two creeks were drawn flowing from the north with head branches in what must be the Liver Ridge. Numerals dotted the map.

Scammel scanned the paper for some time. "These figures referred to a key in the letter?" he asked. "Each figure is explained in the letter?"

"Yes. Evidently Uncle Dan drew the map in a store. As I remember, when he came to tell of the country hereabouts he merely made numerals on the map, and in the letter gave an explanation of what was there. Most of them told the names of creeks, passes, and things of that sort. I never paid much attention to details."

"Which figure indicated the mine?"

Luke hesitated, pushed his hat back, and frowned. "I've been trying to think," he said, slowly. "It was up north somewhere—perhaps either figure one or seven. You see, I haven't looked at the letter or map either since I left Chicago, and I'm rather puzzled. I may remember. In the letter the numerals run straight down the page, with a short comment beside each one. No, I don't think the Fabulous headed the list. It was further down. Seven, possibly."



"That's the left fork of Liver Ridge Creek," Scammel grunted. "It was on the left fork of something—I remember that."

Scammel drew a heavy sigh of relief. "Say," he said, looking up with a wry smile, "you have a fine business head, I don't think. Why, if this map had been mine, I'd have been able to draw it from memory a hundred years after I'd seen it, and call off the numbers like a policy sport."

He stared at the map. "We're not out of the woods yet," he said. "This figure seven is marked at just about the place I found a pocket. This gulch has been prospected time and again. But the number is below the creek, and the gulch I worked in is a little farther up, and comes in on the right hand. I guess we're all right. Let's see if I can spot the others." He spread the map on his knee and followed the lines with his thumb-nail as he mumbled his comments.

"This center line is Saw River, of course; up at the head is a figure eight—that probably reads into the name of the river. Four and five are stuck over here together, beside the first creek, which is Cub. One of them tells that the creek is Cub Creek, and the other—hum! Oh, yes, the ranch, of course. Get a pencil and take 'em down. 8—Saw River. 4—Cub Creek. 5—Downing Ranch cabin. The next creek's numbered two. Write: 2—Liver Ridge Creek. Now there's a figure three where Liver Creek joins Saw. That's a puzzle. The mine couldn't be there.—Oh, that's where Scotty used to live. He's dead and the cabin was washed away by a cloud-burst. 3—Scotty's shack. Up at the head of Liver Ridge Creek, right fork, is a figure one. 1—Musgrove's camp. That's where we found the kid and the rustled horses. At the head of the other branch is seven. 7—Probable location of the Fabulous. Now, back here to the west where Cub runs into the Ridge, is a figure six, with two arrows, pointing off rather east and west. I don't savvy that—pass it up. At the head is the figure nine. That's the name of the creek.—No, we've got that! Then what the devil is nine? Um!" Scammel stroked his chin and stared abstractedly. "Ah, got 'em!" he exclaimed. "6—Buster trail—that's what the arrows mean, sabe? 9—Leather Pants mining district. It's to the north-west of the Ridge, but it comes in to about the Liver Divide, which separates the two districts, and Musgrove noted it on that account. Now, here's the last figure, ten, stuck at the edge of the Continental Divide. That's the pass. 10—Buster Pass. There, got 'em? They're all accounted for, by the good gods! Seven's the place! How do they look?"

Luke handed his note to the cattleman. It read:

"(1) Musgrove's camp.

(2) Liver Ridge Creek.

- (3) Scotty's cabin.
- (4) Cub Creek.
- (5) Downing Ranch house.
- (6) Buster trail.
- (7) Probably the Fabulous.
- (8) Saw River.
- (9) Leather Pants mining district begins.
- (10) Buster Pass."

Scammel read the list and nodded, chuckling. "Can't fool Jake," he said in high good humor; "and that son of mine may eat his loot." He looked up. "You're sure, though," he anxiously inquired, "that there weren't any other pointers in the letter? Didn't Musgrove explain just where the mine was in some other way than by this map?"

"No, I'm sure not. This was the easiest method, of course. 'Seven, Fabulous,' and the whole thing is made clear. Dow can't find anything at all without the map, that's certain, for he won't know where the indicating numeral is placed."

"Yeh. We'll have to get busy. Your burros 'll be here this afternoon, and if I can get around to it to-morrow we'll pull stakes. I can spare myself for a week or so, long enough to spot Mister Seven, maybe. But we've got to hump ourselves, all right. There's a gang trailing in, and in a month Liver Ridge Creek 'll be claimed from end to end. But we've got it, Winne; we've got it! And Dow—" he broke off chuckling. "Damned if that ain't worth a thousand to me! I'll teach him to buck his dad!"

"Now," Luke said, rising and quietly replacing the map in his envelope and the envelope in his pocket, "I think you owe me a few explanations. Dow owes me something else. I don't easily forget. If he isn't on his way to my mine it's not his fault."

"Nor yours," Scammel said, relapsing into his usual gruffness of speech.

"I was a fool. That doesn't extenuate Dow's dishonesty. He deliberately stole what he fancied was my map to a gold mine. He'll have to account to me for that! For all I know he tried to murder me as well, coming over here. I met with a pretty dangerous adventure on the shale below Hell's Door, let me tell you. A rock came near pitching me down the slope."

"Dow behind the rock?" Scammel asked.

"No; but he might have had help."

"Well, you talk to him about it. But if I were you I wouldn't say anything at the house. They'd have to see the letter before they would believe Dow stole it; and I don't think they'd better know why you're out here."

"I can't see what difference that makes. As for the letter, you



yourself accused your son. But he took it when he sent me away from camp early this morning. I was suspicious at the time."

Scammel shrugged his heavy shoulders. "Let it slide," he advised. "You're done with Dow—he can't hurt you. The trouble will be between me and him. I'll pay him out, don't fear. I'll pay him out good and plenty. He knew that I was in with you on this."

"Now tell me how you learnt he had stolen something."

Scammel looked about him. "Oh, well," he said with slight hesitation, "I followed him. Thought he was drunk. He was. Found him singing psalms and driving your burros up Liver Ridge Gulch. We had a—argument, call it—and I fetched the burros back across the river. Met a man and told him to bring 'em here. Then I came home hell-bending to see whether you had the map or not. If Dow had it I was figuring on our riding across country and heading him off to-night. I reckon we'd have got him; he was drunk. That's Dow; make him dead sore on you, and he gets drunk—only it was Coon that did it. Make him too happy to live, and he gets drunk—that was the letter. He's got a combination mournful-jag and jubilation-booze. He was so shot that he told me he had something I'd wish I had. I tried to go through him and see for myself, but—well, we had the argument." Scammel touched his cheek significantly, and for the first time Luke noticed that the man's left eye was swollen and blue. "That's all," he finished. "Satisfied?"

Luke nodded. "I'll be ready to take the trail with you in the morning," he said, and with that turned on his heel and walked down the slope toward the house. "And she has been raised among brutes like those two," he said between his teeth. "A man like that's the head of her household! He told Mrs. Downing his son was sick; seemed to be protecting him. Now he tells me his son is drunk, and threatens him with patriarchal vengeance. Has no shame that such a man is his son! And Dow was June's play-mate!"

Luke stared about him in wonderment. How could she bear to associate with such people? Crafty, cruel, dishonest, lying! Father and son seemed much of a pair. But in the midst of the dismay and anger of his troubled reverie, Luke suddenly smiled. He fingered the envelope in his pocket. "I wonder if Scammel will ride away to-night and leave me in the lurch?" he mumbled, and laughed aloud.

"Mr. Scammel seems to have put you in a good humor," said a voice almost at his elbow. Luke whirled with a startled cry. June sat on a boulder a short distance from the roadside, with her back against the trunk of an apple-tree. "You were walking right past me, as if I were a creek or something," she smiled, "so I had to

“speak. Do you frequently go about laughing, with your head in the sky?”

She drew her skirts aside, and Luke promptly availed himself of the implied permission and seated himself.

“I’m so glad to see you alone,” he said, earnestly. “I want your advice. Will you give it to me? Won’t you let me pretend that I’m an old friend in difficulties? I need advice badly, and there’s no one in the mountains in whom I can confide, except you. May I?”

June looked off up the hill. “Daddie Welcome’s wagon is at the stables,” she said, irrelevantly. “He and I were going to look over his books again, but when we got this far I saw you and Mr. Scammel on the road ahead of us, and as Mr. Scammel’s language wasn’t pretty—he was angry just then—I stopped here and sent Daddie Welcome back to the house. Secrets were shouted to the hills. For myself, I didn’t want to overhear, but I wanted to be near enough to interpose if you were quarreling. Mr. Scammel is bad-tempered at times.”

“It was good of you to be interested,” Luke returned, “but we weren’t quarreling. Scammel was angry at his son.”

“I knew he did not mean it when he said Dow was sick. There is some other trouble?”

Luke took out his map and handed it to her. “Dow tried to steal this,” he briefly explained. “It’s a clue to the Fabulous Mine.”

“But—”

“I’m a relative of the Musgroves. Uncle Dan drew that map in Buster at just about the time they were hanging his son for horse-stealing. He sent the thing to my mother, merely as a help to an understanding of the country and its geography.”

While speaking, Luke refrained from looking June in the face. He was making an overt bid for her friendship, or at least her interest, and he dared not risk showing her any trace of personal feeling. Had he looked at her, however, he would have seen a series of clear-cut emotions flit across her face. Her eyes clouded, lighted with something more than interest, and grew dim again; her lips quivered, and a flush of excitement burned on her cheeks. When Luke ended, there was silence for a moment.

“You are the old man’s nephew?” June asked at length, while she looked at him oddly from under lowered lashes. “My father and Mr. Scammel were the leaders of the men who lynched your elder cousin, and who persecuted your uncle, finally driving him into the hills and starving him. You were aware of that?”

“I don’t wish to think of it. Why should I take up a dead quarrel? Besides, my people were thieves, quite evidently, and it was merely a district law that punished them.”



"I don't look at things in that way," June flashed, "nor did your uncle's—nor should you. I've always been ashamed of the part my father took in that affair, and I have always disliked Mr. Scammel merely because he obeyed father's orders in the matter. But I have been wasting my sympathy, it seems, since I find a Musgrove quite willing to forgive and forget, and become Mr. Scammel's partner. What do your people think of the matter? Are they, too, willing to forgive and join with you? Or are you merely representing yourself?"

"My mother is dead," Luke returned under his breath. "I—I have no other relatives." He cleared his throat. "I've reasoned the matter out," he resumed, argumentatively. "There was no foul play or anything really disreputable on the part of your father; the fault lay with the criminals. Perhaps if I had known Uncle Dan personally I might feel differently, but, as it is, I haven't the slightest quarrel with your father. As for Mr. Scammel, I was assured that he had nothing to do with the matter. If I had thought over the affair, I would have seen that the assertion was obviously false; but the fact is that I didn't want to think of him as even a Nemesis of the Musgroves. I would rather have pretended to myself that Scammel had nothing to do with my cousin's death. I can't pretend that any longer, and I no longer trust the man; but for all that I don't feel any animosity toward him as a family enemy. I'm not a sentimentalist, nor am I proud of my relatives."

June sat in abstraction. "So," she reflected, "you have no other relatives? You are the heir? But I thought you said that—. I see, Mr. Musgrove was a widower, was he not? And now you have gone into partnership with Mr. Scammel? It is reputed a rich mine. But we are wandering from the subject. You are to ask my advice about something?"

Luke briefly sketched the history of the map and its letter, and told of Dow's dishonesty and of Scammel's connection with himself. June listened in silence, while she studied the map.

"Perhaps I shouldn't have bothered you about this," Luke said; "but I want you to understand my position. It's rather cheeky of me to be wailing my business woes at you, but I'm like a little child out here, and I somehow feel lost and out of place and overlooked. And then, it comes natural to talk to you, even if I am giving your friends a black eye."

"Don't bother about my friends," June said, rather impatiently. "How can I help you?"

"It's about Mr. Scammel. I don't know whether to trust him or not. If we go here to seven"—Luke pointed out the numeral on the map—"we'll be wasting our time. But dare I say where the mine is? I've told you that I said I did not remember, but of course I

do; I'd be a fool not to keep in mind a thing like that. I was afraid to be truthful, so I lied. The gold is here at nine, the second gulch to the left on the left fork of Cub Creek. If we go to the left fork of Liver Ridge Creek, we'll be leaving the mine far to the west of us. You see my position. I feel that I am rightfully entitled to a half-interest at least, but Dow has attempted to steal the mine from me, and the Fabulous is a mania with Scammel, I understand. I want him to have his share, but how can I manipulate matters so that he won't get it all? I'm afraid of him, and that's the truth. Oh, I'm suspicious of everybody! I feel as if every one had a hand in my pocket. I'm quite childish about it; but then I never had any business ability, and I haven't any confidence in myself."

"You are rather odd," June returned, giving back the map as she stood up and shook the dust from her skirts. "You haven't known me twenty-four hours, and yet you tell me exactly where the Fabulous is, so that I can now ride to it with my eyes shut—or direct some friend to—your inheritance, Mr. Winne. Only, it would be my friend's inheritance then, would it not? You have had no promise of secrecy from me, remember! Your confidence was thrust upon me, and I do not feel at all as if I must keep it to myself. Is a woman more likely than a man to be honest, even providing that it would be dishonesty for me to betray your secret to a friend who perhaps is quite as worthy as yourself of gaining a fortune? And then, too, you ask me if my foreman is trustworthy, when if he were a thief I would be the last person to know it, being his employer. If I didn't think him honest I shouldn't let him run the ranch, be sure of that! He could steal hundreds of cattle every year, and I would be none the wiser. And again, you are quite a stranger to me, remember, while Dow is a childhood companion. Yet you don't hesitate in making to me very serious charges against him. Neither can I see where my advice would be of the slightest help. All you have to do is to take Mr. Scammel to the mine and stake it; or perhaps if you take him to this other place, you may give him the slip there and get over to your inheritance without his help and stake it for yourself. That would show admirable business acuteness. . . . It's getting late. Are you coming to the house?"

Luke rose slowly. "Thank you," he said. "I sometimes fancy I'm a born fool. This is one of the times. You are entirely right—I was idiotic to mention the matter." He looked at her rather whimsically. "And so I haven't known you a day," he reflected. "It was but this morning! And yet it seemed the most natural thing in the world to ask advice of you. I really forgot we were strangers, and I hope you'll understand that as an excuse. I think Mr. Scammel and I will go up Cub Creek."



"Yes? Here are your burros, I suppose?"

The four burros were, indeed, coming up the lane, and, as the girl spoke, a mounted man rode into view after the train. He took off his hat to June.

"How-de, Jedge," he said, nodding to Luke. "This is your outfit, I reckon? Where do you want it? Up at the corrals?"

The rider was fat, unwieldy, greasy, with blubber lips and oily wrinkles about his fat eyes.

"Yes," Luke returned. "I'll go with you and unpack. I've got some clothes there that I want."

"Uh-huh. I'm a prospector—name's Parker," the man volunteered. "Happened along in time to help your pardner wade the train across the river, an' he hired me to drive it here while he rode ahead." He clucked to his horse. "How-de-do, ma'am," he said; and rode on.

Luke turned. "You'll excuse me? I'm glad the animals are here. I have city clothes packed away, and I won't have to appear quite so barbarously at dinner."

June nodded, and Luke started toward the crest of the hill. "But wait," she called, extending her hand. "Will you trust me with that map?"

"Eh? You said—?"

"Don't tell that man anything," she continued, under her breath. "I don't know his name, but he's an old friend to Dow. I saw them together two years ago. He's quite untrustworthy. As for your question, don't explain anything to Mr. Scammel until to-morrow."

She took the map, and before Luke could find words in reply to this sudden change of mood, she was gone. He stood staring after her, but he was not thinking of the mine, of Scammel, or of the new-comer. In a moment he heaved a tremendous sigh. "That's the way Greek women walked," he said with conviction.

He overtook the burros before they reached the out-buildings, and tried to enter into conversation with Parker, but the man merely grunted laconic replies. Scammel joined them, nodding a greeting.

"Turn the burros in a corral," he said, "and stack the boxes under a shed. You can get at 'em, and they'll be ready to repack whenever we hike. Smudge 'll help you."

"Has he returned?" Luke asked.

"Yes—just unsaddling. He'll be out in a minute."

"I reckon I got to go back," Parker said, uneasily. "It'll be night afore I kin reach my camp. Y' ain't paid me, colonel."

"How much?" Luke took out his purse.

"It's my bill," Scammel said. "Come down to the house, Palmer."

"Parker," that worthy corrected.

The two men went down the road, one riding and the other walk-

ing; and as they went they talked earnestly together, gesticulated, and even raised their voices until Luke could catch a subdued mumble. Smudge joined the Chicagoan, and, following Luke's example, stared after the departing ones.

"Know him?" Smudge inquired.

"No. Do you?"

"Yep. Saw him this morning in Cub Gulch. Saw him with some horses and a little man."

"A little man?" Luke cried, fairly startled.

"Yep. I seen 'em once before when they was ketched and in jail over at Buster. Little man's Joey Edom, the horse-rustler that the folks call Little Paradise. He's playin' Sam with the prospectors, I guess. He didn't look good to me, so I hid out in the cabin till him and this guy got past."

"Josephus, for a dollar!" Luke whistled. "And this chap is—"

"Pickett's his name. The court said they wasn't guilty. Court's livin' down in Denver now, in a stone mansion. Sabee? What 're they confabulatin' about? Does Scam know who he is?"

"Yes," Luke returned, emphatically, "I believe he does."

## A MEMORY

By NEETA MARQUIS.

**W**HITE with dust the road we traveled—do you not remember well?—

To that sleepy bit of yesterday named Old San Gabriel,  
With its brown adobe ruins, with its orange-scented air,  
And the roses, roses, roses running riot everywhere.

Can you name those swinging roses?—Gold-of-Ophir brimmed with fire,

White La Marque in honeyed clusters, Henriette, the bees' desire.  
Do you see the quaint old gardens in their prickly cactus frame,  
And the flashing scarlet splendor of the Spanish poppy's flame?

Facing narrow ways and winding, were those *casas* ever new?  
Yonder rears the ancient Mission's mellow tint against the blue,  
With its pepper-shaded stairway, worn where dusky feet have trod;  
With its high-embrasured windows, and the cross that points to God.

Floods of sunlight, clear and yellow, splashing gold on wall and tree;  
Drowsy skies of shining azure like a deep warm summer sea;  
Colors strong and half-barbaric burning on the ravished sight,  
And the perfume of the orange steeping all in rich delight.

Does the picture fill your vision? Does its glow disturb your heart  
With a strange love for the Westland from your other loves apart?  
Do you sometimes catch the echo through a nearer music's swell  
Of those old bells' broken voices calling in San Gabriel?

Los Angeles.



## LOSING TO WIN

By MARGUERITE STABLER



UT it is worth the price," Harper swore within himself as he snuggled down under a star and went to sleep.

And after this first day's work in the mines "the price" came to mean whatever concession he might make to his conscience. Every departure from his principles was made a votive at Fortune's shrine. If it seemed possible to increase his pile of gold dust for "bucking the tiger" down at the Round Tent, he did it only to get rich and get out the sooner. If, after a long day standing in snow-water to his hips, he drank enough bad whisky to warm him through and through and raise his spirits to meet the next day's effort, it was merely to bring about the return to his home.

"Every day brings the time nearer when I can go home with enough to make our future safe," he had written month after month to the woman he had left to wait, citing experiences of the fortunate few who had struck it rich enough to "pull out." When he began to write in this strain, it had been because the excitement of awakening every morning a pauper with the chance of going to bed a millionaire made anything seem possible. Later, he was "whistling in the dark to keep his spirits up." But after he had written by every outgoing steamer for a year that he might return on the next one, his story began to lack the ring of sincerity.

Finally Harper let a steamer go without a letter. The old lie of hope was too threadbare to admit of any more turning. The next letter was mainly a string of excuses for not having written the one before. His face grew bronzed and hardened, his frame gaunt, while the gold-fever fermenting his blood kept him digging early and late, until it was the little yellow god for which he was working primarily; its glitter the price of honor, conscience, manhood—the reward of his failure. The awkward angles of his handwriting told of hands growing rough and hard and more used to the pick than the pen, the coarse yellow paper on which he wrote told of privations and of his senses becoming gradually blunted to the amenities of life. Something, too, of the lowering of his standards crept, without his suspecting it, into the tone of his letters, while the girl, developed by the discipline of suspense into a thoughtful woman, followed him by his letters through experiences, among companions, into temptations, he was scarcely admitting to himself.

When, at last, Harper's letters became so infrequent as to have almost ceased, Mary was satisfied that his choice of reasons lay between the best and the worst. No middle ground had ever been possible to John Harper, and no middle ground excused him now.

If she had gone to the altar with him before his departure for the West and pledged herself "for better, for worse, for richer or poorer, till death shall us part," she would have waited loyally for his return, hoping for the best. Was the omission of those few words an excuse for disloyalty? she argued with herself. Whatever Harper's defection, she knew he had suffered and endured stoutly for her sake. She knew, too, that he would have shared royally with her if his fortunes had turned out for the better. Now, with his fortunes turning out for the worse, should she not be an active sharer in his misfortunes? The test of uncertainty that dwarfs a small nature spurred her to unsuspected reaches of courage. The "close-communion" family in the red brick house listened aghast to Mary's plan of going to California for the sea voyage, but the quality of mind that had induced her decision gradually broke down their opposition.

"Mary is too handsome a girl to go off on such an expedition," the old parson still urged, as Mary's letters came back to them telling of her experiences by sea and by land.

"But Mary can take care of herself anywhere," Mary's mother protested. "Mary's goodness ought to be a reproach to us all."

Mary's goodness! Mary herself had just begun to turn her reputation for goodness to the light in her new atmosphere of independence. Mary had taught the children in the Sunday school to sing Christmas carols, because she loved to sing; Mary had read to a circle of eager listeners in the Blind Ward, because her sympathies were ready and warm, also because she loved to read aloud; Mary had held the fort as presiding officer in various church societies, because she was active and executive and had plenty of time to give to them. Mary had always been regarded as being exceptionally good, until she had come to regard herself as being rather good because it was her aim to be so.

But on the tempest-tossed steamer westward bound Mary had seen a woman from whom she had drawn her skirts aside forget herself in helping the poor steerage passengers among whom disease and death had broken out, exposing herself to contagion as all Mary's choral clubs and aid societies had never taught her to do. As the shimmer of light on a crow's wing may turn him suddenly white, this woman, whose sin was of the sort supposed to make the angels weep, Mary admitted, had been good as she had never dreamed of being.

Upon reaching port the friends in whose company Mary had made the trip, seemed to feel accountable for the impressions this delicate-minded daughter of an irreproachable family received of the moral atmosphere around her.



"It is at least the place where you stand on your own merits," Mary asserted, showing, to their relief, she was not sorry she had made the voyage. "You are no longer your father's son and your grandfather's daughter. You may live your life independently, and I imagine that whatever is best or worst in you gets shaken to the top."

Of course the fact that John Harper was somewhere in the state pointed every life-story with a personal application for Miss Mary. From clam-diggers to faro-bankers she searched every countenance she met, sometimes hoping, sometimes fearing, it might bear a resemblance to the John Harper she had known in her Eastern home.

"I shall not go home without finding him," she vowed to the drawn face that stared back at her from her mirror. When she gave her promise to become John Harper's wife, she had given herself wholly and unreservedly to one interest; now there was no looking back.

"I shall find out at least if he needs me and—O John, how I need you!" she broke off, ending her declaration of independent action in an abject confession of dependence.

"I can not go back with you," Miss Mary told her friends, when their plans for departure were ready. "I can not go until I have heard something about Mr. Harper. I am going to find him."

"But, Mary! But, my dear child! *You* of all people going to the mines to find John Harper, when maybe he——"

But no one dared look into Mary's face and supply the unsaid words.

"Yes," Mary answered stoutly, "I am going up to Hangtown where his letters have been posted, and if I don't find him I'll go on."

"But, my dear, you don't know—you don't understand—you *can't* go alone to a mining camp."

"I am not going alone," Mary's face blanched. "I will—I have—I am arranging to go with some—people," she answered. Then, impetuously, "O dear Mrs. Volney, can't you trust me to do what is right in this thing? You must feel and tell them at home that I am doing the right thing under the circumstances, but I can't tell you any more now."

"The dear girl probably has some missionary society or choral society for the poor benighted miners," Mrs. Volney explained to herself, slipping the responsibility of her fair charge upon the shoulders of Providence.

The trustful Mrs. Volney safely homeward bound, Mary's spirits rose to meet the emergency her unexpected opportunity had offered.

"Although I can never hope to be as big-hearted and unselfish as that poor woman on the steamer," she said to herself, "she who

did not put herself, her own white-souled innocence before the extremity of her fellow sinners, I can at least try."

"The Largest Theatrical Show that ever left the States" the company was billed that started from San Francisco to tour the most important mining towns. Mlle. Marie de Bois was billed as the star attraction, the "Song and Dance Artiste whose Beauty and Talent might win Renown on the Grand Opera Stage."

There were also trapeze flyers, human snakes, and a tattooed man in the show.

Mary's horizon had been somewhat enlarged by her voyage to California and her stay in San Francisco, and as a consequence, on becoming the star of the theatrical company, she had succeeded in detaching herself sufficiently from her red-brick back-ground and Easter-carol halo to pass on her own merits with the tattooed man and trapeze flyers.

Hangtown, the biggest, most prosperous mining-camp in the State, swarmed out to a man to give a royal welcome to this great theatrical show. The few dozen women and many thousand men who made up its population were waiting in their seats long before the hour announced for the performance to begin.

Behind the curtain the usual scurry and confusion reigned, until, white to the lips, the star of the company faced the manager.

"Never! I did not dream that such a costume would be required or I would not for an instant have signed your contract."

In vain the manager expostulated as he held the gauzy skirts and spangled tights out to her.

Visions of the horrified Aid Society and the wide-eyed wonder of her Easter-carolers filled her soul as the flimsy thing dangling on the manager's arm flashed its tawdry tinsel in her face.

The irate manager pleaded and explained into deaf ears. "An audience like this must have this sort of thing. It is what they demand. You can't give them classic music and mourning weeds. Song and dance is what they demand, and you can't dance without an appropriate costume."

The ringing-up of the curtain on the first number called the manager away for the moment, and Mary retired to the dressing-room.

The rounds of applause that greeted the first act rocked the tent. Mary, peering through a tiny hole into a sea of bearded faces and flannel shirts, felt a clutch at her heart as she realized she might be looking at Harper among the crowd. Tentatively reaching for her spangles and gauze she drew them to her. Had she left her home and made this perilous trip to flinch in the very face of possible success? The next act would be hers and it was now too late to



draw back from her resolve. Closing her eyes to her mirror she slipped into the despised costume, and backing toward the door reached the improvised "flies" in time to intercept the distraught manager.

"For this one time I will try to do it," Mary said—and Mlle. de Bois stood ready to take her cue.

Her rounded proportions glittering in spangles, the prima donna tripped out upon the stage. The tent again rocked with rounds of applause. Chirping a little French song that echoed the clinking of glasses, twinkling of heels and unsteady laughter, the rollicking voice and manner gave no evidence of having been trained in a church choir.

A bearded man in the audience shut his eyes. This creature reminded him of Mary, then a guilty wave checked the thought that connected his Mary with this scene, the Mary he had lost because too good and pure to share his life with him. He was conscious of a feeling of gratification that her sweet countenance was safe in her chink away from this abandoned presence of tights and gauze.

As was the custom in that day coins from doubloons to an equivalent in nuggets were showered upon the graceful dancer, who, after filling both hands, stooped and took off her slipper to hold the rest.

The tattooed man and human snakes awakened no further interest in the audience. "Marie! Marie!" they shouted. Wild over this woman's voice and figure, they hissed off the other numbers and demanded Mlle. Marie.

Humiliated and degraded into what they mistook her for, Mary, true to her resolve, returned to the stage. Again the audience called for the drinking song and again she sang it, searching the while through the audience for a face she was sure no disguise of unkempt beard and hair could hide from her.

The spirits of the crowd arose to a pitch proper to the occasion. Those who had come somewhat intoxicated and those who had brought their flasks with them now began calling out coarse pleasantries to the stage or making still less polite side-remarks.

White and drawn beneath her coating of paint, Mary sang on, searching, searching every countenance for the one for whom she was facing her degradation.

A man in the audience suddenly arose and turned to leave. He could stand it no longer. The swing of his shoulders and the set of his head could not deceive the eager eyes behind the foot-lights as the grizzled beard had done.

Breaking off in the midst of her song the singer stopped her pianist, and to the surprise of her audience struck into the chorus of something that sounded suspiciously like a hymn.

The man stopped half-way down the aisle.

"Rest comes at last, though life be long and dreary,"

the voice rang down to him until it came to grief in a break that was almost a sob.

The red brick house on the hill, the stern old church with the choir behind the pulpit and Mary's clear young voice singing "Angels of Light," blotted out, for the moment, the rocking tent and flaunting spangles. The remembrance of his own lost Mary grew upon him against his will with every turn and look and tone, as he watched the singer boldly facing this audience of all sorts and conditions of men, arms and bosom bare and tights revealing every curve of her rounded figure, till his sense of decent propriety revolted at the comparison.

A half-intoxicated ruffian called something across the foot-lights and Harper saw the woman recoil as from a blow. With a bound he was down the aisle. This poor creature was still a woman and for Mary's sake he was still man enough to reverence her sex.

The singer, seeing the two men grappling, tried to sing on to keep order among the others. But when Harper turned upon her and their eyes met, her voice broke hopelessly and she swayed backward as if faint.

Seeing this, Harper sprang upon the stage and bore her behind the curtain, assuring her that for certain reasons she was quite safe in his care.

Mary, forgetting everything but the fact that she had found John Harper, poured through her painted lips the story of her quest. "Do you despise me for it?" she finished, the enormity of the danger she had incurred growing upon her.

"Do you despise me for the sort of man you have found?" Harper answered by asking.

"It was you, just as you are, I was searching for," she answered.

"And it was because I thought you were too good to share my life—no, not good enough," he corrected himself, "not good enough to make such a sacrifice for me that I gave you up."

"And yet a few moments ago you could not bear the comparison between the Mary you had known and this—this that you took me for," Mary continued fearlessly, reaching out for something to cover her spangles.

"Because I had never imagined a woman good enough to be bad enough to do what you have done for me," Harper answered humbly.

"Mademoiselle What's-her-name can not go on the stage again," Harper announced to the radiant manager.

"What!"



"She is my wife and I forbid it."

And to make his word good, Mary of the red brick house, one time teacher of the Sunday School and leader of the church choir, was married in tights and spangles in the dressing-room of the big tent.

Yuba City, Cal.

## SCHOOL-DAYS ON THE HASSAYAMPA

By LAURA TILDEN KENT

IX.

A RICH STRIKE.



F COURSE, I haven't had much experience in this line, myself—rather less than two years, in fact—but I feel pretty positive I'm a better miner, right now, than Bill Culver, if he *has* been at it rather longer. Now there was an instance today that'll show you what I mean. Bill and I were both in the shaft, putting in some holes. Now say here's the foot-wall and here's the hanging-wall, you see." Mr. Jackson, who was talking enthusiastically to Isabel's father at the wood-pile, illustrated this last remark with two chips held slantwise. "Here's the foot-wall and here's the hanging-wall! And here I'm working, you see. *Here's* Culver. We were each putting in some holes. Now, *I* slanted one o' my holes in this direction—see? and another off this way. I thought that ought to do the business, right enough! But what did Culver do but slant *both* his holes like *this?*" Mr. Jackson's voice rose bitinglly. "Both of 'em, mind you, now!

"Well, I wondered what he ever expected to accomplish that way, but *I* didn't say anything! Culver does think he's so blamed smart anyhow, and he'll always lord it over me, when he can, because of his longer experience! Humph! That's the only thing I've got against him as a partner—he's so darned conceited! Well, sir! We loaded those holes, and I was bound I'd show Culver a thing or two. So I put in a little *extra* powder, and I tamped 'em good, and we touched off our fuses and got out o' the hole.

"Well, sir, there *was* an explosion when those shots went off! And Culver says, 'There! I thought them shots o' mine ought to raise the devil with things!' But I never said a word. And when we came to examine the place, why, it was just as I thought. My shots had shattered the whole hanging-wall loose! There was enough rock in there to keep a man shoveling half a day. And Bill's shots had just blown out a little pot-hole on his side!

"Well, sir! You never saw a sicker looking mortal in *your* life than Bill Culver! He—"

"How does the prospect look now?" Isabel, perched on a cordwood stick, and listening intently to this conversation, recognized a slight note of weariness in her father's voice. Not so Mr. Jackson.

"Fine! Better than ever!" he beamed. "We got the returns from some assays today—one hundred and fifty-nine dollars a ton, and the ledge is as much as six feet wide! I actually believe we've struck *the* mine in this part of the territory! I've looked at a good many things since I've been here, and I've never seen another that holds a candle—"

And then Isabel's mother called her and she had to miss the rest of the monologue.

"Mr. Jackson's struck it rich," Isabel told mama. "The Jackson girls say that right after the first shipment of ore, they're going to have ponies—one apiece, you know."

Isabel's mother made no response to this interesting information, and Isabel spoke again rather enviously.

"Did papa *ever* strike it rich?"

"He had a good deal of money at one time," her mother said, with a very little sigh. "But you don't remember that."

"What did he do with it?" Isabel demanded.

Her mother checked another sigh, and answered quite cheerfully:

"Oh, a great deal of it went into other mines. Mining is rather an expensive business, you know."

"Well," Isabel returned, "maybe he'll strike it, now that Mr. Jackson has. I wish we ever could strike it rich! I'm tired of burros! They're such bothers, and they don't go fast at all—unless they run away."

"The Jackson girls haven't any burros, even, you remember," her mother reminded her.

"Well, they're to have ponies, I said!" Isabel replied impatiently. "Mr. Jackson is coming in now to spend the evening with papa, and I'm going to hear what he says about it."

The lamp had just been lighted in the little living-room, and, sure enough, papa was ushering Mr. Jackson in, just as Isabel entered by another door.

"Yes, sir!" Mr. Jackson was saying. "Yes, sir! When I took Collins up to see the mine this morning, he just clapped me on the shoulder and he says, 'Jackson, you've certainly got the best thing I've seen in months!' Now you know Collins has good judgment in these matters. Of course, I've got better proof of it than Collins's opinion, though. I'll tell you, Culver and I both felt pretty good when he got that assay! Have you been up to see the mine lately, Thorne? I believe you haven't. Just come up, and I'll show you how it looks. As I told you, I believe it's six



feet wide, and at a hundred and fifty-nine dollars a ton, you can plainly see that we really have got something there.

"Now, I'm not excitable. Some fellows would be crazy over the prospect, I know, but I'm naturally calm; and then I think it's the part of wisdom to look at such a proposition in a pretty cool way, anyhow. Of course, I realize that, big as it is, it may pinch out. We *may* have stumbled on just a little pocket there. Of course, it don't look that way, being so large. Still, as I tell my wife, it's well to be prepared for anything!" Mr. Jackson laughed as if "anything" represented all joy to his mind.

"You're right there," Isabel's father managed to remark. "Mining is a pretty uncertain business, I find. Why, I had that very claim you're working on now, a few years ago, and I came across a pocket of ore a good deal like the one you describe. Well, it dug out in a few days. It doesn't do——"

"That so?" Mr. Jackson seemed slightly bored and a little offended at this speech, Isabel thought, but he quickly recovered his good spirits.

"Don't it beat all? Ha! ha! ha! Had it yourself and gave it up! An old hand like you! Well, well! You never can say who's going to make the profit on these deals. Great joke if I should happen to get rich my second year in the country on an old abandoned claim o' yours! You gave it up too soon, I guess!"

"Very likely," responded Mr. Thorne. "Still——"

"Say! it makes me laugh every time I think of how Bill Culver looked this morning when he saw how those shots of his had acted! You see, here's the hanging-wall——"

Isabel slipped quietly into the room where her mother was mending.

"It's going to be all about foot-walls and pot-holes, now," she confided. "But I guess he's struck it, all right. On an old claim of Papa's, too! It's a shame!"

"Pleased as a kid with his first pair of pants," Mr. Thorne told his family on joining them after his guest's departure. "And you can't tell him a thing! He'll have to learn for himself, I guess."

The next morning, before Isabel and her mother had finished washing the breakfast-dishes, Mrs. Jackson arrived at the back door, wreathed in smiles and clothed in a gay wrapper.

"Don't stop your work," she entreated. "I'm so excited I just had to talk to somebody, and everybody else is too far away. So I left the girls to do the work and came. Oh! do please excuse my appearance! I just couldn't wait to dress up."

She dropped into a kitchen-chair by the work-table, and went on eagerly.

"Byron is so worked up he can't sleep, and I can't either! We

just lie and talk all night long, nearly. Byron says I'm not to tell anybody, but he admitted that he did mention it to Mr. Thorne last night, and so I thought I wouldn't do any harm by mentioning it to you. Mr. Thorne may have told you that Byron has made a strike? I thought that he might have! Then I won't be doing any harm, you see. Byron is so prudent. He didn't want me to write to *mother*, even, about it, until it was sure. But I tell him, it's sure enough now! Why, you see, it's six feet wide, Byron says, and that really makes it so they don't take out anything but ore! And they can take out at *least* three tons a day, Byron says, and I've calculated how much that ought to bring us. At one hundred and fifty-nine dollars a ton—No! I counted it as only one hundred and fifty dollars. I thought that it mightn't *all* go one hundred and fifty-nine dollars. At one hundred and fifty dollars a ton, that's four hundred and fifty dollars a day. Then, for six days in a week, that's twenty-seven hundred dollars a week. And in six months that would be seventy thousand two hundred dollars! That's just with sinking, you know, and Byron says that they'll soon begin to drift and stope and things like that, and then they'll take out *much* more ore! And so it seems to me that there'll be a hundred thousand dollars at the very *least* reasonable calculation, and half of that will be ours! Now, I tell Byron that, at the end of six months, he'd better sell his share of the mine, even if he can't get more than a hundred thousand for it, and that we'd better go back home. I've heard of so many who have kept on too long and lost all they made. One hundred and fifty thousand dollars wouldn't be much money to a very rich person, but we've never been rich, and Byron was only a clerk in the East. And, as I tell Byron, if he'd put this in some safe business back home, he'd soon be *very* comfortably off, and no risks, like staying in a mining country. And I'm really getting awfully anxious to see Mother. It's been nearly two years now, and I never was away from her so long in my life before. And she does want me back home so badly—near enough so we can run in every day. And, as I tell Byron, it'll be so much better for the children. Vera has a real taste for music and I want her to have piano lessons. And they both sing very nicely, now, and when they're a little older, I want them to have vocal lessons, too. I just can't help wondering what Mother'll say when she gets my letter! As I told Byron last night, I'd like to be a little mouse in the corner when she reads it! I'd give a cooky to see the expression on her face. Of course, I didn't tell her all I've told you. I would, if I'd been left to myself, I suppose, for I'm not prudent like Byron. But I just told her that Byron had made a rich strike and that we should be very well off within six months, and that, of course, it might



not last forever, but that we were sure of having more money than we've ever had at one time, anyway, and that we were talking of coming home soon. I didn't want her to put her hopes too high."

That afternoon the "Jackson girls," Vera and Eulela, came to call upon Isabel at the hour she and Johnny usually chose for riding, now that school was out, and they might go whenever they pleased. The small Thornes were not surprised to see their visitors, for it was a saying with them, "Just as soon as we're ready to ride, here come the Jackson girls, just streaking down the hill so that *they* can go, too; and then we've got to ride double unless the burros are all up." The Jackson girls lived in a house-tent on the hillside above the Thornes' ranch, and I have no means of proving that their daily visits were not timed as Isabel and Johnny declared.

Today all the burros were up, and Isabel felt no regret at the arrival of her guests.

"Hello," she greeted the girls. "We're just going for a ride. Want to go along?"

"Oh! I guess so," Vera returned in a tone vastly more patronizing than was usual with her on such occasions.

"Humph! You needn't, if you don't want to!" Isabel assured her.

"Oh! we do want to!" cried the girls in an anxious chorus.

Still Isabel struggled with herself before she was able to advise Johnny to let the girls have the saddles, while they used only surcingles and blankets. She knew why Vera was so suddenly superior. And indeed, when once the four were safely mounted on their four steeds, attended by the four colts and the shaggy yearling, Vera could contain herself no longer.

"*We* won't be riding common old burros much longer!" she sniffed.

"Why not?" inquired Isabel, rather sharply.

"Huh!" returned Vera. "Didn't I tell you we were going to have ponies?"

"Oh!" said Isabel. (As if she had forgotten!) "Well, you wouldn't need to be riding 'common old burros' now, if you didn't want to," she added significantly. She felt a little mean, but wasn't Vera mean too?

"Well, I'll just get off of your old burro right now, if you're so stingy of the old thing!"

"Stingy!" sneered Isabel. "I wouldn't be so mean as to make you ride on a burro when you're too good to!"

"You just don't want me to ride your ha-ateful o-o-old bur-bur-ro-o-o-o!" Vera always cried when she began to get angry.

"Shucks!" said Isabel, not knowing quite how to proceed at this juncture. Tears embarrassed her almost as much as if she had been a boy.

Johnny and Eulela had been quite silent hitherto, though Johnny was plainly with his sister, but now they both found it high time to interfere with the stock speech for such occasions.

"Aw! quit your quarrelin' and go to fightin'."

"I don't care!" wept Vera.

Isabel said nothing. And Vera, having accomplished her object, dabbed her grimy little handkerchief to her eyes and subsided.

"Let's race to the big tree," she presently proposed. The quarrel was over.

It would hardly be correct though, to say that the Jackson girls and the little Thornes continued now on as good terms as ever. Vera could not resist boasting of her father's strike, of the ponies that were to be and of their fast approaching "trip East." And Isabel, trying desperately not to seem jealous, yet found it impossible not to remind her that *her* father said that mill-runs didn't always go as you thought they would.

Then at last Jackson and Culver were ready to mill their first hundred tons, "From which we should realize at least seven thousand apiece, Thorne," as Mr. Jackson frequently repeated.

Isabel and her mother were talking about it one morning, while Mrs. Thorne ironed and Isabel washed dishes.

"They ought to know soon how much they are going to have from this mill-run," said Mrs. Thorne. "And I'm sure that I hope they will make something. I'd like to see *somebody* make some money here," she added.

"Sometimes I 'most wish they wouldn't," Isabel burst forth. "Vera's *so* hateful—always telling what she can do, and I *can't*, when they're rich."

"Isabel!" reproved her mother.

And at that instant, Mrs. Jackson appeared at the back door, just as she had appeared one morning a few weeks before. She wore the same gay wrapper, too, but her face was no longer wreathed in smiles.

"Don't stop for me!" she begged, as she had begged before. And she dropped into the same chair. "I had to tell somebody——"

Her voice suddenly broke, and her head went down on her arm on a corner of the kitchen-table. Isabel had never seen a grown person cry, and she was filled with amazement and terror.

"You see," sobbed Mrs. Jackson, "they've got the returns from the mill-run!" There she paused, and Isabel waited in silent awe. Her mother tried to say something comforting. Mrs. Jackson took her face from her arm and looked up miserably.

"I don't know how it happened," she whispered. "I just can't see how it could have happened, but they've got the returns from the mill-run and—there's nothing—positively nothing!" Mrs. Jack-



son gazed at her neighbor with eyes that were quite dry now, and strangely blank.

"I can't realize it," she went on, in the same whisper. "It seems so strange.—It doesn't seem as if it could be.—We'd got it all planned—what we should do with the money.—And there's—nothing!—Mr. Jackson owes the mill people ten dollars."

"But, Mrs. Jackson! Are you *sure*? Isn't there some mistake?" Isabel's mother wanted to give her some comfort, and this was the only one that suggested itself.

Mrs. Jackson shook her head dully.

"No! The mill people said—when Byron asked them—that he oughtn't to have had the whole ledge milled. He ought to have sorted the ore. He had the assay taken of the best. Byron—and Mr. Culver—thought it was all just alike. But the man that picked out the assay for them says—that he supposed—they'd sort it. And the ledge *was* wide—but it wasn't all good ore, you know."

"Well, they can work it still and use the good ore, hereafter. These things so often happen in mining, until you're used to it—or always! It's uncertain. But you mustn't give up hope if there is still good ore." Mrs. Thorne made it sound as comforting as she could, but Mrs. Jackson shook her head.

"Byron says he'll never go into that shaft again.—And I must write to Mother.—I must go." And she went sadly away.

That afternoon, the Jackson girls appeared, as usual, when Isabel and Johnny were preparing for their ride.

Isabel greeted them with a warmth that she had not shown them for a long time.

"Come and ride," she invited. "You can have the saddles! And Jack, give Vera the *new* bridle, too."

Vera fidgeted nervously from one foot to the other. Then.

"We won't have any ponies!" she blurted at last.

Isabel seemed to feel something shutting up painfully inside of her.

"I'm *awfully* sorry!" she answered from the bottom of her heart. Maxton, Arizona.

## PIMA NURSERY TALES

*By FRANK RUSSELL*

### THE FIVE LITTLE ORPHANS AND THEIR AUNT.



FIVE little Indians (not Pimas) were once left orphans because their parents had been killed by Apaches, and they got their aunt (their mother's younger sister) to come and live with them. She had no man, and it was very hard for her to take care of them. One day the children all went away to hunt, and they were met by five little rabbits (cotton-tails) in the mountains. The oldest of the rabbits came running to the children and crying, "Don't shoot me; I have something to tell you." So the children stood still and the rabbit said, "The Apaches have come to your place and burned down all the houses; you had better go home now." But the children surrounded the rabbit and killed it with an arrow and took it home.

When they reached home, they saw their aunt lying outside the ki in the shade, and something bloody near her. The oldest boy said, "Just look what auntie has been doing! She's been eating our paint and poisoned herself." But it was blood they saw coming out of her mouth, for the Apaches had come and killed her. When they came closer, they saw that a bunch of her hair had been cut off, and she looked so unnatural in death that they thought it was somebody else, and that their aunt had gone away. They had never seen a dead person before. So they said, "Let us dig a big hole and make a fire all day long and put hot stones in it, for she has gone to the mountains to get some mescal." So they did, and waited all day long till sunset, when she usually came, but she did not come. Then they said, "She has gone far and has a heavy load and is waiting for us to come and help her; let us go." But the oldest boy said, "No, she will come anyway, she always does, even if she has a heavy load." So they waited till night, and gave her up, and went into the house to sleep; but they kept their sandals on, as the Pimas always did, so they could start off quickly if there were danger.

In their sleep they heard her coming in her sandals, groaning and murmuring, so they all got up and went outdoors. They heard her go and look into the fire-pit, and then come and stand in their midst. One said, "I think it is a ghost;" so they turned to the right and ran around the ki, and she followed them around and around. Finally they all went inside, still pursued, and the children stood on each side of the door and turned into stone. And the woman went away.

### COYOTE AND THE QUAIL.

Once Coyote was sleeping very soundly, and a great number of quail came along and cut pieces of fat meat out of him; then they went on. Just as they were cooking the meat Coyote overtook them



and said, "Oh, where did you get that nice fat meat? Give me some." They gave him some, and after he had eaten all he wanted he went on. When he had gone a little way, the quail called after him, "Coyote, you ate your own meat."

"What did you say?"

"Oh, nothing; we heard something calling behind the mountains."

Presently they called again, "Coyote, you ate your own meat."

"What?"

"Oh, nothing; we heard somebody pounding his grinding stone."

So Coyote went on; but finally he felt his loss, and then he knew what the quail meant. So he said he would eat them up, and turned around after them. The quail flew above ground, and Coyote ran under them. Finally the quail got tired, but Coyote did not, for he was angry and did not feel fatigue.

By and by they came to a hole, and one of the smartest quail picked a cholla cactus branch and pushed it into the hole, and they all ran in after it. Coyote dug out the hole, and when he came to the first quail he said, "Was it you that told me I ate my own meat?"

"No," said the quail, so he let him go, and he flew away. The next one he asked the same question and received the same reply, and let him go; and so on till the last quail was gone, and he came to the cactus branch. This was so covered with feathers that it looked like a quail, and the Coyote asked it the same question. There was no answer, and Coyote said, "I know it was you, because you do not answer." So he bit into it very hard and it killed him.

#### THE WOMAN AND COYOTE.

Once the river rose very high and spread over the land. An Indian woman was going along with tortillas in a basket on her head, and she waded in the water up to her waist.

Coyote was afraid of the water, so he was up in a cottonwood tree. When he saw the woman, he said, "Oh, come to this tree and give me some of those nice tortillas."

"No," said the woman, "I cannot give them to you; they are for somebody else."

"If you do not come here, I will shoot you," said Coyote, for he was supposed to have a bow. So she came to the tree and said, "You must come down and get them, for I cannot climb trees."

Coyote came down as far as he dared, but he was afraid of the water.

Then the woman said, "Just see how shallow it is—only up to my ankles." But she was standing on a big stump.

Coyote looked and thought it was shallow, so he jumped down and was drowned. And the woman went on.

## THE PIMA BOY AND THE APACHES.

An old woman once lived with her grandson. The boy's father had been killed by the Apaches and his mother taken captive. They had treated the woman very badly, and burned her arms with hot ashes and coals, and made big scars. The boy had heard these stories about his mother.

The boy and the old woman had a very hard time getting along, and he used to go where certain persons were grinding corn, and brush a few grains as they fell from the metate into his blanket and carry them home, and the grandmother would make soup of them, and that was the way they lived. But by and by these people went away and when the boy went to get some corn, there was none there and he had nothing to take home. The grandmother scolded him and told him to go back; and when he refused, she whipped him.

Then he said, "I know where my mother is, and I am going to her."

The old woman said, "No, you must not; the Apaches will kill you."

But he said, "I am going; my mother will not let them harm me." So he went.

His grandmother trailed him to the mountains, and finally from the very highest peak she saw him going along toward the camp. She also saw his mother, her daughter-in-law, out alone gathering seeds. She recognized her at a distance by the shining of her scars. The old woman ran after the boy, but when she caught up with him he stepped aside and turned into a saguaro. Then after she had turned around and gone back, he resumed his form and went on to his mother.

When she saw him she cried out, "Don't come near me, the Apaches will kill you; you know what they did to me, and they will kill you."

"What can I do?" he said. "What do the Apaches like?"

"They like little doves?"

"Then I will turn into a little dove."

He did this, and she carried him home in her basket. The Apaches asked, "What is that?" and she replied, "The young of a dove; so I brought it home." But when the Apaches left the room they could hear her talking to it, and when they came in she would be still. They could not understand the words but knew she was speaking her own language, so they said, "This thing belongs to her tribe. Let us kill it."

So they went in and the chief took it in one hand and smashed it hard with the other and the pieces came through between his fingers. These pieces then flew up out of the smoke hole and turned into a



flock of hawks, and they fell upon the Apaches and beat them all to death with their wings.

Then they turned back into the boy again and he and his mother started home. But when they reached the place where the grandmother had turned back they could go no farther. They turned into saguaros, one on each side of the road.

#### THE BIRDS AND THE FLOOD.

When the waters covered all the earth two birds were hanging on to the sky with their beaks. The larger was gray, with a long tail and beak; the smaller was the tiny bird that builds its nest like an olla, with only a very small opening to get in. The larger one cried and cried, but the other just held on tight and said, "Don't cry. You see that I'm littler than you, but I'm very brave. I don't give up so easily as you do. I trust in God; He will take care of those in danger if they trust in Him."

#### DEATH OF COYOTE.

After the waters had gone down Elder Brother said to Coyote, "Don't touch that black bug, and do not eat the mesquite beans; it is dangerous to harm anything that came safe through the flood." So Coyote went on, but presently he came to the bug, and he stopped and ate it up. Then he went on to the mesquite beans and looked at them and said, "I will just taste one, and that will be all." But he stood there and ate and ate till they were all gone. And the beans swelled up in his stomach and killed him.

#### THE BLUEBIRD AND COYOTE.

The bluebird was once a very ugly color. But there was a lake where no river flowed in or out, and the bird bathed in this four times every morning for four mornings. Every morning it sang:

Ga'to setcu' anon ima rsoñga.  
 Gunañursa,  
 Wus'sika sivany tcutcunoña.  
 (There's a blue water, it lies there.  
 I went in.  
 I am all blue.)

On the fourth morning it shed all its feathers and came out in its bare skin, but on the fifth morning it came out with blue feathers.

All this while Coyote had been watching the bird; he wanted to jump in and get it, but was afraid of the water. But on that morning he said, "How is this all your ugly color has come out of you, and now you are all blue and gay and beautiful? You are more beautiful than anything that flies in the air. I want to be blue, too." Coyote was at that time a bright green.

"I only went in four times," said the bird; and it taught Coyote the song, and he went in four times, and the fifth time he came out as blue as the little bird.

That made him feel very proud, because he turned into a blue coyote. He was so proud that as he walked along he looked about on every side to see if anyone was noticing how fine and blue he was. He looked to see if his shadow was blue, too, and so he was not watching the road, and presently he ran into a stump so hard that it threw him down in the dirt and he became dust-colored all over. And to this day all coyotes are the color of dirt.

#### THE BOY AND THE BEAST.

Once an old woman lived with her daughter, son-in-law, and grandson. They were following the trail of the Apaches. Whenever a Pima sees the track of an Apache, he draws a ring around it with a stick, and then he can catch him sooner. But at night while they were asleep the Apaches came and grasped the man and woman by the hair and shook them out of their skins as one would shake corn out of a sack, and the old woman and the boy were left alone. They had to live on berries, but in one place a strange beast, big enough to swallow people, camped by the bushes. The grandmother told the boy not to go there, but he disobeyed her; he took some very sharp stones in his hands and went. As he came near the animal began to breathe, and the boy just went inside of him and was swallowed all up. But with his sharp stones he cut the intestines of the beast so that he died. When the grandmother came to hunt for the boy, he came out to meet her and said, "I have killed the animal."

"Oh, no; such a little boy as you are to kill such a dangerous beast!"

"But I was inside of him; just look at the stones I cut him with."

Then she went up softly and saw the holes and believed. And after that they moved down among the berries and had all they wanted to eat.

#### THE THIRSTY QUAIL.

A quail had more than twenty children, and with them she wandered over the whole country in search of water and could not find it. It was very hot and they were all crying, "Where can we get some water? Where can we get some water?" but for a long time they could find none. At last, away in the north, under a mesquite tree, they saw a pond of water, but it was very muddy and not fit to drink. But they had been wandering so many days and were so tired that they stopped in the shade, and by and by they went down one by one and drank the water, although it was so bad. But when they had all had enough it made them sick and they died.



## THE NAUGHTY GRANDCHILDREN.

An old woman had two bright grandchildren. She ground wheat and corn every morning to make porridge for them. One day as she put the olla on the fire outside the house, she told the children not to fight for fear they would upset the water. But they soon began quarreling, for they did not mind as well as they should, and so spilled the water, and the grandmother had to whip them. They became angry and said they were going away. She tried to make them understand why she had to whip them, but they would not listen, and ran away. She ran after them, but could not catch up. She heard them whistling and followed the sound from place to place, until finally the oldest boy said, "I will turn into a saguaro, so I shall last forever, and bear fruit every summer." And the younger said, "Well, I will turn into a palo verde and stand there forever. These mountains are so bare and have nothing on them but rocks, so I will make them green." The old woman heard the cactus whistling and recognized the voice of her grandson; so she went up to it and tried to take it into her arms, and the thorns killed her.

And that is how the saguaro and palo verde came to be.

## POINSETTIA IN THE TROPICS

By ALICE GARLAND.



LONG lane winds, and winding lies  
 Beneath the blue of tropic skies,  
 Its fluted cactus walls deep-dyed  
 In crimson bloom, while far and wide  
 From out the tangled depths' dark haze

Hibiscus flares a silken blaze.

And on, far down the worn road-way,

Falters a plaintive old love lay

From thatched hut nestling 'mid the leaves

Of palm and reed and all the weaves

Of fern and flower the hot-lands make.

On, oleanders wand'ring take

Their roseate hues the lane along

As though the very dawn among

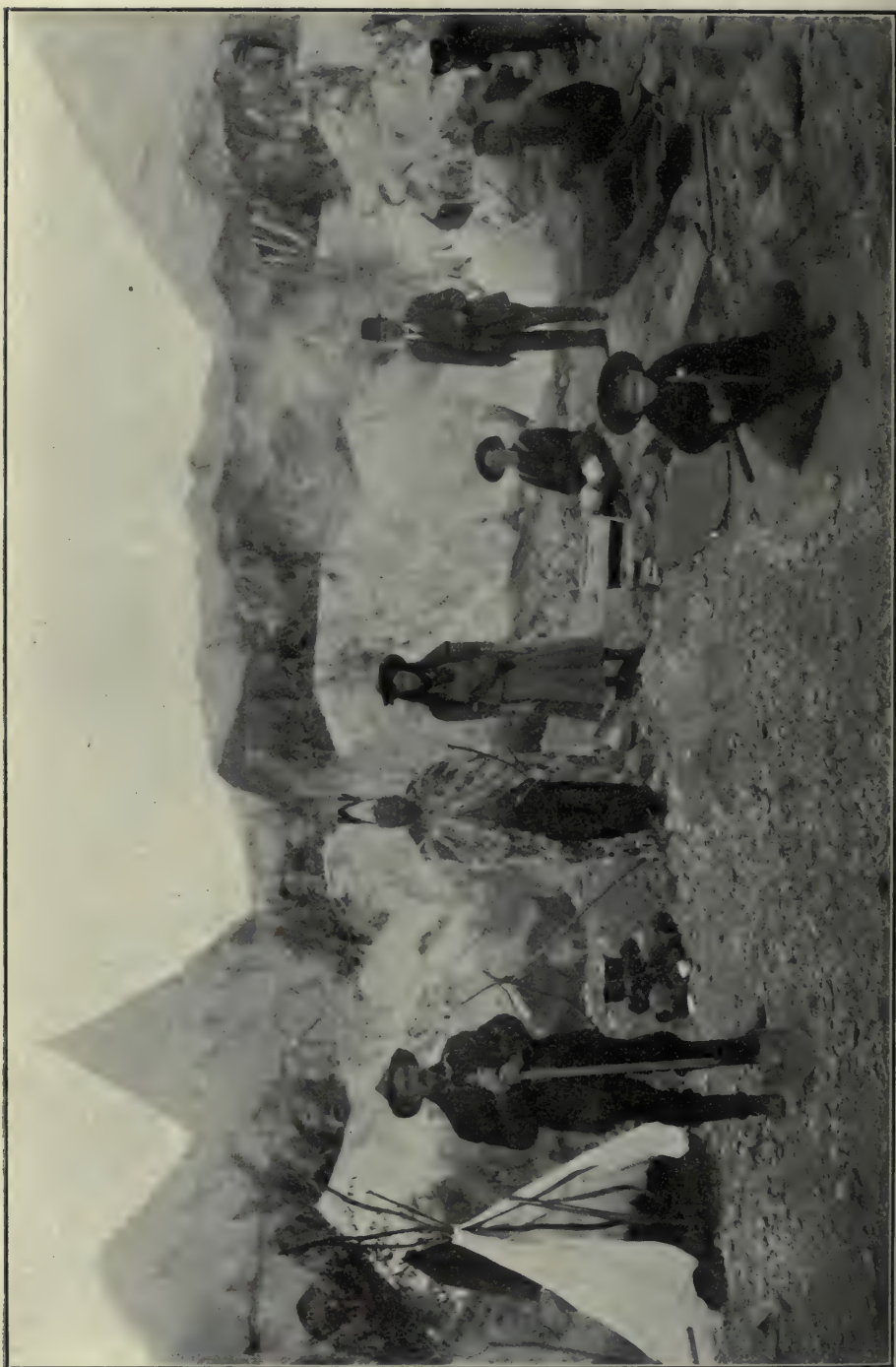
The leaves had come. Far up aloft,

In trees with orchid garlands tost

'Midst orange branch in white-starred sprays,

Poinsettia glows in ruby rays.

Atlixco, Mexico.



ROARING MINING CAMP





## “RUSH OF '49”

Stockton's Great Out-Door Drama of Material Progress.

By J. M. Eddy.

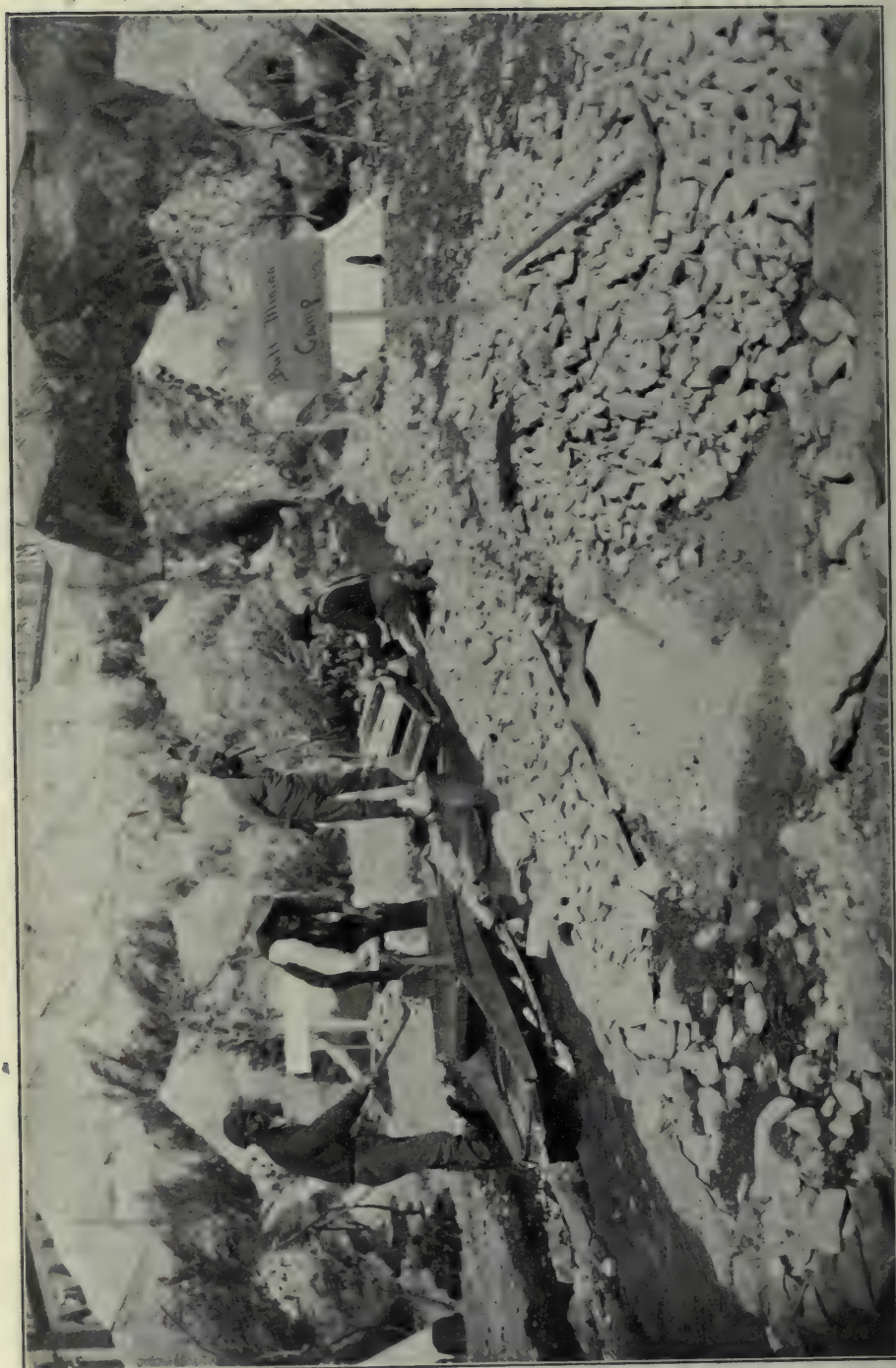


HE city of San Francisco searched feverishly in the half-forgotten shreds of early Spanish adventure on the Pacific Coast for a name with which to conjure a celebration worthy of her reborn might. Thus, Portolá was brought to light and his accidental elevation to command in California and his more accidental discovery of San Francisco Bay were given undue prominence, and possibly immortality, in the effort of the city to worthily celebrate its reconstruction. Thus, the festival which was promoted in the metropolis took a Spanish flavor, and the people wondered why Portolá had been chosen.

The city of Stockton, during the last week of October and immediately following the Portolá Festival, celebrated the sixtieth anniversary of the stampede to the gold mines along the Sierras by a historical drama which was given a name from a catchy phrase woven into history and traditions of the State as the “Rush of '49.” This celebration, which originally attempted to do honor to the sturdy Pioneers who first converted the western slopes into stirring scenes of activity and wealth, was expanded as the conception developed into a veritable out-door drama in which, during a



HOW THEY GOT HERE IN '49



THE '49ERS AT WORK



succession of five days, was to be re-enacted the progress of industrial development and civilization for the sexagenal period from 1849 to 1909.

The celebration grew out of a chance suggestion which was developed by the Stockton Chamber of Commerce and a special committee which enlisted the co-operation of the merchants, manufacturers and fraternal orders of the city, in one of the most unique and successful celebrations which has ever been held in the western world.

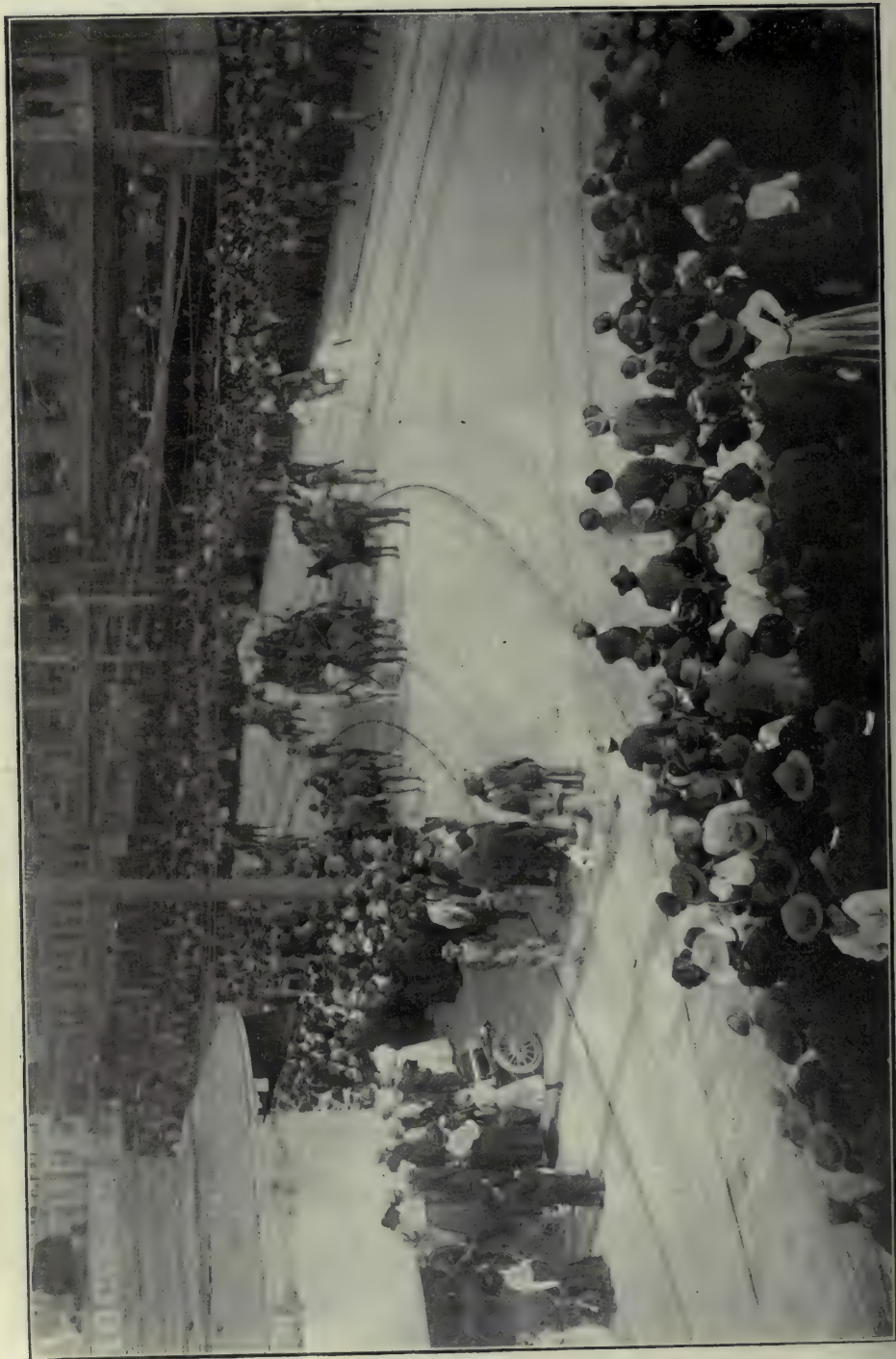
The chief paved square or common of the city of Stockton, adjacent to its beautiful Courthouse, was converted into a miners' camp by installing a series of rude and flimsy cabins, and through the co-operation of skilled mechanics one corner of this area was converted into the semblance of Sierran peaks, at the foot of which pay gravel was brought from the distant Sierras and deposited, and through all a water course meandered from an adjacent hydrant.



AUTO PARADE ON MAIN STREET

Along this manufactured stream, experienced miners from Calaveras and adjoining regions were introduced to show the actual processes of mining in the early days by pan and rocker, and in plain sight of the multitudes, particles of gold were washed from the gravel as they were washed during the pioneer stage of gold mining in the placers of the Sierra Mountains. This demonstration of gold mining was continued throughout the week and it was a feature so realistic that the remnant of gold miners of '49 who gathered at Stockton from all parts of the State were loud in their praises of its fidelity to early scenes.

During the five days of the "Rush of '49" at Stockton, each day covered a distinct period, the first being given over to a representation of the early scenes in California, in which groups of Mexicans, Indians and cattle men mingled, the only inhabitants prior to the discovery of gold. The real ceremonies began with the arrival of the Pony Express at the Stockton



THE HOLD-UP OF THE STAGE COACH



water-front, announcing to excited groups the discovery of gold. Soon waterway craft, laden with gold-seekers, made their way to the head of the channel, and, hastily debarking with their luggage, a motley procession was formed which paraded the principal streets of the city with their luggage and implements in the rush to the gold-fields. This parade was the signal for the opening of the mining camp and soon that became a scene of activity around which revolved the whole drama, which, for five days, became the center of interest for the entire State, and in which forty or fifty thousand people participated.

A stage coach of the early days was started and made continual trips through the city, a campaign for the election of alcalde began early the first day, and before the middle of the afternoon the alcalde's court was in full blast, and from the judgment seat a local attorney found sufficient



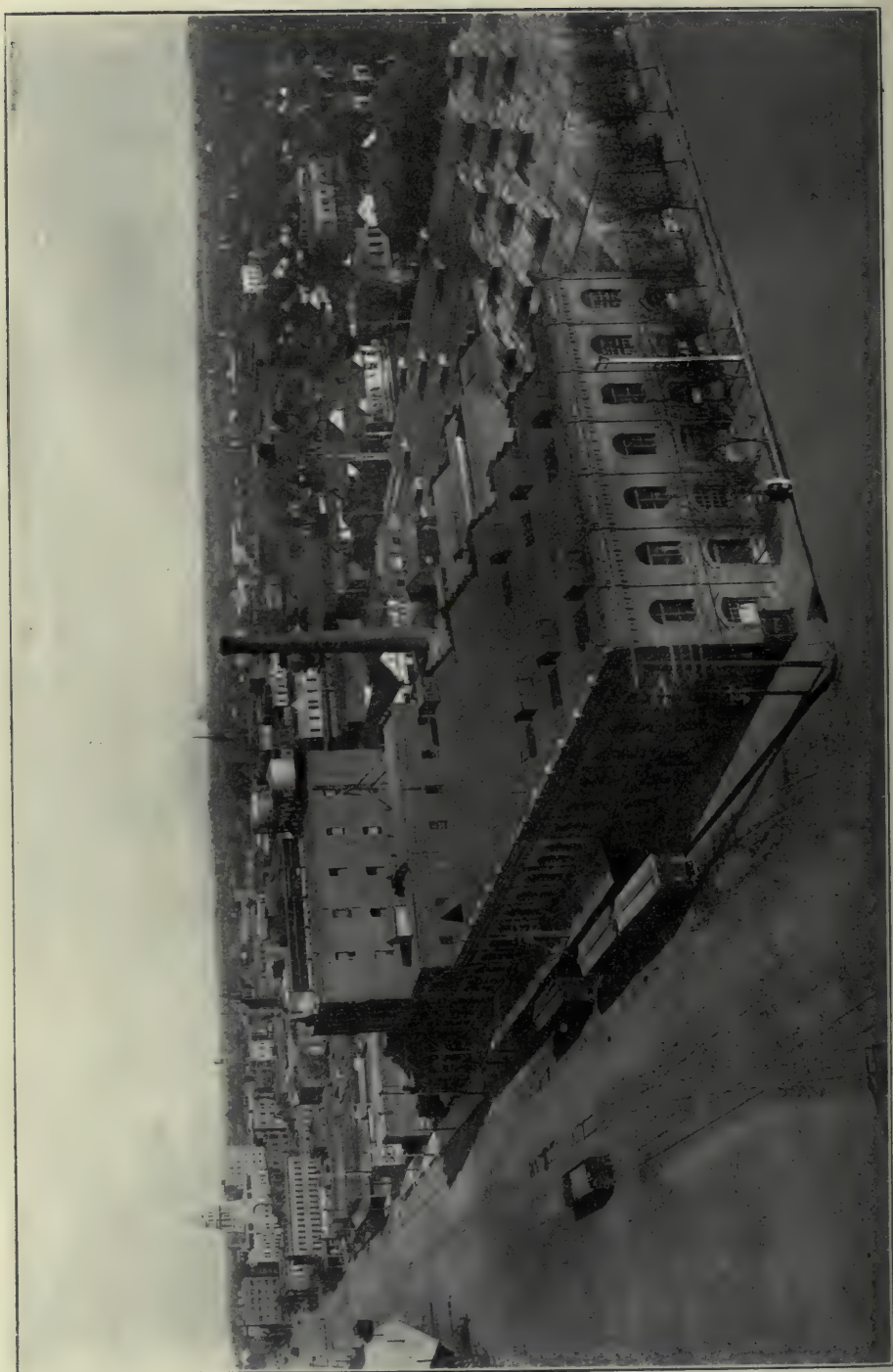
THE LANDING OF THE MINERS

material in the actual histories of the State to amuse the multitude with some of the most peculiar and fantastic decisions ever recorded.

A Mexican café was established on the grounds to attract the crowds and give them refreshment, and the Ladies' Auxiliary of the Pioneers established a Beanery, at which not only the survivors of the early rush, but more modern residents and visitors, could secure a substantial meal in the style of '49.

But the first day had not closed before dissatisfaction grew up among the miners about the ineffectiveness of Mexican administration and justice, and the second day the alcalde's court was succeeded by the Vigilance Committee, which made a feature of summary judgment to the evildoers who frequented the camp.

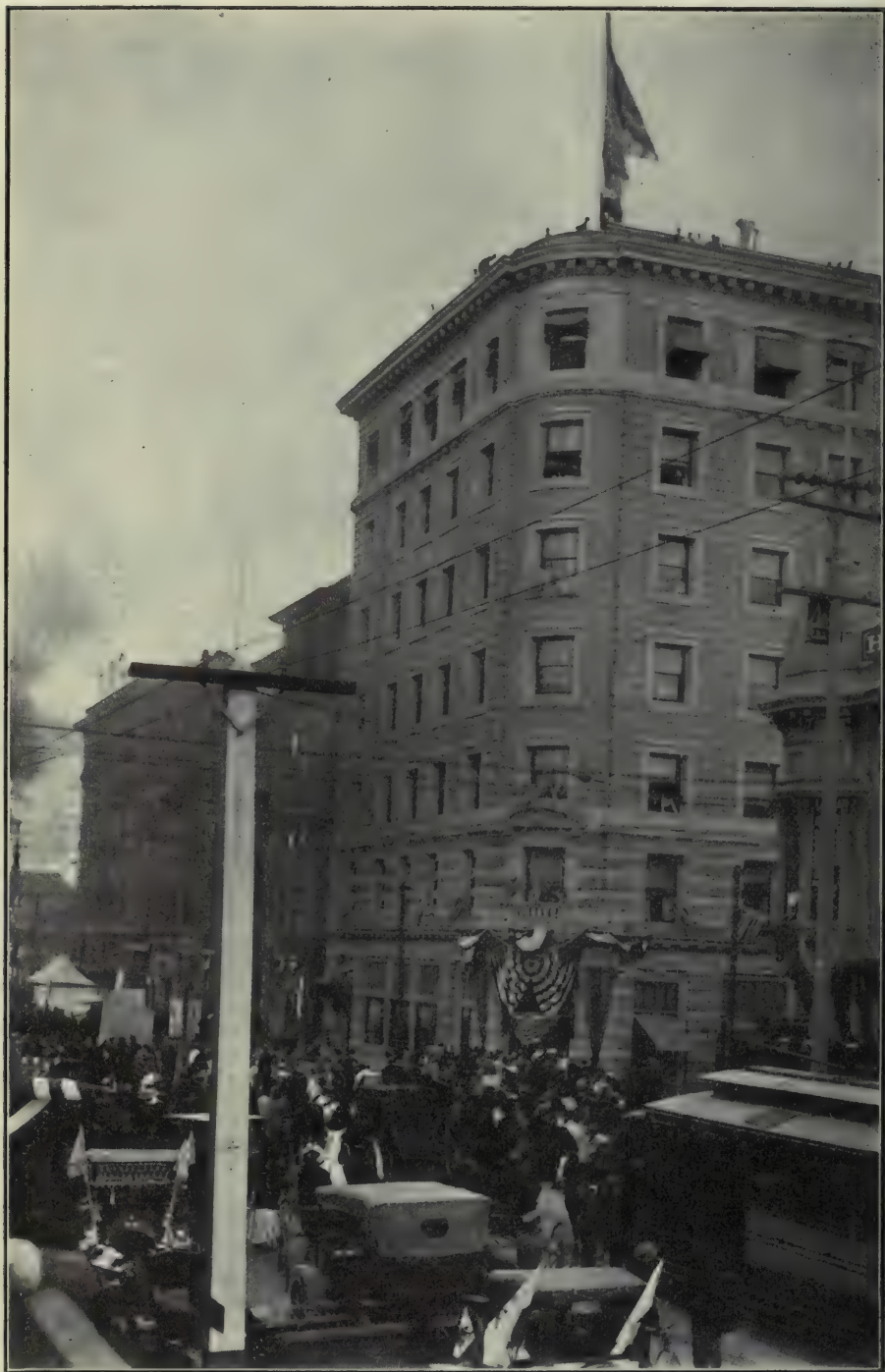
One of the striking evening features of the week was the attack on the miners' camp by Indians on the first night. The local branch of the Order of Redmen took the part of the Indians and maintained it with faithfulness throughout the week. The Indian attack was spectacular, and the camp



BIRDS EYE VIEW OF STOCKTON







A STOCKTON STREET



J.M. EDDY  
SECT OF THE  
CHAMBER OF  
COMMERCE

F.B. NIMS  
THE KING OF  
THE BEAN  
BUYERS  
IN 1908 NIMS  
PAID THE GROWERS  
IN SAN JOAQUIN  
COUNTY \$160,000.00

BOOST

JOHN  
J. PERRY  
PRES OF THE  
CHAMBER OF  
COMMERCE

UNCLE  
WARD M.  
SMITH

MR NIMS COMES FROM  
HIGH ARE RIDENT OF STOCKTON  
THREE YEARS AND ONE OF ITS  
BEST BOOSTERS

MR.  
R. BULLAHAN  
BANKER  
BOOSTER

R.B. HAS ALWAYS  
BEEN IDENTIFIED  
WITH THE BOOSTERS  
OF STOCKTON

RE WILSON  
A RESIDENT AND  
BOOSTER FOR  
STOCKTON 27th

M.J. GARDNER  
BOOSTER

BOOSTER  
GEO. E. CATT  
PRES OF THE  
STOCKTON SAVING BANK

CAPT  
BEN  
WALTERS

W.W.  
WEST-  
BAY

OF YOU  
GARDNER

B.C.  
WALLACE

THE MAN  
WHO DESIGNED  
THE NEW  
STOCKTON  
HOTEL

E.C. BROWN  
ARCHITECT AND  
BOOSTER

GEORGE R.  
BAKER  
WHO HAS TAKEN ACTIVE PART  
IN THE UP AND DOING THINGS IN  
BOOSTING STOCKTON

C.B. DICKINSON  
IS AN ACTIVE  
YOUNG BUSINESS  
MAN AND AGOOD  
HEARTY BOOSTER

J.E.  
MORGAN

W.M. SCHAEFER  
WHO DOES THE  
LARGEST WHOLESALE  
HARNESS BUSINESS  
ON THE COAST

GEORGE  
W. LEISTNER  
SAYS  
BOOST

C.W. LOGAN  
STOCKTON'S LEADING PHOTOGRAPHER

Heistley

ONE OF STOCKTON'S  
MOST ENTHUSIASTIC  
BOOSTERS MR EDDY WAS  
MUCH THE CAUSE OF THE  
GREAT SUCCESS OF THE  
44th ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION

A.C.  
OULLAHAN  
WHOS SPECIALTY  
IS IN CAR LOAD  
LOTS OF POTATOES

W.M.  
THOMAS  
ONE OF THE REAL  
BOOSTERS



STOCKTON CHANNEL



was only saved by the arrival of troops from the Grand Army Post stationed near by.

A striking feature of the Stockton celebration was a distinct parade each day. The second day's parade was made of prairie schooners which had been collected from all parts of the adjacent country, and some of which had actually crossed the plains in '49, '50 and '51. These were mostly hauled by horses of the period, but one yoke of oxen and a number of burros were found to give it a semblance of the earlier days.

On the third day, an agricultural parade was featured, and was designed to show the transition from the mining period to that of agriculture. The promoters aimed to have a moving exhibit of the products of San Joaquin soil that should show in all their diversity the resourcefulness of a wonderful agricultural region. Unfortunately, an early morning rain and threatening weather prevented many of the farmers from taking part, and only one section of the county was thoroughly represented, but this was



STOCKTON CHANNEL

so well done that it constituted one of the most unique and successful representations ever given in the State.

Farmers came with their products, in the wagons that they were accustomed to driving to the Stockton market; and thus grain, hay, fruit and vegetables, and dairy and poultry products, meat and the special food products which have made San Joaquin famous, loads of watermelons and casabas, were brought in from distant portions of the county, and formed in one procession which moved along the principal streets of the city and finally dissolved and the contents of the wagons found their destination in the ready markets of the modern produce-dealers.

The fourth day, an automobile parade was featured and was designed to illustrate how in the twentieth century a rush to the mines might be expedited. This was one of the most successful automobile processions ever organized in the State, and 128 automobiles of various types and with little decoration, except that of carrying the suggestive bear flag, moved in single file first, and afterwards countermarched through the chief streets of the

city and exhibited not only how in modern times a rush to the gold mines could be made, but illustrated farther the favorite method of travel for the prosperous farmers of the adjacent region in running to the county seat and the market-places of Stockton.

On the fifth day, a combined parade of the manufacturers of the city and of the oriental contingent was given, which was one of the most unique and successful of the week. All of the principal manufacturers of Stockton were listed in the parade, and to a large majority of the Stockton people, themselves, it was a veritable surprise and education to see in a moving exhibit to what extent and perfection the great factories of the Gateway City have arrived.

In this parade were seen traction engines and harvesters and the famous "caterpillar engine" which is doing so much service in the Owens River



TORPEDO BOAT LEAVING STOCKTON CHANNEL

construction, designed to carry water to Los Angeles, and for the building of which new factories have been established in Illinois, Minneapolis and Winnipeg, as branches of the great Holt establishment in Stockton. Here, too, were found representative exhibits from the Sperry Mills, the first flouring mill built in the State of California and now one of the largest concerns on the Pacific Coast. The Stockton Iron Works, which supplies dredgers for the reclamation of land in all Pacific States; ore cars manufactured in Stockton for Arizona, Nevada and the Sierra Mountains; the California Canneries, which here has one of the greatest preserving plants on the Coast; the Pacific Tannery; the Great Brewery and Winery; Glove Factory, Sampson's gas engine works, numerous foundries and other concerns, were represented and illustrated the character, variety and quality of active industries that are producing \$15,000,000 worth of products in this city for the consumption of the world at large.

In addition to the service secured from the various fraternal orders, clubs



and organizations of Stockton, the Chinese made a direct contribution to the success and gayety of the celebration by raising a fund and importing a troupe of Chinese actors, which, throughout the week, gave two entertainments daily, and also by bringing their famous dragon and entering the parade with the manufacturers the last day, which, as a special compliment to the oriental co-operation, was taken through Chinatown. The Japanese residents also assisted by contributing a fund and by furnishing a feature in wrestling and sword play.

Some of the subordinate features of the celebration, in addition to the attack of the Indians on the mining camp, was the attack, also of Indians, on one of the prairie schooners the second day, and the burning of the wagon on the public streets of Stockton. The stage coach also was held up on the same street amidst a throng of people, and the local Order of Woodmen, who were acting as the Vigilance Committee, pursued and captured



STOCKTON IN 1850

the bandits, tried them before Judge Lynch, and summarily executed them on the public square in the mining camp.

On the fourth day, an exhibition in bronco-busting and a Wild West show was given by a contingent of local Mexicans, and an athletic contest the last day in the afternoon was the culminating feature of the program. When the drama had reached the fourth stage of progress, had passed through the agricultural transition period and was brought up to the days of modern transit, the wireless development of science in communication was represented on the public square, and wireless messages were received from all quarters of the world, keeping the multitude in touch with sensational news items from various lands, and congratulations were received from potentates all over the world at the success of this novel drama.

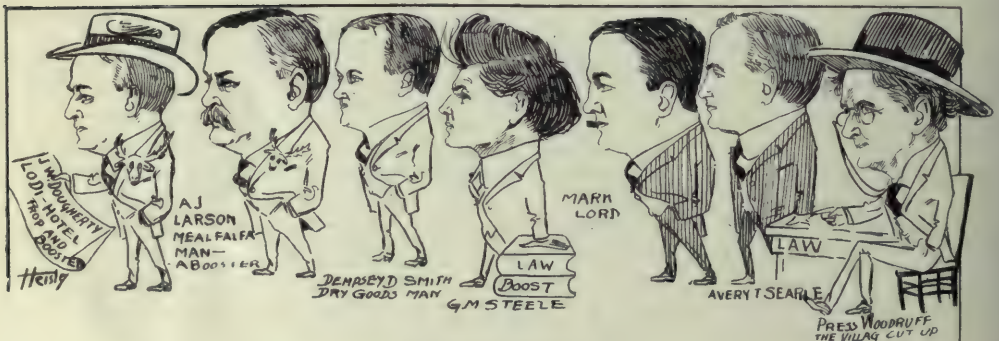
Stockton occupied a peculiar and important position relative to the mining days of '49, for it was to this point that the stream of immigration came

for distribution in the rush to the mines. The vessels that came around the Horn with gold seekers, both from the European coast and from the Atlantic Coast of the United States, made their way up the San Joaquin River and Stockton Channel to the head of the tide-water navigation at Stockton, and there passengers with their belongings debarked and made their way hastily to the new-found mines.

The chief highways that radiate from Stockton in fan-like shape toward the mines, are merely the developed arteries of travel and commerce from the miners' paths of the early days, seeking the nearest cut to the mines of Mariposa, Tuolumne, Calaveras and Amador. And the recent decision of the people of San Joaquin County to expend \$2,000,000 in the construction of permanent highways in the county, is the finishing touch that advanced civilization is putting on the trails that led the adventurous men of '49 to seek the gold of the Mother Lode region.

The result of the Stockton celebration was even greater, more far-reaching, and more successful than the promoters themselves had expected. It attracted not only the '49er and the miner from every part of the State, but also the attention of publicists and literary men all over the United States, from whom came anxious inquiries of the event for illustrations of the features which made it really an historical drama, picturing the advance of sixty years, in out-door acts, such as were never before attempted in the West, acts in which forty or fifty thousand people participated and which have left a memory with Stockton and in California that will not be forgotten for years to come.

This drama was in the interest of the multitude who rushed with a fever of gold to the mines and became the developers of resource and wealth and the makers of one of the most resourceful commonwealths of the Republic. It has crystallized a sentiment which has permeated the whole commonwealth for years and on which has been founded history, tradition and social standards; it has brought out many reminiscences and a variety of facts relating to early days which were previously unknown or unrecorded.



SOME LODI BOOSTERS



## OAKLAND

By Edwin Stearns.



OMEONE has said that "no matter where a railroad terminates, a large city is destined to develop." If such is the fact, and it certainly seems reasonable, what may be expected of a city in which three great transcontinental railroads have their terminals? It is also a well-known fact that where rail and water transportation are united, competitive freight rates prove an inherent factor for the location of manufactories.

There is one California city located in the Coast center of the State equidistant between Del Norte and San Diego Counties in which the Southern Pacific and its allied branch the Central Pacific, Santa Fé Railway Company and the Western Pacific Railway Company all terminate their land journey upon its shores, and from which city to the metropolis of the State—San Francisco—all passengers and freight are transferred by ferry (a distance of approximately six miles). That city is OAKLAND.

Nature ordained that Oakland, California, should be the principal commercial city of the Pacific Coast, and within the past few years the rapid strides made by Oakland in population and manufacturing importance would tend to prove that the city is now awake to its opportunities and that Eastern manufacturers are also alive to the advantages of a California city upon whose level water-front are unexcelled manufacturing sites in touch with transportation by rail and water.

Surrounded on three sides by a spur of the Coast Range of mountains—as though with outstretched arms these hills were forming a protection from the cold winds of the North and East—and with a gradual slope from the hills to a water-frontage of fifteen miles, is situated the city of Oakland, the most ideally located city from a commercial standpoint to be found in the great West.

Founded less than sixty years ago, Oakland in 1890 had a population of 48,632, which during the next decade increased to 66,960 according to the census of 1900 and which, when the census is enumerated next year, will show a population of upwards of 225,000, or a growth during the past decade of more than three times the population of the first half-hundred years of the life of the municipality.

Despite this wonderful increase in population, statistics show that there is no diminution, but on the other hand a constant, gradual increase, totally devoid of any symptoms of a boom.

The bank-clearings of a community are as good a criterion as can be found to denote the prosperity of a city. The figures issued by the Oakland Clearing House for the nine months in 1908 (these nine months taken simply for comparison with the same length of time in 1909) show the bank-clearings for Oakland to have been \$55,690,963.40, while for the same period this year, they amounted to \$71,900,182.02, or an increase of over sixteen millions of dollars.

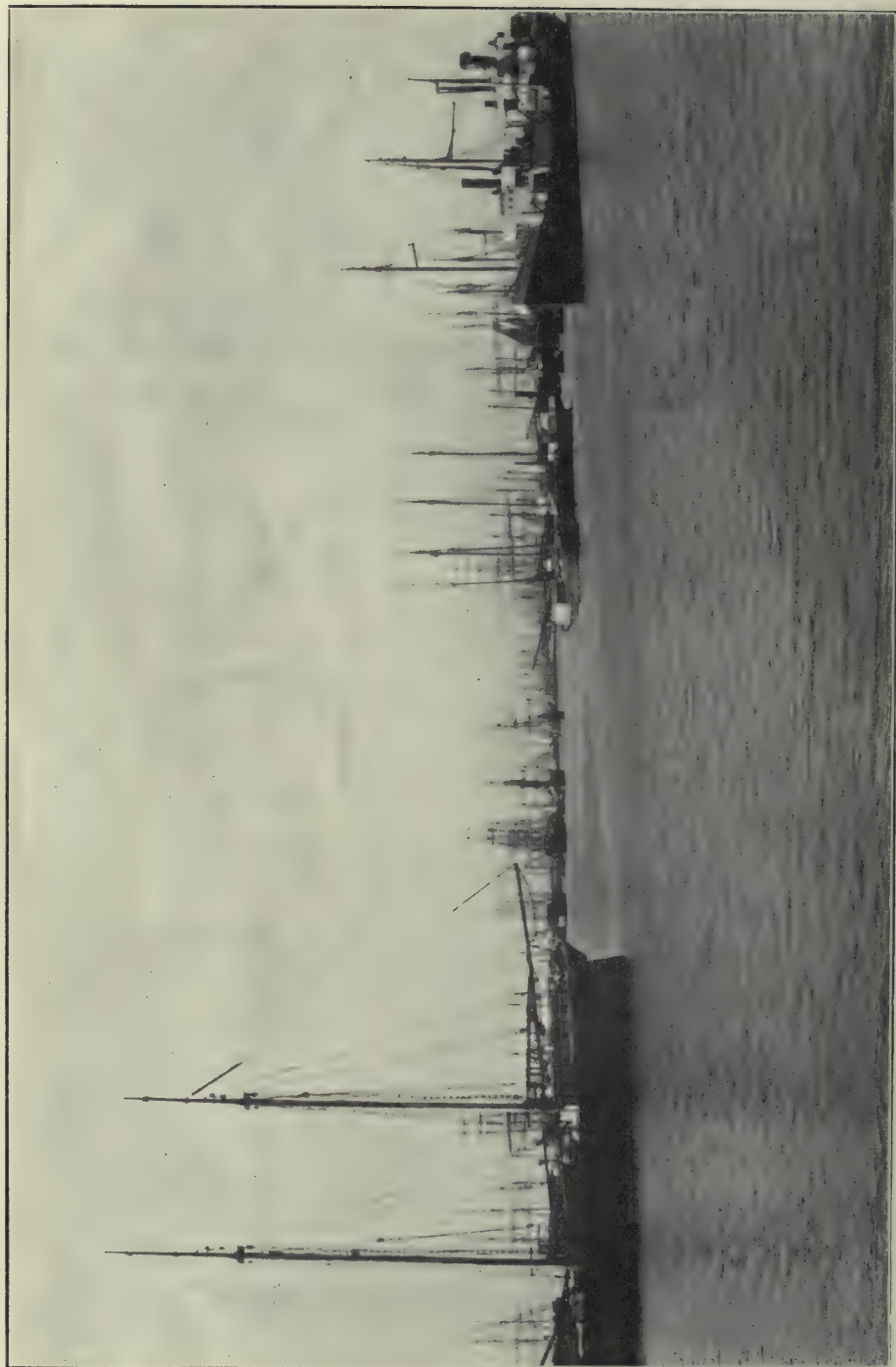
For the same period in 1908 there docked at the wharves in Oakland 1295 vessels with a total tonnage of 661,554, exclusive of daily river-boats and the ferries; while this year for the first nine months there were 1906 vessels with a tonnage of 960,968—an increase of 611 vessels and 299,414 in tonnage.

In order to care for this greatly increased commerce, the City of Oakland is about to issue bonds in the amount of over one and one-half millions of









OAKLAND HARBOR



dollars for the construction of municipal wharves and warehouses in the Oakland Harbor and on the Western water-front. In Oakland Harbor alone, the report of the engineer provides for an expenditure of \$2,530,000, in addition to which plans are now being drawn for wharves in what is known as the Western water-front, facing upon San Francisco Bay and directly opposite the Golden Gate. The citizens of Oakland will be called upon early next month (November) to cast their ballots for a proposed bond issue amounting in round figures to \$2,503,000, to be used in addition to the aforementioned figures for a new City Hall, Police Telegraph and Fire Alarm Building and other up-to-date municipal projects.

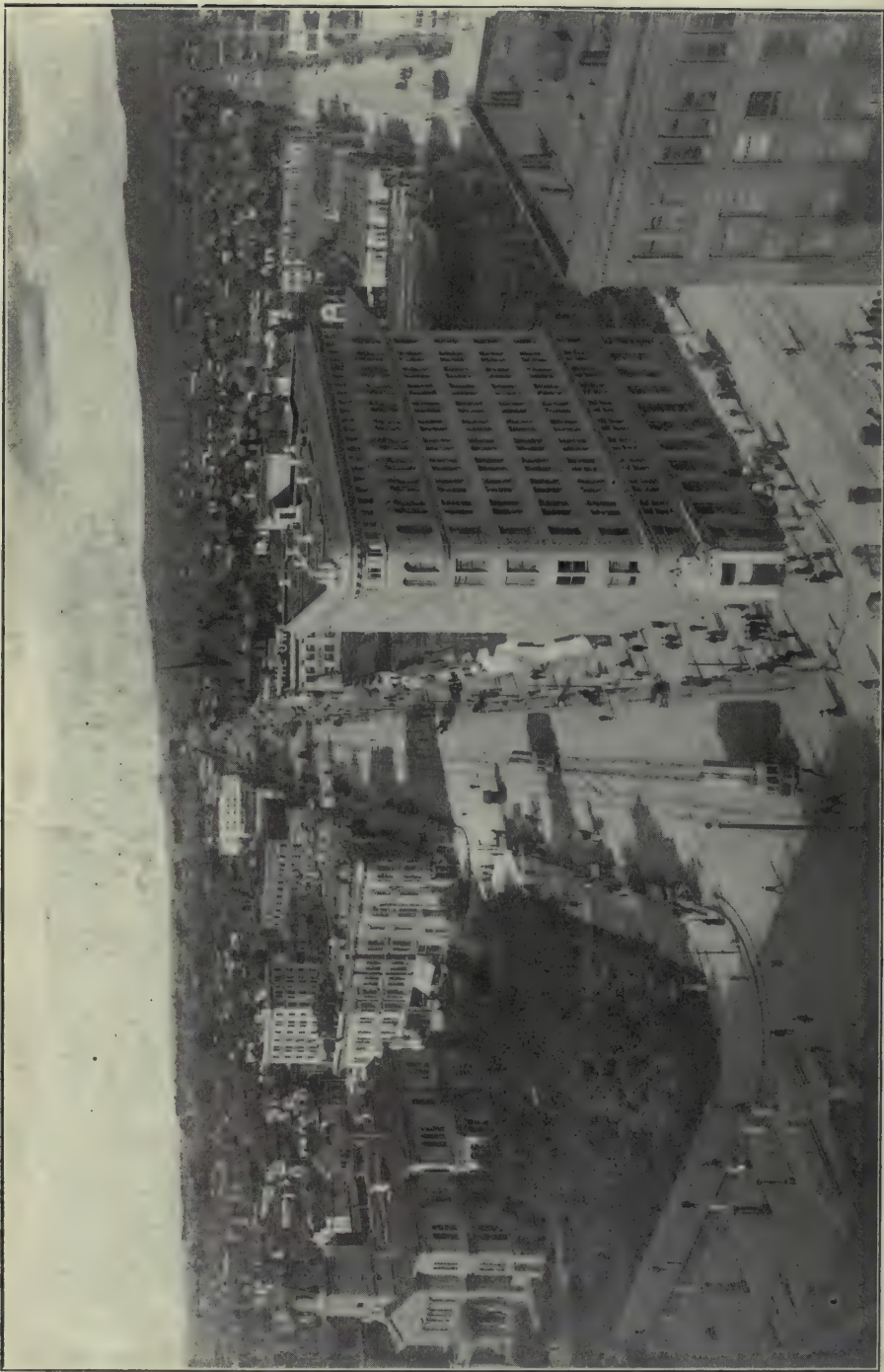
Manufactories are locating along Oakland water-front and in touch with rail transportation to such an extent that the demands for electric power are exceptionally large. At the present time, the Oakland Gas, Light and Heat Company furnishes electric power aggregating one hundred thousand



IN PIEDMONT PARK, OAKLAND

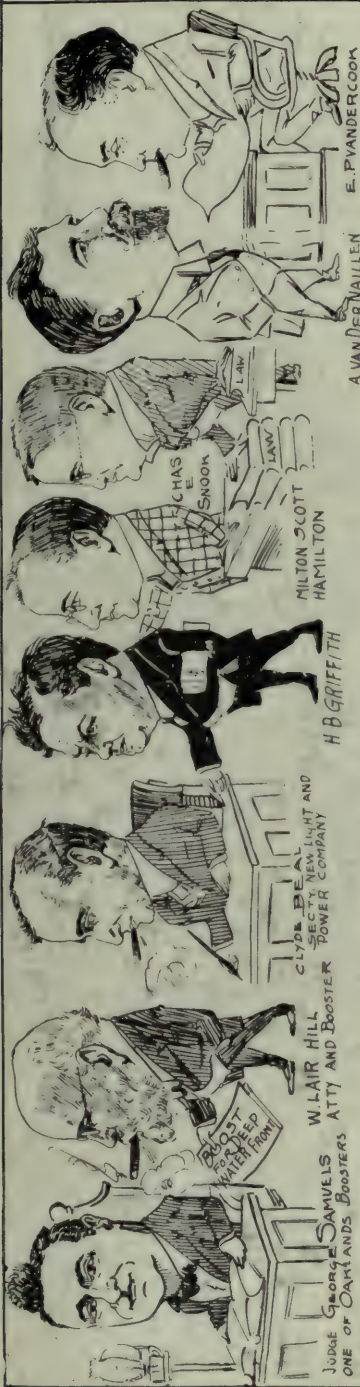
horse-power; and the Great Western Power Company, which has a plant on the Feather River, has nearly completed its immense power plant in Oakland capable of supplying an additional one hundred thousand horse-power. The former company is the distributing agent for the Bay Counties Power Company, the Standard Electric Company and the Pacific Gas and Electric Company, while the Great Western Power Company is a comparatively new concern.

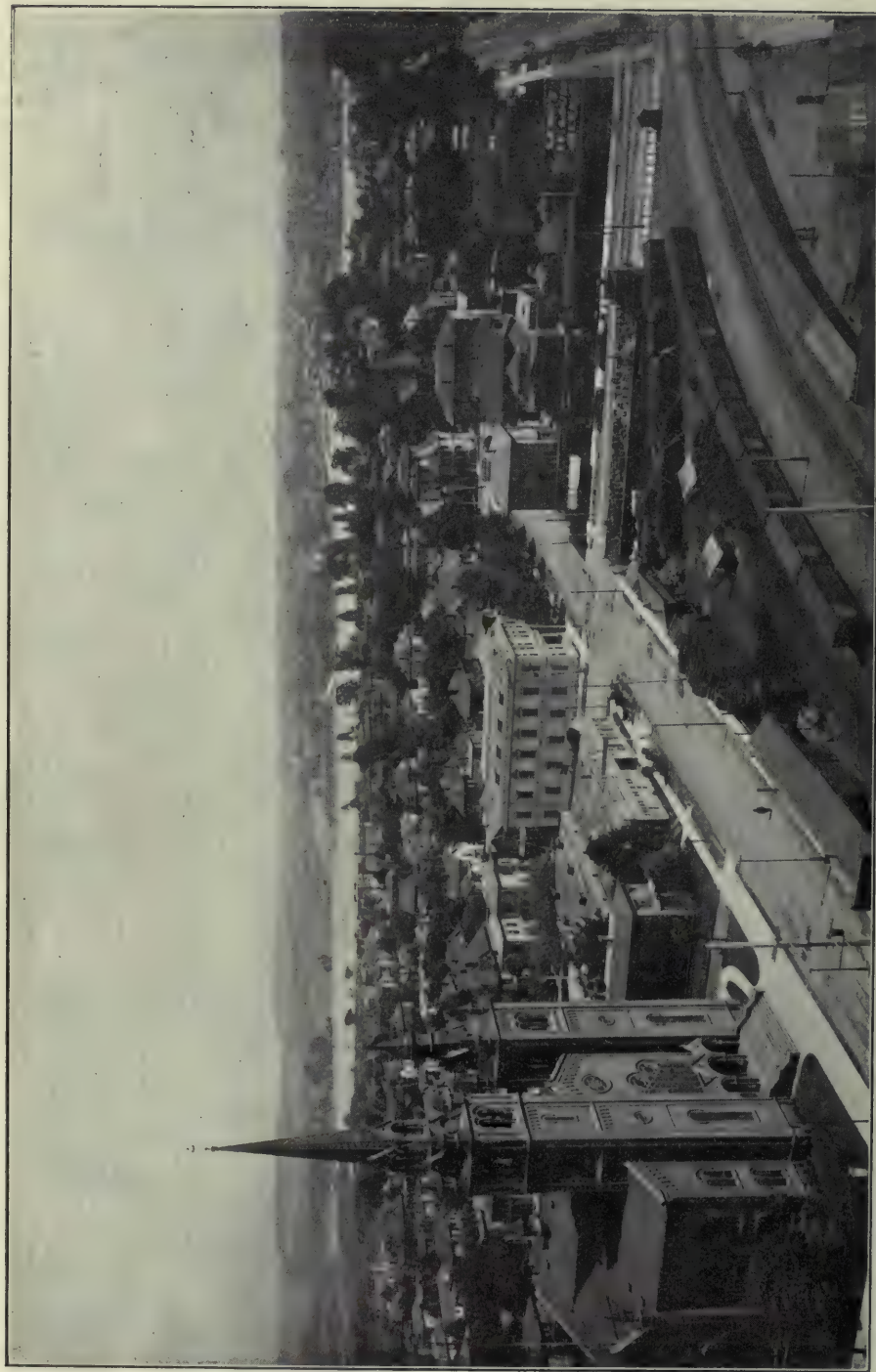
The city is also alive to the utilization of its natural resources for fire-protection, and at the present time ten-inch salt-water mains are being laid in the business section and connected with a salt-water auxiliary fire-station, to be operated entirely separate from the existing fire-department. At each street intersection throughout the entire business section, hydrants have been installed, each hydrant having five connections for three-inch hose; thus in every block of two hundred or two hundred and fifty feet, ten streams



OAKLAND, LOOKING NORTH FROM UNION SAVINGS BANK







OAKLAND, LOOKING EAST FROM UNION SAVINGS BANK



of water from this salt-water auxiliary system may be turned simultaneously on to any fire from two hydrants—having a pressure of two hundred pounds per square inch at the pumping station.

The pumping station, situated on the shores of Lake Merritt (a natural salt-water lake of one hundred and seventy acres, within five minutes' walk of the business center, filled and emptied by the ebb and flow of the tide), furnishes the power for this auxiliary system. In addition to this practically perfect fire-protection system is a modern fire-department consisting of ten fire-engine companies, two chemical-engine companies, four combined chemical and hose companies and five ladder-truck companies, of which three are combined chemicals.

The city rises gradually from the water-front to a base of a spur of the Coast Range of mountains, thus furnishing unsurpassed sewerage conditions,



LONG WHARF, OAKLAND, WHERE RAILROAD AND SHIP MEET

in conjunction with which is a modern system of sewerage second to no city in the United States. Thus the healthfulness of the city of Oakland is attested. Figured on an estimated population of only 165,000, whereas the real population of Oakland is in excess of 200,000, the annual death-rate per thousand in 1908 was but 10.53%, while thus far in 1909, the percentage is very much less.

Oakland is justly proud of her public school system and the fact that her schools rank among the highest in the United States. There are twenty-two public school buildings which will compare favorably with public educational buildings in any city in the West. In addition thereto is a completely equipped observatory, connected with the Oakland High School, in which the study of astronomy is made effective and interesting with the aid of the most modern astronomical instruments.

With the expenditure in any community of in round figures twenty millions of dollars of outside capital, it goes without saying that property



JOEL'S JOSELYN KITCHNER  
CITY TREASURER  
EDWIN NEEDLES

FRED TAYLOR

HARRY SANDERSON  
C.W. DICKEY

HORACE J. CRAFT

KARL H. NICKEL  
THE BUNGELOW  
KING OF OAKLAND

F.J. WOODWARD  
REAL ESTATE

M.L. WRIGHT  
GUY C. SMITH  
THEATRICIAN, MGR AND PRODUCER  
PRODUCTION OF "BROADWAY AND SEVEN OTHER BY NINETEEN"

JUDGE MORTIMER SMITH  
LAW  
FREDERICK HILL  
ONE OF OAKLAND'S DOOSTERS FOR MANY YEARS  
A HAILE FELLOW WELL MET

GEORGE REED

P.A. FONTANNE

M.J. LAYMAN  
LAW  
WALTER LOGAN

A.H. BREED  
REAL ESTATE

JUDGE EWING  
BOOST





HOTEL ST. MARK, OAKLAND

values throughout the municipality are greatly enhanced. Representatives of the Southern Pacific, Santa Fé and Western Pacific railroads have stated publicly that vast sums of money will be expended in Oakland and environs within the next five years in improvements alone. The Southern Pacific Company has erected a large electrical power-plant and is electricising all its suburban lines in Oakland, Berkeley, Alameda and Fruitvale. The Santa Fé is making many improvements; the San Francisco, Oakland and San José Railway Company (familiarily known as the Key Route) is spending thousands of dollars monthly in trackage additions and improvements, and within thirty days the Western Pacific Railway Company will be running through trains from the East into Oakland. Such improvements by great transcontinental railroads terminating in Oakland bespeak confidence in the future growth of the city, as well as necessity to care for the present traffic.

Oakland has 256.43 miles of graded, curbed and macadamized streets, 15.42 miles of bituminized streets, 540.72 miles of sidewalk and 246.33 miles of sewers at the present time, and in addition thereto the Street Depart-

ment, Board of Public Works and City Council have passed recommendations and are advertising for the permanent improvement of nearly 200 blocks of streets with asphalt, macadam and basalt blocks.

Alameda County is noted for the excellence of its streets and boulevards and thousands of automobilists from San Francisco and other bay cities on Sundays and holidays take advantage of these conditions.

Aside from the Western water-front, Oakland possesses a perfectly land-locked harbor in which vessels may ride at anchor in perfect safety in any storm. Railroad tracks parallel the harbor line and the ever-increasing manufactories are thus enabled to ship either by rail or water. At the present time there is a depth of water of twenty-five feet at low tide for nearly four miles from the mouth of the harbor and for the additional two miles a depth of seventeen feet at low water with a rise of tide of six feet, thus allowing at high tide vessels drawing practically thirty feet to enter



AN OAKLAND RESIDENCE

Oakland Harbor. The shores of the harbor are particularly level, making ideal factory sites.

The climate of Oakland is exhilarating and not debilitating. Hundreds of the principal business men of San Francisco and other bay cities have their homes in Oakland, that their families may take advantage of the better climatic conditions and the excellence of the public school system. No finer residences or more picturesque residence sites can be found in any city than in Oakland. From the residences in the foothills, magnificent views of hill and vale, out through the Golden Gate, and of the bay to the extent of one's vision, add to the value of residence sites in Oakland and environs.

Hence, is it any wonder that Oakland is increasing so rapidly in population, in manufacturing importance and as a commercial city? In fact, Oakland is rightly termed the "City of Opportunity."



## THE VALLEY OF SANTA CLARA

By Geo. H. Stipp.



SINCE the days when adventurous cavaliers sailed up and down the Pacific Coast on exploring and marauding expeditions, California, the charmed land of mystery and fabled wealth, has thrown out a lure to the world. Many have come and many more are still coming to her golden shores. Perhaps no one section, throughout the length and breadth of the State, has more to say for itself, historically and presently, than Santa Clara Valley, which Bayard Taylor, that well accredited and highly descriptive writer, denominated "one of the three most beautiful valleys in the world." Yet, wrapped in a thousand valuable resources, it has even more than mere beauty to commend it. To describe fittingly its great and varied beauties and to tell with adequate fulness all that in it profiteth the hand of man, would demand space unlimited and words without number. All that any writer can do within the brief confines of a magazine article, is to outline casually some of the most prominent features of its physical nature, historical past and present civic life.

The Santa Clara Valley was settled by the old Franciscan friars, under Father Junípero Serra, in 1777—the same intrepid pioneers whose memory now lies shrouded in the romance of the past and who left their finger-marks upon the pages of history in so many places along the shores of the Pacific. Within the limits of this valley, two of the Franciscan missions still stand, one at Santa Clara, three miles west, and one at Mission San José, a few miles to the north and east.

Much might be written of the peaceful days when the country was dominated by spectacular Dons and fair Señoritas, of the civilizing and Christianizing of the early Indian inhabitants, of the famous old "Alameda" which extended, a shade-embowered avenue, from the old Pueblo de San José to the Mission de Santa Clara, of the unique life led in those days, of the coming of the "Gringo," as the English-speaking immigrant was called, and of the development of the State into modern life around her first capital, San José. But we of today have first and most concern with those present conditions of which this article will chiefly treat.

Santa Clara Valley, when in the simple robes of nature, was park-like in its general aspect and dotted with groves of magnificent oaks. Within the county, the valley is from north to south, fifty miles in length with a maximum width at the northern end of twenty-five miles, tapering to a point at the southern end. On the eastern side, it is bounded by the inner Coast Range, the higher peaks of which rise to an elevation of about four thousand feet, the lower foothills of the range being piled one above another in a series of rounding terraces.

The west side of the valley is formed by another branch of the Coast Range, a more angular series of mountains separating the valley from the coast line of the Pacific Ocean. These mountains are covered with forests of redwood, pine, madroño, laurel and other indigenous trees, and afford also in cleared areas many splendid acres of orchard and vineyard under the cultivation of man.

From the crest of this range, reaching skyward four thousand feet, many entrancing vistas can be caught of the blue waters of Monterey Bay and the Pacific on the one hand; and, on the other, of the Santa Clara Valley, with its ten thousand homes gleaming white among the trees of her fruitful orchards.



A BIT OF SAN JOSE



From either side of the valley pretty mountain streams cut their winding ways through the valley floor, finding discharge in the Bay of San Francisco, whose most southern arm reaches within ten miles of San José, the county seat. In winter, these are raging little torrents, but through the long and rainless summer they become meek and lamb-like and in many instances little more than arroyos secos (dry ditches).

While the aspect of nature in the Santa Clara Valley is always changing, it is never tiring, for in all her moods nature is here always beautiful, being as lavish of color as she is changeful of mood. In midwinter, she paints the valley floor and the foothills a brilliant green. With the increasing freshness of spring and the springing forth of new life comes a magical change when the whole valley is transformed into a sea of billowy white, perfumed blossoms. If one's imagination can picture a scene, without the actual seeing of it, of one hundred and twenty-five square miles of prune trees in

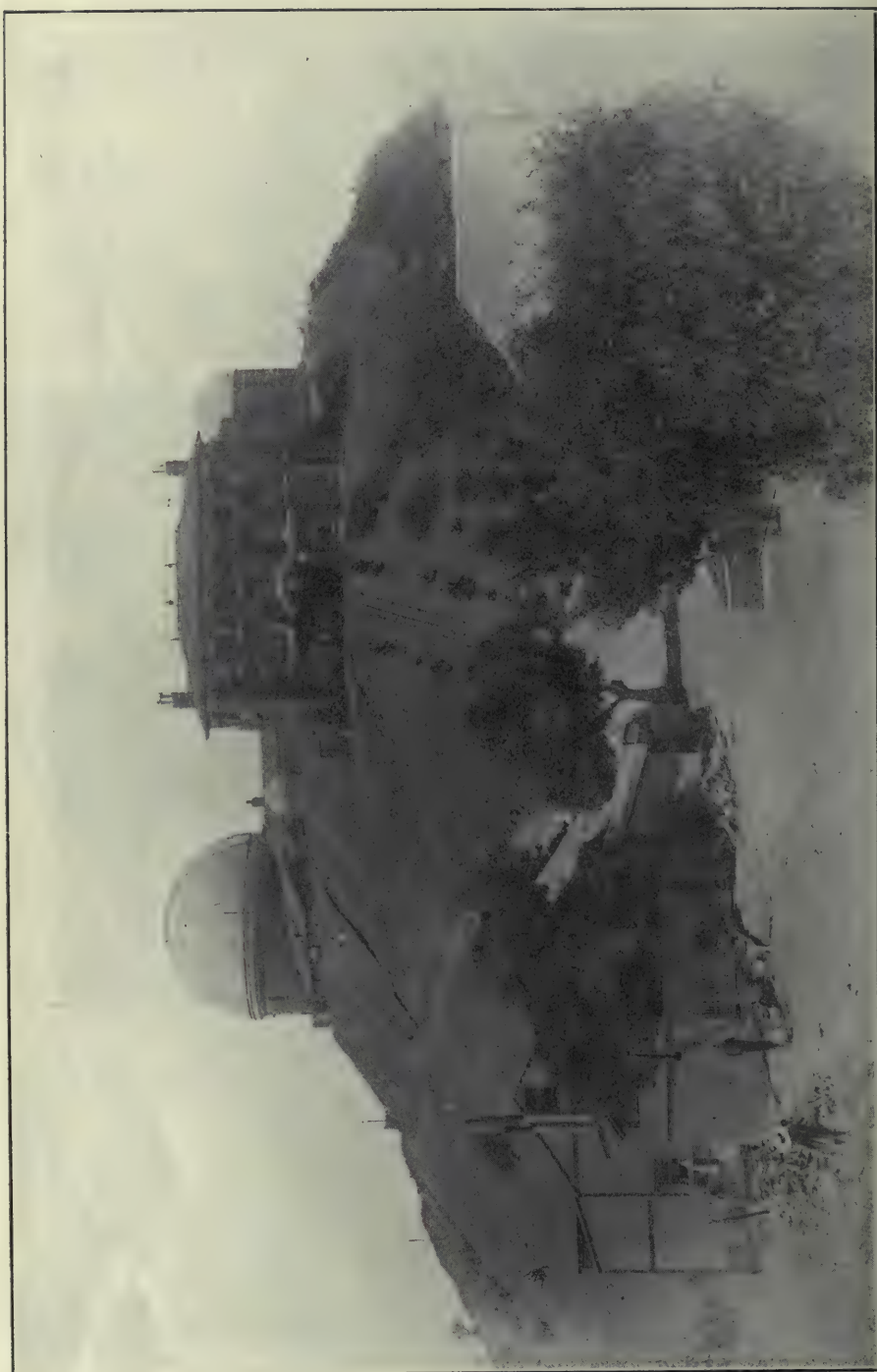


ST. JAMES PARK, SAN JOSE

blossom and each a perfect bouquet of bloom of itself, with a fluffiness and a whiteness which can only be likened to drifting snow, he will have conceived something of the beauty of this prospect as viewed from some rise in the lower foothills. Yet, it may be safely said that nowhere else in the world can such a scene be witnessed.

Passing on to summer, we find the color scheme has changed from the purity of the driven snow of the prune blossoms to a composite of the dark green foliage of the fruit trees, lightened plentifully with the amber red of the apricot, the purple and red of the cherry, the yellow of the peach and the blue bloom of the prune and the grape. The autumn follows with fields and hills verging into the golden, russet and brown, while in the wild growth of the woods, clambering vines have changed their foliage into brilliant hues of red and yellow.

Wiping the estheticism from our eyes and brains, we look again upon the



LICK OBSERVATORY



valley and find it teeming with life and activity in a thousand ways employed. It has a net-work of railway lines, steam and electric, trunk and suburban, which radiate from the capital of the county in many directions and are daily increasing in number, length of line and extent of territory covered. The great city of San Francisco, which phoenix-like has arisen from her ashes of disaster and has once again become the metropolis of the Pacific Coast, is but fifty miles away by rails which traverse both the east and west side of the bay and on which during portions of the day trains travel at intervals of twenty minutes, making the journey in one hour to one hour and a half.

A splendid idea of the fruitful extent of the western side of the valley may be obtained by taking a trip over the loop-track of the Peninsular Railway, leaving San José hourly and occupying two hours in the round trip. On this trip, the tourist passes through the pretty towns of Saratoga, where

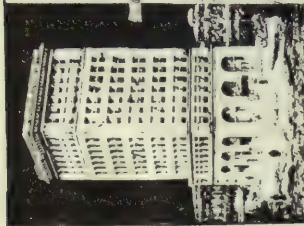


HOTEL VENDOME, SAN JOSE

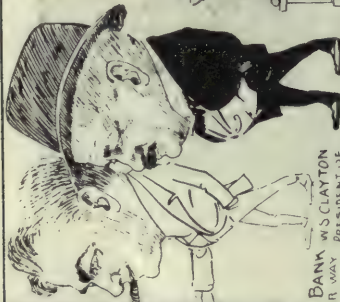
a side-trip may be taken to Congress Springs, whose waters are much prized, Los Gatos (pronounced Loe Gah-toe and meaning "The Cats"), and Campbell. The intervals between these places are filled with linking chains of orchards, the usual holdings being from twenty to thirty acres, and among them being many comfortable and beautiful homes. The valley is also traversed by four hundred miles of finely built roads which are sprinkled daily during the dry months of the summer.

The waterway port for San José, at the head of San Francisco Bay, is known as Alviso, where there is sufficient water for small vessels, and here the South Bay Yacht Club makes its rendezvous.

It would be impossible to go into detail in describing the beauty and wealth of the Santa Clara Valley, and one can only hint at its many attractions as a living place in the way of its all-the-year-round out-of-door life, with none of the severities of winter and summer as in other parts of our



THE NEW FIRST NATIONAL BANK  
BLDG WHICH SWELL NOBIL WAY  
OF CLAYTON



THE PRESIDENT OF  
THE FIRST NATIONAL  
BANK AND ONE OF  
THE MEN WHO  
SAN JOSE'S FIRST  
BANKING



VALENTINE KUCH  
THE MAN WHO BUILT  
HARNESS AND RUFFY  
MAN WHO'S BEEN  
ENTHUSIASTIC B...



CONGRESSMAN  
E. A. HAYES  
ALWAYS A BOOSTER  
FOR SANTA CLARA COUNTY  
AND SAN JOSE



BOOSTER BROOKS  
AND HIS PET HUBBY



H WINGATE LAKE  
BOOSTER AND MANAGER  
OF THE VENDOME HOTEL  
SAN JOSE



JOSEPH H. RUCKER  
THE REAL ESTATE MAN



FRANK L. MATTHEW  
BOOSTER REAL ESTATE  
MAN



WESLEY  
DIEPER  
REAL ESTATE



C. H. JOHNSON



S. A. HANCOCK, JR.  
SAN JOSE INVESTMENT BOOSTERS



WALTER TRINKLER  
BOOSTER



E. G. EIRO  
A BOOSTER 25 YRS



own United States, its fields and orchards, its mountains and forests, its streams and salt water bay, its fishing, yachting, golfing, driving, riding, hunting, automobiling throughout the year; its splendid schools, famous universities, observatories, mineral springs, natural beauties and perfect climate.

Reference has been made to San José (pronounced Sahn Ho-say and meaning St. Joseph), the capital of the county. Investigation finds it to be a beautiful and thriving city of about 65,000 inhabitants within its immediate environs, the suburbs really stretching away through the valley for miles in every direction, linking to it many small towns and settlements. It is built upon an almost level plain at an elevation of nearly ninety feet above the sea, draining naturally toward the bay, wherein empties the main sewer of the city, about ten miles in length.

The city covers an area of about twenty square miles and has many broad avenues and shady walks which are lined with shade trees. Shrubs and



SAN JOSE PUBLIC LIBRARY

flowers, many of them semi-tropic, flourish in profusion, because of which the city is commonly known as "The Garden City." It is particularly noted as the rose-garden of the earth and at frequent periods floral carnivals are given, which demonstrate the great fecundity of the soil in garden culture. All manner of trees reach equal perfection.

The business center of the city is situated in the very center of gardens, parks and lawns teeming with herbaceous growth. The business streets are lined with many fine structures of stone and brick of modern type, from two to seven stories in height, and visitors often remark upon the number and beauty of the well-kept stores of the city, carrying as they do extensive lines of goods equalling the metropolitan marts. In the residence sections are to be found many handsome and capacious homes, while not a few of her citizens make their homes in suburbs which are supplied with nearly all the conveniences and luxuries of town life.



ALEX HART

DOOST  
USM

MAJOR W.G. HAWLEY  
POST MASTER.

EDWARD HALEY  
CHIEF OF POLICE

JULES  
VIGNONVOUX  
Prop of THE LAMOLLE  
HOUSE

ALBERT  
BETTENS

WILLIAM BEGGS

DOOST  
AND  
BUILD  
SAYE  
JOSE  
R.H.  
BORCHERS

DOOSTING  
BY PLEASE

E.W. WILDER  
CASHIER OF  
THE GARDEN CITY  
BANK.

HARRY R. KNOX  
MGR OF HALL BROS  
STORE

W. J. ORK

EDWIN K. JOHNSTON  
MANAGING EDITOR OF THE  
MERCURY AND HERALD

GARDEN CITY BANK  
BANK BUILDING  
GARDEN CITY

S.E. SMITH  
DOOST

T.W. CARROLL

JOHN W. SULLIVAN

F. J. HAMBLY

THOS E. LAHAN  
SECTY OF POLICE  
AND FIRE COMMISSION

JOHN  
G. JURY

GEO. H. OSEN  
THE  
AUTO MAN







A GLIMPSE OF ALUM ROCK PARK, SAN JOSE



The principal streets of the city are well paved, and much new work of this kind is now in progress or in contemplation. The city's sanitary conditions are excellent, a fine sewerage system being in operation, and it is supplied with mountain water of excellent quality by an adequate water system. It also possesses a thoroughly competent fire department with a good supply of modern fire apparatus.

Schools, public and private, of which there are many, rank high in quality. Many of the public school buildings of the city have recently been reconstructed. The new high school is a model of beauty and convenience. It is in the Mission style of architecture. The State Normal School is being rebuilt on extensive and novel plans which will make it the most beautiful of its kind in the United States. Leland Stanford, Jr., University is only thirty minutes' ride from the city, the University of the Pacific is just outside the city limits, the Santa Clara College is only three miles and fifteen minutes away, and the College of Notre Dame is almost in the heart of the city. A Public Library is prettily housed in a Carnegie building and contains about 20,000 volumes. One of the best law-libraries in the State is located in San José, and the city also possesses several theaters and many minor amusement attractions, including a roller-skating rink. Its churches are many and of the finest construction, and a Y. M. C. A. with large membership is in a thriving state of activity.

A driving and training park is on the verge of opening. It will offer winter quarters for many noted racing stables. San José has its quota of private clubs, the Saint Claire Club heading the list. It also possesses two commercial bodies with large membership, the Chamber of Commerce and the Merchants Association, besides a number of progressive improvement clubs. Thus it will be seen that San José, although born in the sleepy days of the Spanish siesta, is not lacking in healthy activity and progressiveness. As a Western city, it has a number of quite important manufactories, and its fruit drying, canning and packing industries exceed anything in the world. The assessed valuation of property within the city is fast nearing the \$24,000,000 mark.

The growth and curing of deciduous fruit is one of the great industries of the county, yet it is not, as is generally supposed, the only one, for many thousands of tons of berries and vegetables are shipped annually to markets of consumption. It has the largest seed-farms in the world, and the mining of quicksilver has long been of utmost importance, the New Almaden Mine being the largest producer in the world. Fine olive oil and ripe olives are standard products, and oranges and lemons thrive along the foothills. Breeding of high-grade horses, cattle and poultry are also active industries, and leather from local tanneries is shipped all over the United States and to Russia and Japan. Extensive brick factories are also in operation and the manufacture of chemists' alcohol pays the government \$10,000 a day in duty. Many smaller vocations are followed with profit to investors.

In conclusion, only a word can be spared about climate, although in many treatises of this nature, climate is the burden of the song. Santa Clara possesses climate of rare quality and much more. Difficult though it be of description, it is a tangible factor which makes for comfort and thereby affects values. Lacking the extremes of either the Eastern winter or the Eastern summer, it possesses a degree of equability which warrants the assertion that it is delightful the year round. The valley is far enough from the ocean so that the sea-breezes are tempered by the journey over the mountains and through the balsam-laden and thickly wooded passes. There are no sultry humid days and the nights are always cool enough for



AMONG THE SANTA CLARA FOOTHILLS



bed covering. The average July temperature is 65 degrees; that of February 53 degrees. Rarely does the summer heat exceed 90 degrees, which is equivalent, because of its dryness, to a temperature of 75 degrees in the Mississippi basin. Without ice, snow, killing frosts or hard winds, the air of the valley is tonic and never possesses that element of languor apt to be found farther south. The rainfall is 16 to 20 inches between November and April and the summers are cloudless. The atmosphere is a happy combination of mountain and sea air, well tempered. Malaria, fever and ague are unknown, and it may be safely said that the Santa Clara Valley is one of the most salubrious localities to be found on the face of the earth.

### SEEING SANTA CLARA VALLEY

By Jos. T. Brooks.



HE attractions of California, and particularly the famous Santa Clara Valley and San José, which is located in the heart of the valley, are many; but I think one of the greatest is to look out over this beautiful valley and on either side see the mountains rise to four thousand feet and over, and in the middle of December and January note the contrast of green

foliage and palm trees as compared with snow and ice in other climates.

The natural attractions of this section lead one on a trip of twenty-six miles over a well-graded roadway to the Lick Observatory on Mt. Hamilton at an elevation of 4209 feet. This is a world attraction, for here is located the famous large telescope with a thirty-six-inch lens. Because of the climatic and atmospheric condition, this observatory is noted for its many discoveries, whether it be summer or winter.

A stage line starts from San José in the morning at 7:30 and arrives in return at 6:30 p. m. The trip is one never to be forgotten, and from the



COUNTY BUILDINGS, SAN JOSE

different altitudes which rise higher and higher one may look out over the Santa Clara Valley and see San Francisco and the Bay in the distance, fifty miles away.

Another delightful trip is the twenty-seven-mile drive. Take the electric interurban car from San José to Los Gatos, arrange there with the liveryman for a team and start out over the summit road, returning via Saratoga. On the summit road, at an elevation of three thousand feet is located Castle Rock, nature's freak, for in this rock are numerous chambers. The rock rises about one hundred feet above the surface and is of sandy formation. The wind and rain for countless ages have gradually cut out the softer portion of the rock and left caverns sufficiently large to accommodate about fifty people, perhaps seventy-five. From this point one may look out in all directions and within the circle of the horizon see nine separate counties. To the west Monterey Bay and the Pacific Ocean are visible; to the north Marin County and San Francisco Bay, and to the east the Mt. Diablo Range of mountains. Plainly in sight are the following counties: Monterey, Santa Cruz, Santa Clara, San Mateo, San Francisco, Marin, Alameda, Stanislaus and San Benito. Here the foliage is green throughout the year, and through the forests trickle never-failing mountain streams. From this point a small spring will start on its way to Monterey Bay, immediately at your foot on the one side, and on the other another spring of water will start upon its course to San Francisco Bay. This is the grandest sight imaginable, and while I appreciate the Yosemite Valley and its grandeur, I believe that the inspiring sight from the summit of the Santa Cruz Range is equal and easier of access.

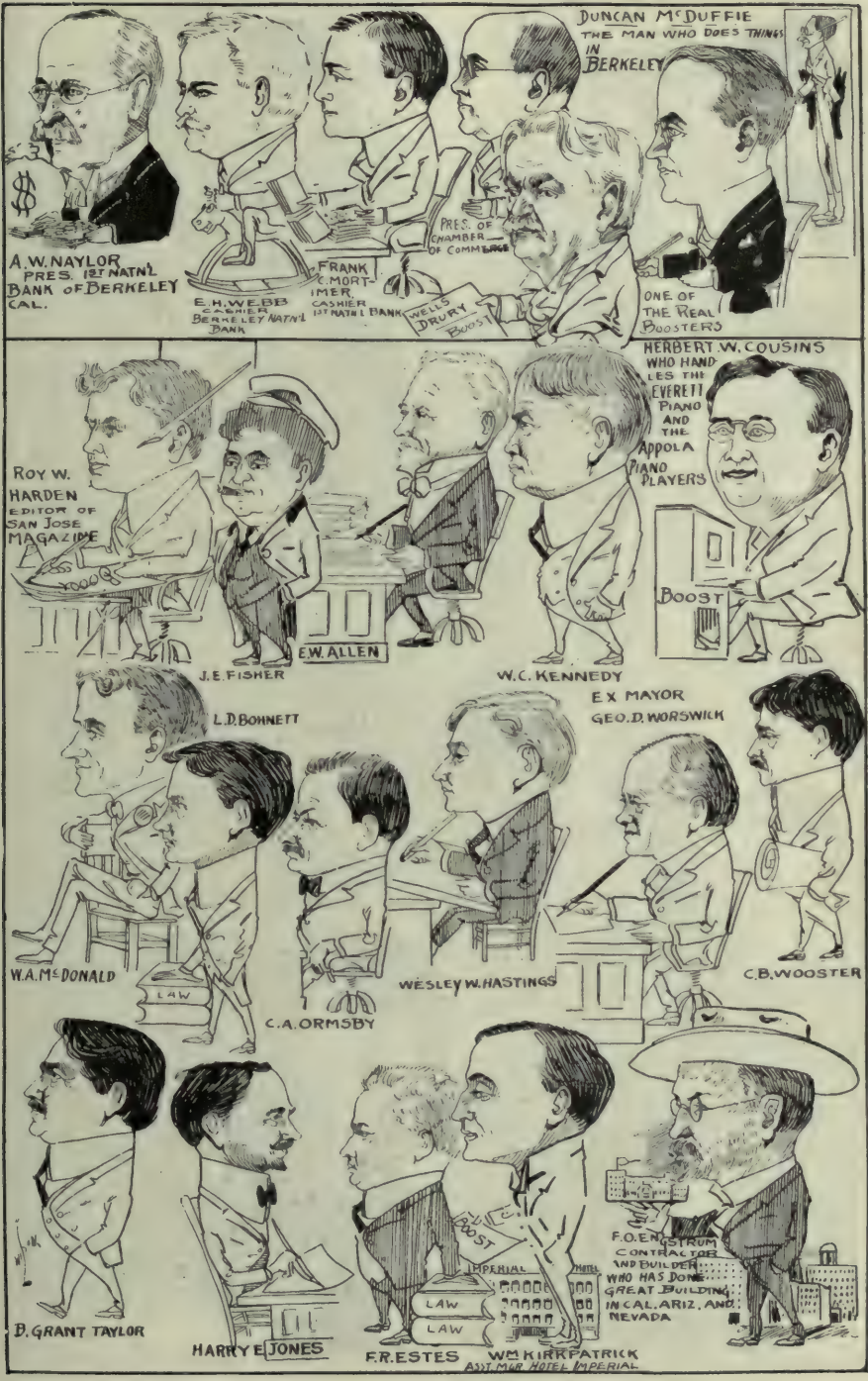
There are numerous electric urban and interurban trips to all parts of the valley and connecting most all of the cities, but two of the most attractive are to Alum Rock Park, a city reservation of about one thousand acres, where sixteen mineral springs flow, free to the public. This park is located about six miles east of San José in a cañon, and is the city playground. The other trip on the interurban electric line to Congress Springs leads through the famous Santa Clara Valley prune orchards, where millions of trees in early March send forth their blossoms with an array of beauty appreciated only by the sight. Blossom time is usually held about the 15th of March at Saratoga, in the foothills, about ten miles west of San José, and this is on the interurban railroad en route to Congress Springs. At Congress Springs one may walk for a mile through deeply wooded cañons over Lover's Lane, and by the side of a mountain stream trickling down from the soda springs. The water is free to any who wish to visit that park, and is one of the notable attractions of Santa Clara County.

The seed-farms of Santa Clara Valley, where seven thousand acres are devoted to the raising of seeds for commercial purposes, is one of the wonders of California. One may look for miles across a level stretch of country over an onion field until vision fails to penetrate the distance.

The city parks of San José, notably the St. James Park, are among the most beautiful in the State. In St. James Park there is a greater variety of trees growing in the open in this square than in any other park in the world. The citizens took pride in planting almost every variety of tree, and the Eastern people here find their native trees growing luxuriantly. In the midst of this park is located the McKinley monument, placed upon the very spot where President McKinley delivered his address to the people of San José within a short time of his death.

San José and immediately connecting suburbs has a population of 58,835, as reported by the City Directory of 1908, and the county has a population (estimated) of 100,000. This county is noted for its many educational advantages. The child may be educated from infancy to manhood within the county.





A.W. NAYLOR  
PRES. 1ST NAT'L  
BANK OF BERKELEY  
CAL.

E.H. WEBB  
CASHIER  
BERKELEY NAT'L  
BANK

FRANK  
C. MORTIMER  
CASHIER  
1ST NAT'L BANK

PRES. OF  
CHAMBER  
OF COMMERCE

DUNCAN McDUFFIE  
THE MAN WHO DOES THINGS  
IN BERKELEY

ONE OF  
THE REAL  
BOOSTERS

ROY W.  
HARDEN  
EDITOR OF  
SAN JOSE  
MAGAZINE

J.E. FISHER

E.W. ALLEN

HERBERT W. COUSINS  
WHO HAND-  
LES THE  
EVERETT  
PIANO AND  
THE  
APPOLA  
PIANO PLAYERS

BOOST

W.A. McDONALD

L.D. BONNETT

W.C. KENNEDY

EX MAYOR  
GEO. D. WORSWICK

C.B. WOOSTER

B. GRANT TAYLOR

C.A. ORMSBY

WESLEY W. HASTINGS

HARRY E. JONES

F.O. ENSTROM  
CONTRACTOR  
AND EXHIBITOR  
WHO HAS DONE  
GREAT BUILDING  
IN CAL., ARIZ. AND  
NEVADA

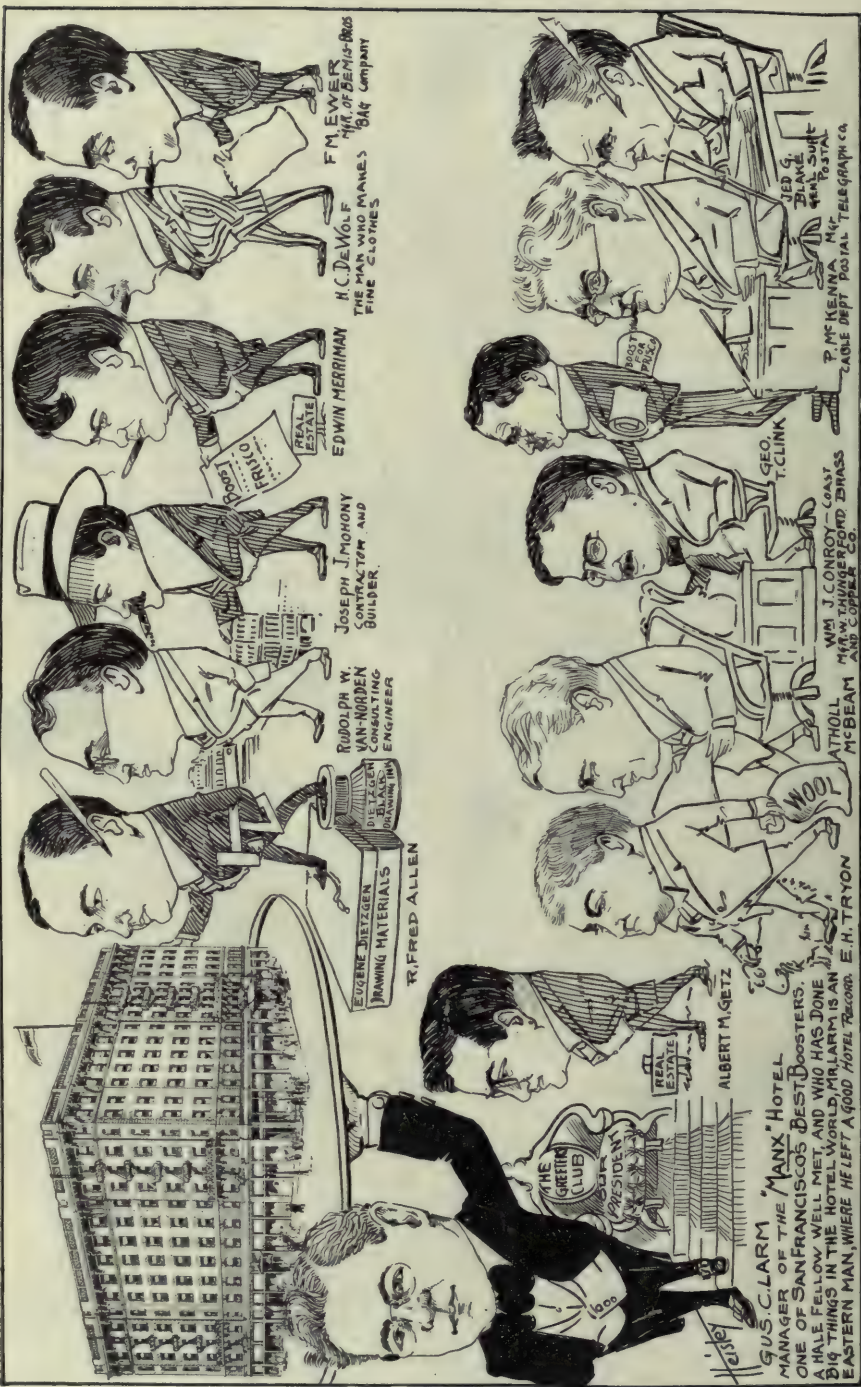
F. ESTES

W.M. KIRKPATRICK  
ANTI-MOR. HOTEL IMPERIAL

IMPERIAL

PHIL

PHIL



**GUS C. LARM**  
"MANX" HOTEL  
MANAGER OF THE  
ONE OF SAN FRANCISCO'S BEST  
BOOSTERS.  
A HAIR FELLOW WELL MET, AND WHO HAS DONE  
BIG THINGS IN THE HOTEL WORLD. MR. LARM IS AN  
EASTERN MAN, WHERE HE LEFT A GOOD HOTEL RECORD. E.H. TRYON

**EUGENE DIETZEN**  
FRAMING MATERIALS

**RUDOLPH W. VAN NORDEN**  
ENGINEERING  
ENGINEER

**JOSEPH IMOHONY**  
BUILDING  
BUILDER

**EDWIN MERRIMAN**  
REAL ESTATE  
AGENT

**H.C. DEWOLF**  
FINE CLOTHES  
THE MANX HOTEL

**F.M. EWER**  
REAL ESTATE  
AGENT

**ALBERT M. GETZ**  
REAL ESTATE  
AGENT

**THE GREETER CLUB**  
PRESIDENT

**ALFRED M. GETZ**  
REAL ESTATE  
AGENT

**GEO. T. CLINK**  
REAL ESTATE  
AGENT

**WM. J. CONROY**  
COAST  
AND COPPER CO.

**P. MCKENNA**  
MAIL  
TABLE DEPT. POSTAL TELEGRAPH CO.





SAN FRANCISCO—GEARY STREET



HOTEL MANX, SAN FRANCISCO





**F. MAVERY** CALIFORNIA MGR  
OF THE FIRE ASSOCIATION OF  
PHILADELPHIA. MAVERY HAS BEEN  
CONNECTED WITH THIS FIRM 18 YEARS  
AND IS ONE OF THE BEST KNOWN  
INSURANCE MEN ON THE COAST  
FORMERLY OF BALTIMORE A BOOSTER  
FOR CALIFORNIA. YOU MET



**W. E. VAIL**  
INSURANCE



**EDWIN B. DEGOLIA**  
INSURANCE



**E. W. ROLAND**



**COL. ROBERT R. STEVENS**



**LIEUT. COL. W. L. FINLEY**



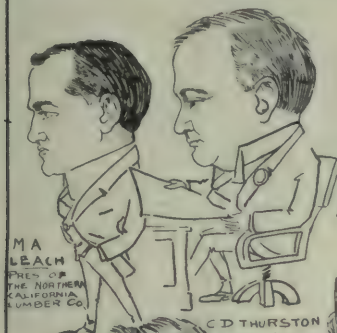
**GEO. DIXON**, THE WELL KNOWN  
ASSISTANT MGR. OF THE HOTEL  
"ARGONAUT" WHO IS A BOOSTER.  
NEEDLESS TO SAY THAT MR. DIXON IS  
A SUCCESS AS A HOTEL MANAGER.  
THE "ARGONAUT"  
HAS BEEN UN-  
ABLE TO RUN  
ALL THE  
APPLICANTS



**JOHN H. ROBER**



**A. W. SCHROETER**  
FORMERLY IN THE  
WRECKING BUSINESS AND  
WITH THE "MANX"



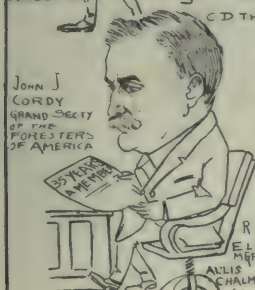
**M. A. LEACH**  
PRES. OF  
THE NORTHERN  
CALIFORNIA  
LUMBER CO.



**C. D. THURSTON**



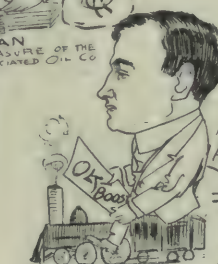
**T. A. KOFFEE**



**JOHN J. CORDY**  
GRAND SECRETARY  
OF THE  
FORESTERS  
OF AMERICA



**R. B. ELDER**  
PRES.  
ALLIANCE  
LUMBER CO.



**GEO. DZEN**  
TRANSPORTATION MAN OF  
THE ASSOCIATED OIL CO.



**O. SCRIBNER**  
A CALIFORNIA OIL KING



ENTRANCE TO HOTEL ARGONAUT, SAN FRANCISCO





THE NEW PALACE HOTEL, SAN FRANCISCO







THIRD AND MISSION STREETS, SAN FRANCISCO



CHAS J HEGGERTY  
A BOOSTER 34 YEARS  
FOR SAN FRANCISCO



Geo A Knight  
ATTORNEY AND  
POLITICIAN



BOUTWELL  
DUNLAP  
CONSUL FOR THE  
ARGENTINE REPUBLIC -  
ATTORNEY AND AUTHOR.



SAMUEL  
ROSENHEIM



J P FLUCEY



Geo C SARGENT



JUDGE C COOK  
WHO IS A BOOSTER  
AND WHO KNOWS FOR  
HAVING WON MAIE PRIZES  
CUPS AND BLUE RIBBONS  
WITH HIS THOROUGH BREED  
- DOES - THAN ANY OTHER  
MAN ON THE COAST



JOHN A. PERCY



ERNEST L. WEIR



BERT SCHLISINGER



WM LOEWY



JUDLEY D. SALES



JAMES H. STIRLING



LOUIS BROWNSTONE



JASTEPHENS MSWASCEWITZ



EDWARD J. TALBOT



ERNEST L. BRUNE





FRENCH BANK, SUTTER STREET, SAN FRANCISCO



J. C. ROHLFS  
MGR MARINE DEPT AND SHIPMENT ATTY  
FOR STANDARD OIL CO.

W. F. GREEN  
CASHIER

S. C. CASAD  
MANAGER OF  
STANDARD OIL CO.

HORATIO T. HARTNER  
A HALL FELLOW WELL MET

M. K. FLETCHER  
AUTHOR FOR  
STANDARD OIL CO.

J. H. MERRILL  
HAS TAKEN  
AN ACTIVE PART IN SHOOTING FOR THE  
GOOD OF SAN FRANCISCO.

W. W. MILLER  
TREASURER OF THE STANDARD OIL CO.  
WHO HAS CHARGE OF THE MARKETING ON THE  
PALM COAST ABROAD FOR SAN FRANCISCO.

F. A. ROBY  
MANAGER FOR  
STANDARD OIL CO.

P. MATT  
MANAGER FOR  
STANDARD OIL CO.

A. B. BROOKS  
PURCHASING AGENT FOR  
STANDARD OIL CO.  
NEVER FAILS ON BUSINESS

FITZSIMONS





FRANK  
GOULD



W F STAFFORD



JOHN M. LEWIS



F.J. KIERCE



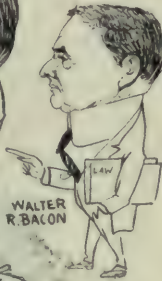
HENRY G.W. DINKLESPIEL



JOSEPH HUTCHINSON



CHARLES  
L. PATTON



WALTER  
R. BACON



E.W. LINSFORTH



A A MOORE  
MAN - BON-BON CO MFG  
DENTIST GUN



ALDEN  
ANDERSON



J-O-  
CADMAN



F.A. WOODS



A.C. DAVENPORT  
MGR TALBOT TIRE  
COMPANY



W.W. FULMER



JOHN A.  
MCGREGOR  
PRES  
UNION IRON  
WORKS



A. CHRISTESON



GEO. A. ARMES  
MGR SALES DEPTS  
UNION IRON WORKS



C.T. CUTTING



MARKET STREET, SAN FRANCISCO



# The dread of the future in the still watches of the night gnaws at the heart of every man

**S**ICKNESS, unemployment, financial losses, accident, lurk beyond the horizon to levy their toll on human happiness. The human struggle is chiefly an effort to win security against the future. To get this security the rich put millions into the purchase of annuities, while those less fortunate are left to face life's uncertainties as best they may. Humanity is on tiptoe for the opportunity that will bring the assurance of safety from the hell-hounds of adversity and poverty. What, then, makes a great opportunity—this goal of the heart's desire?

The majority of men who are poor today have worked harder for what little they have than did Carnegie or Weyerhaeuser, the timber king. The reason is simple: those who have amassed wealth have seen the shadows of coming events, and have placed themselves in the pathway of great moving forces, which operated irresistibly to create high values. Then all nature works for men, pouring her treasures in their laps, and bountifully rewards. To sail in the wrong direction means rocks and shallows. To rise with the tide leads on to fortune.

Glenarden saw the great industrial movement which pointed inevitably to a development of the steel industry, and placed himself in the channel of this movement. We know the result. Scores of the companions of his youth who might have acted on the same indications are still eking out their lives as humbly as they began. Rockefeller merely foresaw the possibilities of controlling one feature of the oil industry—transportation, and out of that concept grew Standard Oil. The timber barons a few years ago foresaw the startling rise that was inevitable in the value of timber, reached out to the utmost extent of their resources, and today the commercial value of their holdings is staggering to contemplate. Weyerhaeuser is today richer than Rockefeller.

At any period certain forces are operating inexorably to create rising values in well-defined directions. Those who perceive the movement and courageously act are carried to affluence. Others live to relate their lost opportunities, and to deplore the fact that they had less perception than their now financially independent neighbors.

There is no exception to this rule.

Such an opportunity exists today in California, one equal to any that has brought financial independence to hundreds in the past.

That opportunity is disclosed to you on this page. Behind it is an array of authority such as has never before substantiated a commercial project in this country. The truth of its claims rests upon the authority of the United States Government. Its import to you cannot be exaggerated. If you do nothing else today, read every word upon this page. Nowhere in the country will words be heard or read today that can so profitably be your Sunday sermon.



## GLENARDEN Where Beauty and Fertility Conspire

Never before have such an abundant water supply and soil of such alluvial richness been devoted to eucalyptus.

Never before has any eucalyptus company offered such protection to the investor, or merged itself so completely with his interests.

Never before have all the necessary factors for commercial success been so combined to insure the maximum profits.

Never before has any company attempted to offer such values at so low a price.

Glenarden, by its possession of every natural and commercial advantage, marks a new era in the eucalyptus industry.

# Millions have been made deforesting America Millions will be made reforesting America

## THE COMING FAMINE

**B**Y the wanton waste of our hardwood supply, the country has sown the wind, and is about to reap the whirlwind. Listen:  
President Roosevelt: "We have in this country already crossed the verge of a timber famine."

Gifford Pinchot: "We have apparently about 15 years' supply of hardwood timber now ready to cut. That the shortage will strike at the very foundation of some of the country's most important industries is unquestionable. This much is true beyond doubt, that we are dangerously near a hardwood famine and have made no provision against it."

Guy S. Mitchell, U. S. Geological Survey: "At the present rate of timber consumption the price of every class of lumber ten years hence will be about double the present figure."

A tract of land in West Virginia, covered with hemlock and spruce, purchased five years ago for \$12,000, recently sold for \$500,000. Those who bought timber land a few years ago are now reaping a harvest of gold.

## WHEN OUR SUPPLY IS GONE—?

It takes 50 years to grow an ordinary telegraph pole. To attain a foot in diameter walnut requires 56 years, ash 72 years, hickory 90 and white oak 110. No human ingenuity, no public clamor, no Congressional appropriations can hurry the process a jot. No foreign country can come to the rescue, as each needs more than it has, and many are now suffering acutely from a shortage. Yet the insatiable demand for these hardwoods increases yearly at a terrific pace, and the supply decreases equally as fast.

## ONE CONCLUSION IS INEVITABLE

Whoever has hardwood timber to sell will reap a rich reward. If any tree could be found which springs quickly into maturity, to replenish the ranks of our fallen forests, that tree would be the open sesame to wealth.

One such tree exists.

Standing apart, as though in alienated loneliness on account of its almost supernatural capacity for growth, is the

## EUCALYPTUS,

the fastest growing hardwood in the world. In rapidity of growth, which differentiates it so strikingly from all the tribe of hardwoods, it is the amazing miracle of trees. Although possessing the finest grain and fibres that season almost as hard as iron, this tree, under ideal conditions, grows as large in eight years as the white pine in fifty, as the white oak in a century.

It is to this tree that the country must look for partial alleviation in the approaching days of hardwood famine, declares the Government.

This tree is confined below the frost line, and requires for its best development a rich soil, freedom from extremes of temperature, and a plentiful water supply, especially at first, and then within permanent reach of its long roots. Less than one-twentieth of the state furnishes the conditions necessary for its maximum growth. These ideal conditions are found in carefully selected spots in the great San Joaquin Valley.

## ITS COMMERCIAL USES

The need for proving eucalyptus has passed. It is no longer necessary to demonstrate that eucalyptus can be used for all the purposes for which other hardwoods are employed. It is so used everywhere. The extent of this use is limited only by the present limit of the supply. If a supply could be drawn upon sufficient to meet all possible requirements, not a foot of eastern hardwood would be shipped to the Pacific Coast today for manufacturing purposes. Moreover, when such supply becomes available, eastern manufacturers assert that they must establish themselves on this Coast, as the eastern source of supply will soon have ceased. They are now laying their plans for this contingency. They have nowhere else to go.

## THE PROFITS

To the uninformed the commercial value of these trees is startling, almost incredible, so little has the indifferent public grasped the significance of our rapidly dwindling timber supply. But the facts are unassailable. One would hesitate to use the figures, so extraordinary do they appear, were it not that the Government stands behind them.

The Government's ultra-conservative estimate of the present value of a 10-year-old tree on the stump is \$5. With 600 trees to the acre, the net profit from the first cutting will be as follows:

FROM 1 ACRE.....	\$ 3,000
FROM 5 ACRES.....	15,000
FROM 10 ACRES.....	30,000

After the first cutting these profits repeat themselves every seven years indefinitely;



for the tree springs anew from the stump and grows much faster than before. From five acres a revenue equal to \$1500 a year at the first cutting, and thereafter over \$2000 a year.

This is an increase in value of 120 per cent a year on the original investment!

Five acres of growing eucalyptus bought now, without appreciable hardship, will insure an income of \$1500 a year—even unto the third and fourth generation.

By the possession of a few acres of this timber now, all fear of the future may be stricken from any man's life. What is the measure of the value of this boon?

Growing eucalyptus timber places the annuities of the rich within the reach of the man or woman of small means.

Remember that the above is an ultra-conservative estimate, that all forces are making irresistibly for higher values, and that it is the United States Government that vouches for its truth.

### AN INCONTROVERTIBLE PROOF

of the commercial value of eucalyptus is seen in the project conceived by Gifford Pinchot, head of the national forestry service, and now under way, to plant 25,000,000 of these trees along the course of the great aqueduct between Los Angeles and the Owens River. Within eight or ten years, these trees can be marketed for timber at a profit of \$100,000,000, which will not only wipe out the entire expense of the aqueduct construction, amounting to \$25,000,000, but will put \$75,000,000 in the city treasury besides. This surplus would relieve both the city and county of Los Angeles from all needs of taxation for ten years. Before that time another cutting of these trees would yield another \$100,000,000, and so on, which means that eucalyptus would lift the burden of taxation from both city and county indefinitely.

This is an event in the history of California more momentous than the discovery of gold. No such situation ever existed before in any country, and would not be possible with any other tree than the eucalyptus. It opens possibilities for city and county development, for the execution of vast public enterprises, that startle the



### GLENARDEN

**Water, in Inexhaustible Abundance, Creates the Wizardry of California Soil.**

imagination, and will permit the transformation of Los Angeles into the wonder city of the world. What eucalyptus will do for Los Angeles it will do for you.

Experts declare that the time is rapidly approaching when the value of the eucalyptus industry will leap far ahead of citrus fruit, oil and gold in California, as no conceivable event can stop the continuous rise in the price of hardwood timber at the rate at which the supply is being exhausted. The smallest county in California planted to eucalyptus would produce more wealth annually at present prices than is produced by all the gold mines or all the oil wells of the state, at their maximum production!

### RISKS?

The eucalyptus has not a single known disease. Its peculiar sap repels all pests, no blights afflict it. Droughts do it no harm, for its roots drink up its copious sustenance from the sub-irrigated soil, making all seasons alike.

Careful culture, during its first few years, with abundant irrigation while its roots are becoming established, supplies the aid needed to its growth. So hardy is this tree, that there is no known instance of its dying a natural death.

Panics, strikes, political changes, bursted "booms"—none of the vicissitudes that snatch the profits from years of toil, can stay for an instant the steady growth of trees into timber, while the universal demand grows more and more acute.

### LIKE A GOVERNMENT BOND

In short, one risk, and one only, attends the ownership of growing eucalyptus timber—that the sun shall cease to shine, that the laws of nature shall cease to operate,

that soil and water shall cease to nourish. In other words, it has the impregnable safety and stability of a government bond.

No industrial enterprise has so stable a foundation as growing timber. The nation's financial integrity rests upon its land; and of all land values, growing timber is today the safest, the most lucrative.

In short, eucalyptus timber is the only investment open to the man of ordinary means today which compares in safety with the government bond, and offers at the same time the alluring rewards promised by hazardous speculation.

The demand for growing trees is widening daily. The owner of such timber land, if he wishes to sell at any time, can realize a lucrative profit on his investment. The difficulty, however, is not to find willing purchasers, but to find owners who are willing to relinquish their holdings.

There is no compulsory wait for profits. An owner may either await the maturity of his product, or sell his appreciating values at any period.

### WHAT WE DO

The American Forestration Company has studied every need peculiar to the eucalyptus industry, as a commercial enterprise; and its operating methods more completely meet these needs than any system hitherto devised. It has embodied in its operating methods new features which distinguish it from any operating company.

The planting and culture of the tree the first two years is but one part of the eucalyptus industry as a commercial enterprise. After that comes the protection to the growing tree, the payment of taxes and expenses incidental to the upkeep, and providing both the best market for the product and the necessary facilities for marketing the growing timber holdings of any owner who may wish to sell before maturity.

### OF SUPREME IMPORTANCE

are the character and location of the land designed for eucalyptus growing.

The presence of ideal conditions may easily mean a difference of a million dollars in timber value at one cutting in a forest the size of Glenarden.

### GLENARDEN RESERVE

now being offered, lies in the rich alluvial district of the famous county of Fresno, which produces more wealth from its soil than any county in the world. This county, webbed with irrigating canals, lies midway in the San Joaquin Valley, being the very heart of the fruit belt. Upon this soil are found the most prolific orchards and vineyards in California. In the rich lowlands of this county are immense fruit ranches of pure alluvial deposit. Glenarden lies in the choicest portion of this area.

Without qualification, without exception, the soil of Glenarden is not surpassed by any spot in California.

### WATER

plays even a more vital part in the growth of the eucalyptus than soil—the two being the twin requisites to perfect results. The early life of the tree is particularly influenced by the factor of water supply. The phenomenal growth of the tree is due very largely to its great capacity of consuming water.

### CONSIDER THIS

Glenarden tract possesses a water frontage of more than five miles on a deep water-course, 200 feet wide and 20 feet deep, inexhaustible the year 'round.

### REFERENCES

As to our strength and ability to successfully complete our contracts in every particular, we respectfully refer to any mercantile or financial institution in any large city in the United States. Your own banker may be able immediately to satisfy you of our perfect responsibility; if not, he will ascertain our standing through channels perhaps more available to himself than to you. The extensiveness of our operations will make it possible to learn accurately of our responsibility in any town or village which has a banking institution.

## American Forestration Company

Member: Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce; Forestry Society of California; Fresno Chamber of Commerce.

### OFFICERS OF THE COMPANY

Ralph P. Benedict, Boston, President.

Charles L. Gaskill, New York, Sec. and Gen. Mgr.

J. J. Travers, Los Angeles, Vice-Pres. and Treas.

George E. Banks, Los Angeles, Counsel.

Hermann Barr, Melbourne, Chief Forester.

414 Security Building  
Los Angeles, Cal.

AMERICAN FORESTRATION CO.,  
414 Security Bldg., Los Angeles.  
Gentlemen—Please send me your  
beautifully illustrated book,  
"THE MIRACLE TREE."  
Name .....  
Address .....



# NOTICE

## GET AN OUT WEST REPORT

Owing to the great number of letters received by the OUT WEST Magazine asking for information regarding localities, companies, and general subjects pertaining to the Pacific Coast, the Southwest and Mexico, it has been decided by the business management to open a department, in charge of competent persons, for the purpose of supplying reliable information and reports. The service is free and dependable—to all alike—and on any subject or locality embraced above.

An "OUT WEST REPORT"—a personal letter giving the desired information in detail so far as we have it or can obtain it, will be sent the enquirer—also literature on the subject where such is issued.

Persons desiring information regarding any particular locality will, by writing us, be supplied with an "OUT WEST REPORT" giving the information desired, also literature on the locality where any is issued.

Anyone desiring to find the locality best adapted for their particular purpose will, by writing and stating exactly what is wanted, receive an "OUT WEST REPORT," telling where it can be found and giving complete information regarding the locality, with literature on same if any is issued.

If information is desired regarding any particular land or mining company, an "OUT WEST REPORT" will give all the reliable information that it is possible to get on the subject.

If a new location is desired for reasons of health, let us know what is wanted or required, and an "OUT WEST REPORT" will immediately put you in touch with a suitable location.

If a hotel of a particular class is desired, write us telling just what is wanted, and we will send an "OUT WEST REPORT" telling where to find exactly the place.

If uncertain as to just what is wanted, where wanted or how to get it, and it pertains to the Pacific Coast, Southwest or Mexico, write us at once for an "OUT WEST REPORT" on the subject.

An "OUT WEST REPORT" can be depended on—all information will be prompt, complete and reliable. We have nothing to sell, except magazines and advertising space.

This department service is open alike to our subscribers and others. It costs the enquirers nothing, and may save much by helping to avoid expensive mistakes.

Always get an "OUT WEST REPORT"—then you are sure.

Address all letters of enquiry to,

### OUT WEST MAGAZINE

Dept. OUT WEST REPORT

Los Angeles, California

**NOTE**—OUT WEST guarantees nothing more than the correctness of the statements in "OUT WEST REPORTS." It cannot guarantee that any particular investment will be profitable, or any particular place agreeable to the individual.

The department is conducted by the business management of OUT WEST,—not by the editorial staff.

# Out West Magazine Company

CHAS. F. LUMMIS, President

C. A. MOODY, Vice-President

W. S. DINSMORE, Treasurer

R. M. SHEPPARD, Secretary

W. B. MOSELEY, Business Manager

CHAS. E. BABCOCK, Circulation Manager

PUBLISHERS OF

## OUT WEST

Edited by CHAS. F. LUMMIS

Published Monthly at Los Angeles, California

Entered at the Los Angeles Postoffice as Second-class Matter.

**Advertising Rates** . . will be cheerfully furnished on application. Special discount of cover-pages and other preferred spaces (when available) will be named on application. The publishers reserve the right to decline any advertising not considered desirable. Size of column  $2\frac{1}{2} \times 8$  inches—two columns to the page. Last advertising form closes on the 15th of month preceding date of issue. Advertisers are earnestly requested to instruct as early as the 5th whenever possible.

**Subscription Price** . . \$3.00 a year delivered post-free to any point in the United States, Canada, Cuba or Mexico. \$3.75 a year to any other country.

All manuscript, and other matter requiring the attention of the editor, should be addressed to him. All letters about subscriptions, advertising or other business, should be addressed

### OUT WEST MAGAZINE COMPANY

312-316 Mason Opera House Bldg., Los Angeles, California

## A QUESTION...

*Are you a Fancier of Poultry, Dogs, Pigeons and Pets for pleasure or profit*

?

Then you want the Fanciers' Journal of the Pacific Coast, the paper that is read by every Poultry-Keeper and Dog and Pet-Stock Fancier from British Columbia to Mexico—the

## PACIFIC COAST FANCIER'S MONTHLY

It was established in 1885, and is beautifully illustrated, handsome and interesting from cover to cover. Every prominent breeder advertises in its pages, and if you want to keep posted in all that goes on in the Poultry, Dog and Pet-Stock world of California and the rest of the Pacific Coast you need the Fanciers' Monthly.

The Fanciers' Monthly is the Pioneer Poultry Journal of the Pacific Coast. It has always been and is today recognized all over the United States as the poultry magazine of the West, thoroughly practical, strictly up-to-date—not a luxury but a necessity, if you want to make poultry pay.

The Fanciers' Monthly has for ten years been a favorite with breeders of Dogs, Pigeons and Pets. It pays its readers and it pays its advertisers.

The Fanciers' Monthly is beautifully illustrated, brim full of good reading, and is a prime favorite with successful breeders.

The Fanciers' Monthly costs but little. No person who keeps fowls or pets, few or many, can afford not to take it. Try it! Accept nothing claimed to be just as good. There is but one Fanciers' Monthly. It has many imitators, but no equals.

Send your address and \$1.00 and receive the Fanciers' Monthly regularly for two years, being but fifty cents, or it will be sent on trial one year for seventy-five cents.

ADDRESS

FANCIERS' MONTHLY :: :: :: San Jose, California

**ANYVO THEATRICAL COLD CREAM** prevents early wrinkles. It is not a freckle coating; it removes them. ANYVO CO., 427 North Main St., Los Angeles





Los Angeles, Cal., May 18, 1909.

The Mathie Brewing Company,  
1834-1858 East Main St., Los Angeles, Cal.

Gentlemen:

For several years I tried different doctors and medicines for indigestion, sleeplessness and nervousness, but to no avail. My father asked me to try MATHIE'S MALT TONIC, and after using it for some time I felt much better and my general health was much improved, and I still continue to use it.

Yours gratefully,

PEARL ALDERETE.

## MATHIE MALT TONIC

\$1.50 Per Dozen - - Delivered

**The Mathie Brewing Co.** Los Angeles, Cal.



Home Phone Ex. 942 Sunset Phone East 66

Designing  
Engraving  
Printing



Estimates  
Promptly  
Furnished

**WE PRINT THE OUT WEST MAGAZINE**

**Wayside  
Press**  

(INC.)

Commercial, Book and Catalogue

**Printing and Binding**

**837 So. Spring Street, Los Angeles**

# EUCALYPTUS

The Best Paying Investment Offered  
to the Public Today

## Eucalyptus Timber Corporation

Largest Growers of Eucalyptus in America

It OWNS the land; owns the nurseries; plants the trees.

It cares for same for two years under strict personal supervision; under vitally interested management.

It secures highest standard of production; and delivers title to buyer by warranty deed.

It provided certainty of profit and surety of results, by establishing great forests of these splendid trees on contiguous territory in the heart of the world-famed San Joaquin Valley, creating hardwood timber for world-wide uses.

It safeguards the investment with absolute financial responsibility—by integrity of management,—by knowledge of the business,—by providing best lands with proper climatic conditions—abundant water, (sub-irrigation,—by intensive care,—by quantity of timber within a given radius, which creates its market,—induces establishment of industries and insures maximum results. Ten acres in a large forest has more than double the value of ten acres away from the market.

### References:

Commercial National Bank, Los Angeles; R. G. Dun & Co.; Bradstreets; any commercial agency; any of our customers,—AND—our forests now growing speak for themselves,—they stand a monument to success,—to a work well done,—to a promise fulfilled.

We HAVE kept our promise to a multitude of satisfied investors.

We WILL keep our promise to you. Invest in a proven enterprise, with a proven company.

We offer a portion of our lands for sale on conditions attractive, profitable and absolutely safe.

Write for our Money Back proposition. Planted lands.

## Eucalyptus Timber Corporation

708 O. T. Johnson Bldg.

Los Angeles, Cal.

Member of Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce.

Member of Tulare Board of Trade.



## SIX TO EIGHT CROPS OF ALFALFA YEARLY AND A HOME IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA



OUR NEW PLAN BOOK tells how you can secure 5 to 40 acres of Southern California's most fertile irrigated valley land. IT TELLS how you can have the same put under cultivation for little money. How big profits are made annually upon your investment without moving or giving up present business until ready.

\$1,500 PER ACRE is being made from these rich valley lands growing fruit. YOU can do the same. BY OUR PLAN you get a BIG PROFIT from your investment the second year and it increases yearly. *Nothing like it ever offered before.*

WRITE TO-DAY for our new plan book, etc. DO IT NOW.

**NATIONAL HOMESTEAD ASSOCIATION** Dept. x. 644 Chamber of Commerce Bldg.  
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

A Book with New Ideas

## Scientific Living

FOR PROLONGING THE  
TERM OF HUMAN LIFE

## The New Domestic Science

Cooking to simplify living and retain the

### LIFE ELEMENTS IN FOOD

By Laura Nettleton Brown

This work represents new views on the health question, especially as related to food. It treats of the life in food, showing that in its preparation by the usual methods the life-giving vitality is destroyed; that is, the organic elements become inorganic. It also shows that food which cannot be used uncooked can be rendered palatable and digestible without destroying its food value. The reason is clearly stated and recipes and directions for cooking, with menus for a balanced diet, are given. A clear line of distinction is shown between food and stimulants or drugs. It treats of the chemistry of food in a way that is easily understood and made practical, and should be read by all who are interested in the maintenance of health and longevity and by students and teachers of domestic science, by whom its new and practical ideas will be appreciated. 300 pp. Cloth. \$1.00, with Health-Culture one year \$1.50.

**THE HEALTH-CULTURE CO.,**

421 ST. James Bldg., New York.

N. B.—A sample copy of Health-Culture and list of books on Scientific Living SENT FREE.

## The Mahogany and Hickory of America



The Timber situation in this country is beginning to be one of the greatest questions before the public. In Eucalyptus we have the only possible solution.

A wood that grows five times as fast as oak or hickory and is stronger and far better for furniture and will reproduce itself from the stump as often as it is cut.

We have the best proposition, best land, all of our planting contracts guaranteed by \$25,000 bond, all moneys paid to trust company who receipts for same and makes deeds and contracts. Send for new art booklet.

**American Eucalyptus Co.**

Department A

343 So. Hill Street

## PATENTS THAT PAY

### 2 BOOKS FREE

"Fortunes in Patents—What and How to Invent," and handsome 61-page Guide Book.

Send sketch or photo or model and full description of your invention for free report as to patentability. Write for proof of great successes of my clients.

I advertise my clients' U. S. patents for sale—Special Offer.

Prompt services and excellent testimonials.

**E. E. VROOMAN, Patent Lawyer**

## Protect Your Idea!

803 F St., N. W., Washington, D. C.



# Hotel Virginia



**Long Beach,  
California**

The most magnificent strand standing hostelry in the world, combining every luxury and convenience of the twentieth century. Twenty-two miles south of Los Angeles. Thirty minutes' ride on Southern Pacific, Salt Lake and Pacific Electric Railroads.

Attractions are Boating, Bathing, Fishing, Lawn Tennis, Golf, Polo, Dancing, Riding, Motor-ing and other out-of-door pastimes.

American plan. Absolutely fireproof. Celebrated Virginia Orchestra.

Write for illustrated booklet.

**CARL STANLEY, Manager**

...THE...

**PACIFIC**



**ELECTRIC**

**RAILWAY**

**Operates over 600 miles of track and reaches  
the most important points in Southern California**

## **MT. LOWE**

The world's famous mountain trolley trip. Takes you up 5,000 feet above the sea. This is the foremost side trip in California.

## **BEACH POINTS**

San Pedro, (where connection is made with steamers for Catalina, San Diego and northern points), Long Beach (the Atlantic City of the Pacific Coast), Naples, Huntington Beach, Newport and Balboa. The delightful surf line ride for miles along the breakers.

## **Other Points of Interest**

Pasadena (the home of Millionaires). South Pasadena and Cawston's Ostrich Farm. San Gabriel Mission. Covina and Glendora (ride through the orange groves). Sierra Madre, where the trail up Mt. Wilson begins. Casa Verdugo (on the Glendale Line) where the quaint old Spanish Restaurant is located. Here Spanish Dinners are served as in days gone by.

For further information and descriptive literature, write to

**D. A. MUNGER, General Agent, Passenger Department Pacific Electric Ry.**

**294 Pacific Electric Bldg.**

**Los Angeles, Cal.**

**ANYVO THEATRICAL COLD CREAM**

prevents early wrinkles. It is not a freckle coating; it re-moves them. ANYVO CO., 427 North Main St., Los Angeles





**T**HOROUGHLY  
protected by elec-  
tric automatic block  
signal system insuring  
safety to the traveller.  
Four routes to the East

¶ Through sleepers to  
principal Eastern points  
No change of cars.

# Southern Pacific

600 South Spring Street  
CORNER SIXTH

# SOUTHERN PACIFIC

## Yosemite

All Rail All the Year

To the Heart of the Valley

An easy and comfortable trip to Nature's  
Greatest Wonders

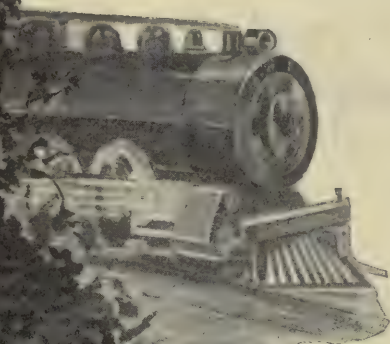
Side trips at low rates. Yosemite to Wawona and the wonderful

**Mariposa  
Big Trees**

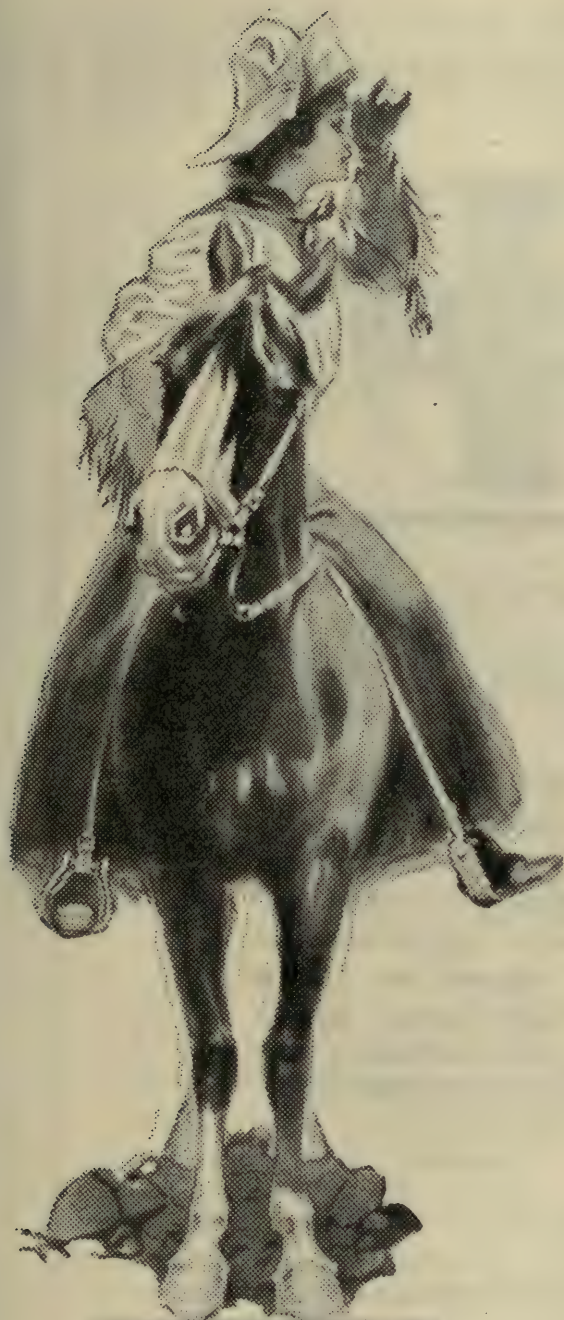
See Special Yosemite Representative at

600 South Spring Street  
Corner Sixth

**Southern Pacific**







On....  
*The Trail*

# Grand Canyon

---

OF ARIZONA

ON Bright Angel Trail trip to the river—deep down in the earth a mile and more—you see the history of the birth and physical development of this earth and all glorified by a rainbow beauty of color. Trails are open the year 'round.

Excursion rates during summer  
☐ Bear in mind when going East—The...

## California Limited

is the only exclusively first class train to the East via any line. Our folders tell.

JNO. J. BYRNE, A.P. T.M.  
LOS ANGELES



---

...*The*...  
**California Limited**

**T**HE only train to Chicago and  
East exclusively first class.  
Perfect equipment, dining car  
service unmatched, courteous em-  
ployes. Stopover can be made at  
such unique places as Grand  
Canyon, Petrified Forest, Indian  
Villages—Laguna and Acoma—the  
Enchanted Mesa, Cliff Dwellings.

---

*Our illustrated folders will interest you. Just address*

JNO. J. BYRNE, A. P. T. M., Santa Fe Ry.  
Los Angeles, Cal.

---

**SANTA FE**





# Los Angeles Limited

Monday in Los Angeles, Tuesday in Salt Lake City, Wednesday night at Omaha and Thursday noon at Chicago.

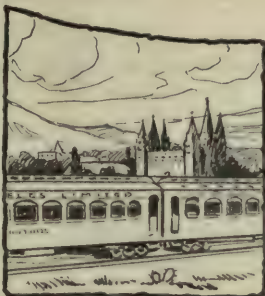
72 hours in a palatial train of electric lighted Sleeping Cars, Dining Car and an Observation-Buffer Club Car where one can enjoy the passing hours.

What more could be asked on a journey to Chicago?

Los Angeles Limited runs every day via Salt Lake Route,  
Union Pacific and Chicago & Northwestern.



MONDAY



TUESDAY



WEDNESDAY



THURSDAY

## A New Train to Salt Lake City

KNOWN AS THE

### UTAH-CALIFORNIA SPECIAL

Will go into service on December first, leaving Los Angeles daily at 2:00 p.m. and arriving at Salt Lake City next day at 4:00 p. m., carrying

Through Sleepers to Butte and Denver

Let Salt Lake Route Agents anywhere tell you all about it.  
Los Angeles office is at 601 So. Spring Street.

F. A. WANN, General Traffic Manager.

T. C. PECK, General Passenger Agent.

# The Value of Personal Knowledge

---

---

Personal knowledge is the winning factor in the culminating contests of this competitive age and when of ample character it places its fortunate possessor in the front ranks of

## **The Well Informed of the World.**

A vast fund of personal knowledge is really essential to the achievement of the highest excellence in any field of human effort.

**A Knowledge of Forms, Knowledge of Functions and Knowledge of Products** are all of the utmost value and in questions of life and health when a true and wholesome remedy is desired it should be remembered that Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna, manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co., is an ethical product which has met with the approval of the most eminent physician and gives universal satisfaction, because it is a remedy of

**Known Quality, Known Excellence and Known Component Parts** and has won the valuable patronage of millions of the Well Informed of the world, who know of their own personal knowledge and from actual use that it is the first and best of family laxatives, for which no extravagant or unreasonable claims are made.

This valuable remedy has been long and favorably known under the name of—Syrup of Figs—and has attained to world-wide acceptance as the most excellent family laxative. As its pure laxative principles, obtained from Senna, are well known to physicians and the Well Informed of the world to be the best we have adopted the more elaborate name of—Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna—as more fully descriptive of the remedy, but doubtless it will always be called for by the shorter name of—Syrup of Figs—and to get its beneficial effects, always note, when purchasing the full name of the Company—California Fig Syrup Co.—printed on the front of every package, whether you call for—Syrup of Figs—or by the full name—Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna.

---

---

## **California Fig Syrup Co.**

**SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.,**

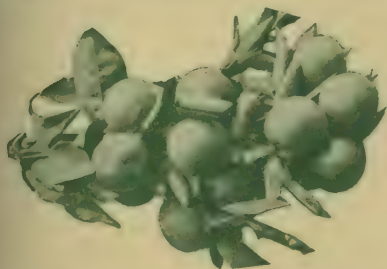
**LOUISVILLE, KY.**

**U. S. A.  
London, Eng.**

**NEW YORK, N. Y.**



# The Earliest Land in the United States



**Must be the Most Valuable Land** because it produces the earliest fruits and vegetables and has the Longest Growing Season.

**The Long Growing Season** is one of the many great advantages of Coachella Valley, Cal.

**It is Bound to Become the Early Garden Spot of California**

Things grow every day in the year. The sun shines 360 days. The soil is very fertile. Easily worked and holds water well.

The "crop" of agricultural land in California is about all harvested—and there will never be another crop. It is a pity but it is a fact. There will be other sections of the United States opened up, but they have not and never will have the many advantages that Southern California offers. Agricultural land in Southern California commands the highest prices and it always will, and why? Because they net the greatest returns by producing the most when the prices are the highest. Land that will grow oranges that can be sold on the Eastern markets in November or December for \$4 to \$5 a box, is worth twice as much as land that produces oranges in January or February that sell for \$2 to \$3. It is the same with all other fruits and vegetables. If Redlands orange groves are worth \$1500 per acre, Coachella groves ought to be worth a good deal more. Water is plentiful, the soil is of the very best, the product is superior, the market is nearer, no damaging frosts and above all the season is four to eight weeks earlier. These are acknowledged facts. That is why Redlands and Riverside orange growers are buying land in Coachella Valley.

## **The Conchilla Valley Mutual Development Co.**

was organized to acquire and develop these lands. No land will be placed on the market until it is fully improved and on a good paying basis. We have no land for sale now but will have by November or December. We are now developing water for a 200-acre tract. Grapes, oranges, etc., are growing on a part of this tract. We have arranged to plant 70 acres to alfalfa in September and cut one crop this year. This land produces NINE cuttings a year of from one to two tons per cutting. Where is there a better place to grow alfalfa? The company will harvest the alfalfa while the lands remain in their possession, the proceeds from which will pay all expenses and a good dividend on the stock. It increases the value of the land. The purchasers of the land will have a good paying proposition from the day they buy. The land will be sold in 5-acre or larger tracts with a perpetual water right. One share of water goes with each acre of land.

While we have no land for sale just yet, we have something better, something that you can convert into land at your pleasure and at an increased value. It is the CAPITAL STOCK of the company, convertible into land as soon as we have land for sale. The company will exchange land for Convertible Stock, giving \$125 worth of land (market value) for each share. Under this provision of the by-laws this stock is worth at least \$125 as soon as the company has land for sale and it should be worth much more as it shares in the profits of the company. There is no bonded indebtedness. The stock has first lien on the entire property and is secured by over \$200 worth of land per share. There are only 250 shares of Convertible Stock to be issued and half of this has already been sold. The other block of stock will NOT be convertible.

**PRICE AND TERMS:**—We now offer, subject to sale, about 120 shares (\$12,000) of this Convertible Capital Stock at par—\$100. Those desiring to do so can pay \$27.50 per share with subscription and balance in three equal monthly payments of \$25. Subscription blanks, descriptive circulars and detail information can be secured of

**Conchilla Valley Mutual Development Co.**

**Coachella, Cal.**

**E. G. Hamilton, Sec'y-Treas., 3110 Budlong Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.**

**E. O. Burdon & Co., Colman Bldg., Seattle, Wash.**

## Bishop's ROUGH HOUSE Chocolates

WHENEVER you treat — make it a box of "Rough House." Thirty different kinds of centers—none cream. Thick, rich, chocolate coating.

### Pennants Free

¶ In every box of "Rough House" you will find a coupon. Send us two of these coupons and we will send you a "Rough House Chocolate" pennant free, for your room.

BISHOP & COMPANY  
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

## This Trademark

used only for the



Registered,  
U. S. Pat. Off.

GENUINE  
BAKER'S  
COCOA AND  
CHOCOLATE

Look for it on all  
your purchases

Send for free recipe book, finely illustrated

**WALTER BAKER & Co. Ltd.**

Established 1780

**Dorchester, Mass.**

### Choose Your Oil As You Would Your Car

Imperfect lubrication causes more trouble, more expense, more breakdowns than anything else about your car. There'll be no carbon deposit to foul the cylinder and spark-slugs, no friction, no oil troubles if you get

# ZEROLENE

### Auto Lubricating Oil



You can count on perfect lubrication at all times, under all conditions, entire freedom from trouble with carbon deposits, and increased power from your engine.

Zerolene is made in our grade only, for all types of cylinders and bearings. Produced only in one place in the world. Put up in sealed cans with patent spout that cannot be refilled. Also in barrels for garage trade. Sold by dealers everywhere. Write for booklet, "21,000 miles with Zerolene"; Free.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY,  
(Incorporated)

## Irrigated Farms

OF FIVE ACRES  
AND UPWARDS

in the Counties of

**Fresno and Merced  
California**

**MILLER AND LUX**

Los Banos, Merced County  
California

# Vose PIANOS

home free of expense. Write for Catalogue D and explanations.  
VOSE & SONS PIANO CO.

have been established over 60 years. By our system of payments every family in moderate circumstances can own a VOSE piano. We take old instruments in exchange and deliver the new piano in your Boston, Mass.



# OUT WEST

## MAGAZINE

EUCALYPTUS NUMBER

25c. PER  
COPY

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.  
MASON OPERA HOUSE



\$3 PER  
YEAR

# Irrigated Farms

OF FIVE ACRES  
AND UPWARDS

in the Counties of

## Fresno and Merced California

MILLER AND LUX

Los Banos, Merced County  
California

# EUCALYPTUS Timber Groves

Pay 33 $\frac{1}{3}$  Per Cent

Interest Compounded Annually. We are planting orange land to Eucalyptus because it will produce the largest trees in the shortest time. The soil is rich, deep and fertile.

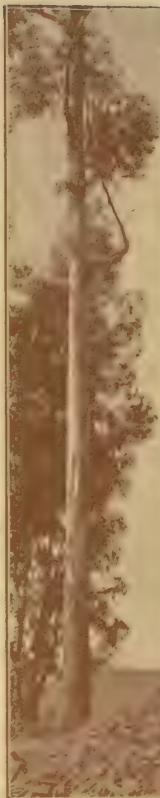
The location and climatic conditions are ideal. On railroad, near to Los Angeles.

We are selling groves for \$180 per acre cash or \$200 per acre on easy terms. The price includes planting, replacing, cultivating, irrigating, permanent supervision and other care.

Send for Our Free Booklet, 48 pages handsomely illustrated. Tells all about the industry. Before buying you should see it.

**Eucalyptus Syndicate**

327 W. 3rd St. Los Angeles, Cal.  
Home A-3307 — Phones: — Main 8561



# NAVAJO BLANKETS

AND INDIAN CURIOS AT WHOLESALE

I have more than 250 weavers in my employ, including the most skilful now living, and have taken the greatest pains to preserve the old colors, patterns, and weaves. Every blanket sold by me carries my personal guarantee of its quality. In dealing with me, you will get the very finest blankets at wholesale prices. I also handle the products of the Hopi (Moqui) Indians, buying them under contract with the trading posts at Keam's Canyon and Oraibi and selling them at wholesale.

I have constantly a very fine selection of Navajo silverware and jewelry, Navajo "rubies" cut and uncut, peridots and native turquois. Also the choicest modern Moqui pottery, and a rare collection of prehistoric pottery.

**J. L. HUBBELL, Indian Trader**

Write for my Catalogue  
and Price List

Ganado, Apache Co., Arizona



**Maier Brewing Company's**  
"Select" Beer

**NOTED** for its Age,  
Purity and Strength.  
All shipments by bottles or  
kegs promptly filled. Family  
trade a specialty. :: ::

OFFICE AND BREWERY  
**440 Aliso Street, Los Angeles**  
BOTH PHONES: Exchange 91



# The German Savings and Loan Society

The (German Bank)

[A member of the Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco]

526 California St., San Francisco, Cal.

Guaranteed Capital	\$ 1,200,000.00
Capital actually paid up in cash	\$ 1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	\$ 1,504,498.68
Deposits June 30, 1909	\$36,793,234.04
Total Assets	\$39,435,681.38

Remittance may be made by Draft, Post Office, or Wells, Fargo & Co's. Money Orders, or coin by Express.

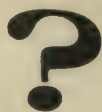
Office Hours: 10 o'clock A. M. to 3 o'clock P. M., except Saturdays to 12 o'clock M. and Saturday evenings from 6:30 o'clock P. M. to 8 o'clock P. M., for receipt of deposits only.

OFFICERS: President, N. Ohlandt; First Vice-President, Daniel Meyer; Second Vice-President, Emil Rohte; Cashier, A. H. R. Schmidt; Assistant Cashier, William Herrmann; Secretary, George Tourny; Assistant Secretary, A. H. Muller; Goodfellow & Eells, General Attorneys.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS: N. Ohlandt, Daniel Meyer, Emil Rohte, Ign. Steinhardt, I. N. Walter, J. W. Van Bergen, F. Tillmann, jr., E. T. Kruse and W. S. Goodfellow.

MISSION BRANCH, 2572 Mission Street, between 21st and 22nd Street. For receipt and payment of Deposits only. C. W. HEYER, Manager.

RICHMOND DISTRICT BRANCH, 432 Clement St., between 5th and 6th Avenues. For receipt and payment of Deposits only. W. C. Heyer, Manager.



## The Question of the Hour

IS THE CLOTHES QUESTION  
—a very important part towards Success.

¶ To look successful means that half the battle has been won.

¶ If we get you into one of our Suits you will not only look the part, but also feel it.

**Mullen & Bluett**

Clothing Company

CORNER SPRING & FIRST STREETS  
LOS ANGELES, CAL.

"The Quality Store"

# WANTED, FARMERS

We want good Farmers, to take some of the Fertile Lands in the  
**Valley View Colony** Kern County, California

To farmers who will improve and farm their lands at once, we will sell, from 10 acres up, with perfect title, of fine, level land, rich loam soil in the proven water belt; close to schools, stores, etc., at only

**\$20.00 PER ACRE**

On terms of one-half cash, balance on long time. We will also assist good parties, in the development of water and erection of new homes, planting of trees, etc. These lands are adapted to the production of

**FRUITS, ALFALFA and GRAINS**

of the highest quality, and are absolutely the only good lands yet for sale in Southern California at Low Prices. Climate, high and healthful. Pure mountain water to be had in abundance. Main line Southern Pacific only 3½ hours from Los Angeles, Cal.

See us at once, as this offer will not appear again

**Western Irrigation Land Bureau**

Water Bearing Lands at Colony Prices

SUITE 514 Merchants Trust Building

207 So. Broadway

Los Angeles, Cal.

Just say, "I saw your ad. in "OUT WEST MAGAZINE"

# Out West Magazine Company

W. S. DINSMORE, General Manager

W. B. MOSELEY,  
Mgr. Adv. Dept.

L. V. CORTELYOU,  
Mgr. Circulation Dept.

PUBLISHERS OF

## OUT WEST

Edited by CHARLTON LAWRENCE EDHOLM

Published Monthly at Los Angeles, California

Entered at the Los Angeles Postoffice as Second-class Matter.

**Advertising Rates** . . will be cheerfully furnished on application. Special discounts allowed on 3, 6 and 12 month contracts. Rates of cover-pages and other preferred spaces (when available) will be named on application. The publishers reserve the right to decline any advertising not considered desirable. Size of column 2½x8 inches—two columns to the page. Last advertising form closes on the 15th of month preceding date of issue. Advertisers are earnestly requested to instruct as early as the 5th whenever possible.

**Subscription Price** . . \$3.00 a year delivered post-free to any point in the United States, Canada, Cuba or Mexico. \$3.75 a year to any other country. All manuscript, and other matter requiring the attention of the editor, should be addressed to him. All letters about subscriptions, advertising or other business, should be addressed

OUT WEST MAGAZINE COMPANY  
312-316 Mason Opera House Bldg., Los Angeles, California

### Contents—December, 1909

Eucalyptus, The Hardwood of the Present, Ill., by George Eugene Fairhead.....	953
The Trail, poem, by Zoe Hartman.....	965
Tyuonyi, poem, Illustrated, by John P. Harrington.....	967
Find of Fossil Bones at Los Angeles, Ill., by Sidney H. Moore.....	969
The Sequoia League.....	981
Music, Literature, Drama, Art.....	990
The Peon and The Engineer, story, by Joseph B. Ames .....	993
The Passing of the Warders, poem, by Lillian H. Shuey .....	1000
The Fabulous, serial, by R. C. Pitzer.....	1001
The Call of the Roundup, poem, by Jessie Davies Wilddy .....	1010
School-Days on the Hassayampa, serial, by Laura Tilden Kent.....	1011
Seeing America, department, Illustrated, by George D. Heisley.....	1017
Kings County, Calif., by N. C. Blanchard.....	1017
What Irrigation Did For Fresno, by Wm. Robertson .....	1021
The Story of Porterville, by John T. Goolrick, Jr.....	1037
Visalia, Calif., by Ben M. Maddox.....	1043
Slumber Song, poem, by Eunice Ward.....	1049



# OUT WEST

## 1910

### OUT WEST 1910

*Watchword:  
"Something Doing"*

OUT WEST is the magazine you need for information about a live section of our country. "Something Doing Out West" is our watchword. Many big propositions are being developed out here, and we are going to let you know.

### OUT WEST 1910

*Feature Articles  
that Spell "Dollars."*

OUT WEST will run a big illustrated article each month on some new industry or significant development of Western resources. These articles are of general interest to all, and spell "dollars" to the alert.

### OUT WEST 1910

*Fiction with a  
Snap and Vim.*

OUT WEST has a certain literary prestige which will be maintained. We will feature the work of new Western writers, who put some of the snap and vim of the West into their fiction. We have some corking good business stories for early use.

### OUT WEST 1910

*The New Serial  
a Winner.*

OUT WEST will follow up R. C. Pitzer's clever serial with another winner, touching another side of "the romantic West."

### OUT WEST 1910

*Doubles Value but  
cuts Price to  
\$1.50*

OUT WEST cuts its subscription price for 1910. One-fifty instead of three dollars is the price for 1910, but the value of the magazine will be doubled. And now, it's up to you!

### OUT WEST 1910

*A Word to  
Advertisers.*

OUT WEST in 1909 was a \$3.00 magazine, and though the markets were full of \$1.50 magazines OUT WEST subscribers paid \$3.00 cheerfully for what they wanted. You see, it's not a question of "how cheap," but "how good," with our people. Don't you think they are worth cultivating?

## Out West Magazine Co.

Mason Opera House Bldg.

Los Angeles, Cal.

A Book with New Ideas

# Scientific Living

FOR PROLONGING THE  
TERM OF HUMAN LIFE

## The New Domestic Science

Cooking to simplify living and retain the  
**LIFE ELEMENTS IN FOOD**

By Laura Nettleton Brown

This work represents new views on the health question, especially as related to food. It treats of the life in food, showing that in its preparation by the usual methods the life-giving vitality is destroyed; that is, the organic elements become inorganic. It also shows that food which cannot be used uncooked can be rendered palatable and digestible without destroying its food value. The reason is clearly stated and recipes and directions for cooking, with menus for a balanced diet, are given. A clear line of distinction is shown between food and stimulants or drugs. It treats of the chemistry of food in a way that is easily understood and made practical, and should be read by all who are interested in the maintenance of health and longevity and by students and teachers of domestic science, by whom its new and practical ideas will be appreciated. 300 pp. Cloth. \$1.00, with Health-Culture one year \$1.50.

**THE HEALTH-CULTURE CO.,**

421 ST. James Bldg., New York.

N. B.—A sample copy of Health-Culture and list of books on Scientific Living SENT FREE.

## TRAFFIC IN GIRLS

Following the startling expose in *McClure's* and *Current Literature*, comes President Taft's message, urging the enactment of more stringent laws against the importation of women for immoral purposes. It is admitted by well-informed men that in our so-called land of liberty there flourishes an interstate and international trade in "white slaves."

It has taken nearly a score of years to make the public realize that such appalling conditions exist; that the most revolting form of human slavery disgraces most of our great cities.

The first book to tell the truth about these conditions was written at the direction of the late Chas. N. Crittenton, founder of the Florence Missions. For many years this little volume has spread the facts that are now generally admitted. The low price of the book (thirty cents, postpaid,) was intentional: **it was written to arouse public sentiment.** The book, "Traffic in Girls," may be ordered of the

**TRAFFIC PUBLISHING CO.**

P.O.Box 625, Station C

LOS ANGELES, Cal.

# \$25 to \$75 a Week for Business Builders

**O**UR Association is engaged in a co-operative campaign in which we are undertaking to add at least 100,000 subscriptions to four of the best selling magazines in America. Some of our members are already making good. One hustling young man in the little village of Punxsutawney, Pa., took 383 orders during his first month, earning a commission of \$1.00 per order, and winning a \$75.00 prize. Any young man or woman possessing enterprise and gumption can do as well. We supply all printed matter, sample copies and everything else needed in the campaign. In addition to our big commission

**WE OFFER THREE HIGH GRADE AUTOMOBILES  
AND \$3000 IN CASH PRIZES**

to workers making the best records during the campaign. If you are a hustler and want to earn several hundred dollars during the next six months, it will pay you to investigate our proposition at once. We want active members in every part of the country. Only reliable and enterprising young men and women need apply. For particulars and reservation of territory, write at once to

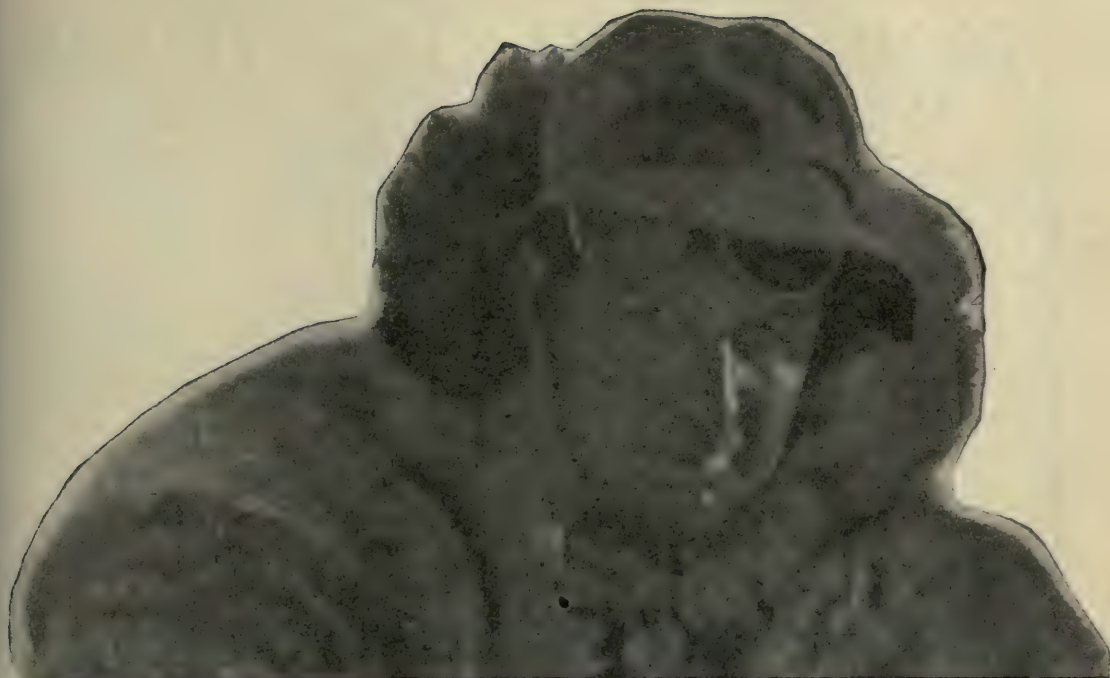
**THE MAGAZINE SPECIALISTS ASSOCIATION**

**601 Bancroft Building**

**New York City**

Just say, "I saw your ad. in "OUT WEST MAGAZINE"





# HARRY WHITNEY

HOW would you like to spend a year in the Arctic with no companions but Eskimos, and no friend but your rifle? Harry Whitney did it. His account of the long months spent with the musk ox in the middle of Ellesmere Land is the biggest hunting story of the year, because it is the most unusual. His photographs are the best that ever came out of the Arctic. Incidentally, he was the only white man to meet both Dr. Cook and Commander Peary in the far North. His story begins in the December number of THE OUTING MAGAZINE.

The same number of OUTING contains twelve other articles that no lover of the outdoors dare ignore.

*All newsstands 25c. \$3.00 a year; \$4.50 2 years; \$6.00 3 years.*

## OUTING

NEW YORK  
315 FIFTH AVENUE

Just say, "I saw your ad. in "OUT WEST MAGAZINE"

# The Mahogany and Hickory of America



The Timber situation in this country is beginning to be one of the greatest questions before the public. In Eucalyptus we have the only possible solution.

A wood that grows five times as fast as oak or hickory and is stronger and far better for furniture and will reproduce itself from the stump as often as it is cut.

We have the best proposition, best land, all of our planting contracts guaranteed by \$25,000 bond, all moneys paid to trust company who receipts for same and makes deeds and contracts. Send for new art booklet.

**American Eucalyptus Co.**

Department A

**343 So. Hill Street**

# The EDITOR

A Journal of Information for Literary Workers, is "The Little Schoolmaster" for the Whole Fraternity of Writers

**E**ACH month, forty-eight pages of helpful articles by writers and editors, showing the sort of material wanted, how it should be prepared, and how to sell. Technical articles upon all branches of literary work. Current information as to the **Literary Market**, showing the present needs of various publications. Advance information regarding all **prize story competitions**. Announcements of new publications, and their needs.

The only journal of its character in America, and one that no writer can afford to be without.

\$1.00 a year—15c a copy

ADDRESS

**The Editor Publishing Company**

**RIDGEWOOD, N. J.**

# A QUESTION...

*Are you a Fancier of Poultry, Dogs, Pigeons and Pets for pleasure or profit*

?

Then you want the Fanciers' Journal of the Pacific Coast, the paper that is read by every Poultry-Keeper and Dog and Pet-Stock Fancier from British Columbia to Mexico—the

# PACIFIC COAST FANCIER'S MONTHLY

It was established in 1885, and is beautifully illustrated, handsome and interesting from cover to cover. Every prominent breeder advertises in its pages, and if you want to keep posted in all that goes on in the Poultry, Dog and Pet-Stock world of California and the rest of the Pacific Coast you need the Fanciers' Monthly.

The Fanciers' Monthly is the Pioneer Poultry Journal of the Pacific Coast. It has always been and is today recognized all over the United States as the poultry magazine of the West, thoroughly practical, strictly up-to-date—not a luxury but a necessity, if you want to make poultry pay.

The Fanciers' Monthly has for ten years been a favorite with breeders of Dogs, Pigeons and Pets. It pays its readers and it pays its advertisers.

The Fanciers' Monthly is beautifully illustrated, brim full of good reading, and is a prime favorite with successful breeders.

The Fanciers' Monthly costs but little. No person who keeps fowls or pets, few or many, can afford not to take it. Try it! Accept nothing claimed to be just as good. There is but one Fanciers' Monthly. It has many imitators, but no equals.

Send your address and \$1.00 and receive the Fanciers' Monthly regularly for two years, being but fifty cents, or it will be sent on trial one year for seventy-five cents.

ADDRESS

**FANCIERS' MONTHLY**

:: :: ::

**San Jose, California**

**ANYVO THEATRICAL COLD CREAM**

prevents early wrinkles. It is not a freckle coating; it removes them. ANYVO CO., 427 North Main St., Los Angeles





This illustration is greatly reduced from actual size of Sugar Bowl

# Get Better Acquainted With The NATIONAL MAGAZINE

for there is an ingenuous, great-hearted Americanism about it that everybody likes. They like it intensely - devotedly - endearingly. So will you.

There's a national chorus of "Likes" like these:-

*"I like none better than the 'National'— so does all the family."  
"It goes without saying"----"Fine"----"Better than all others put together"----"Just great"----"Raising my family on it"----"Fills a place no other magazine can take"---- etc etc.*

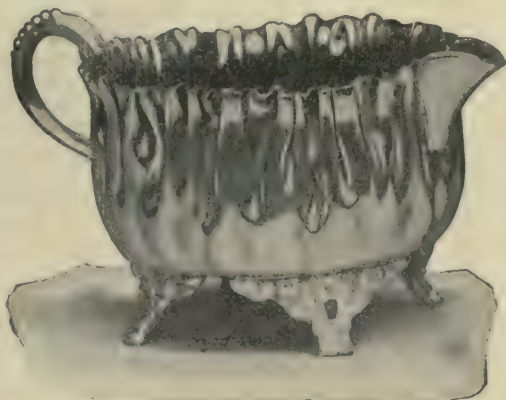
**Send your subscription for 1910 now and get the two last issues for 1910.**

**Fourteen most interesting numbers for \$1.50**

## WHAT WE GIVE FREE

A handsome, gold-lined, quadruple silver-plated, satin finish Sugar and Cream set for every new subscriber at 1.50 per year. These sets are beautiful, durable and just the thing for Birthday, or Christmas Gifts. Subscriptions should be forwarded at once.

If preferred, we will substitute for the silver set, a handsome solid brass Ash Tray for a gentleman's smoking table. This is the latest art design from the Brasscrafters' Shops. Fill out the coupon



This illustration is greatly reduced from actual size of Cream Pitcher

NATIONAL MAGAZINE, Boston, Mass.		( 1.50 )	for which please send for one year the
Gentlemen: Find enclosed herewith		( 1.70 )	1909
National Magazine to.....		Street .....	
Town .....	State .....	beginning with.....	issue. Also send the
Quadruple Silver Plated, Gold Lined Sugar and Cream Set		(COLLECT PREPAID)	to.....
Street .....	Town .....	State .....	
Sign your name.....			

Add 20 cents if the Express is to be prepaid

Just say, "I saw your ad. in "OUT WEST MAGAZINE"

# NOTICE

## GET AN OUT WEST REPORT

Owing to the great number of letters received by the OUT WEST Magazine asking for information regarding localities, companies, and general subjects pertaining to the Pacific Coast, the Southwest and Mexico, it has been decided by the business management to open a department, in charge of competent persons, for the purpose of supplying reliable information and reports. The service is free and dependable—to all alike—and on any subject or locality embraced above.

An "OUT WEST REPORT"—a personal letter giving the desired information in detail so far as we have it or can obtain it, will be sent the enquirer—also literature on the subject where such is issued.

Persons desiring information regarding any particular locality will, by writing us, be supplied with an "OUT WEST REPORT" giving the information desired, also literature on the locality where any is issued.

Anyone desiring to find the locality best adapted for their particular purpose will, by writing and stating exactly what is wanted, receive an "OUT WEST REPORT," telling where it can be found and giving complete information regarding the locality, with literature on same if any is issued.

If information is desired regarding any particular land or mining company, an "OUT WEST REPORT" will give all the reliable information that it is possible to get on the subject.

If a new location is desired for reasons of health, let us know what is wanted or required, and an "OUT WEST REPORT" will immediately put you in touch with a suitable location.

If a hotel of a particular class is desired, write us telling just what is wanted, and we will send an "OUT WEST REPORT" telling where to find exactly the place.

If uncertain as to just what is wanted, where wanted or how to get it, and it pertains to the Pacific Coast, Southwest or Mexico, write us at once for an "OUT WEST REPORT" on the subject.

An "OUT WEST REPORT" can be depended on—all information will be prompt, complete and reliable. We have nothing to sell, except magazines and advertising space.

This department service is open alike to our subscribers and others. It costs the enquirers nothing, and may save much by helping to avoid expensive mistakes.

Always get an "OUT WEST REPORT"—then you are sure. Address all letters of enquiry to,

OUT WEST MAGAZINE

Dept. OUT WEST REPORT

Los Angeles, California

**NOTE**—OUT WEST guarantees nothing more than the correctness of the statements in "OUT WEST REPORTS." It cannot guarantee that any particular investment will be profitable, or any particular place agreeable to the individual.

The department is conducted by the business management of OUT WEST,—not by the editorial staff.

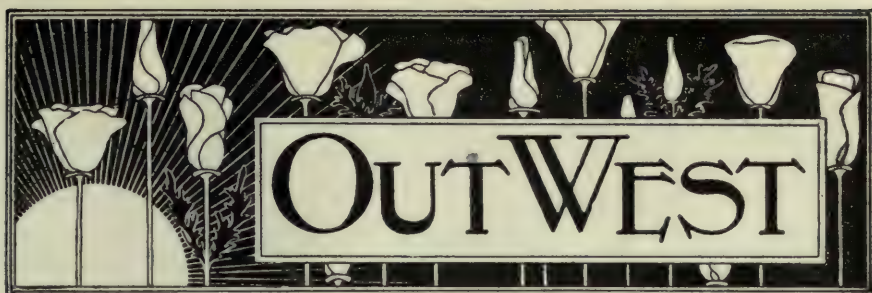






BUDS, BLOSSOMS AND FRUIT, EUCALYPTUS GLOBULUS





Vol. XXXI No. 5

DECEMBER, 1909

## EUCALYPTUS, THE HARDWOOD OF THE PRESENT

By GEORGE EUGENE FAIRHEAD.



BEAUTIFUL, indeed are the pictures found in eucalyptus wood, and true are the words of Alfred James McClatchie. We all regret that he could not be spared to us, to this work and to the nation, but while he lived he worked, and the results of his careful investigations are of infinitely more interest and benefit now than during his lifetime.

Mr. McClatchie's work in the interest of eucalyptus was begun about 1890, when he became the valued assistant of Honorable Abbot Kinney in preparing data for Mr. Kinney's botanical work, "Eucalyptus," descriptive of the species found in California. At that time the seeds which came from Australia were very badly mixed, with the result that trees grown from them were misnamed and their identification was difficult. Mr. McClatchie possessed a very large and valuable microscope, and this, together with copies of Baron Von Mueller's "Eucalyptographia," and other eucalyptus publications, were loaded into the road wagon in which the two men traveled over California, studying the trees wherever found, and writing their identifications. The book was published in 1895. Mr. McClatchie obtained all the photographs used in this publication, and became so interested in the eucalypts that he was appointed Agriculturist and Horticulturist of the Arizona Experiment Station at Phoenix, where he continued his study of eucalyptus and prepared the copy for Bulletin No. 35, entitled "Eucalypts Cultivated in the United States," issued by the Bureau of Forestry in 1902.

The article from his pen, which appeared in the Out West Magazine for May, 1904, reprinted November, 1909, was at first glance a description of species, but in reality was a prophecy regarding the advent of the genus Eucalyptus into commerce. Four and a half years ago he penned the following words:



14,000 BABY EUCALYPTS IN FLATS. AGE 3 MONTHS.





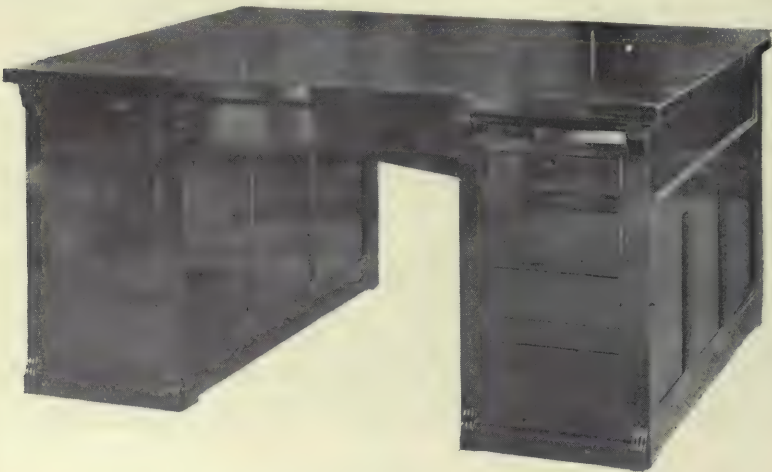
THE MATURE EUCALYPT



EUCALYPTUS TIMBER SEASONING

"Collectively, then, the various species of eucalypts are destined to play a very prominent part in the affairs of the Southwest, their role being the clothing of the naked unproductive portions with garments of beauty and utility; the tempering of the winds and the rays of the sun; the yielding of honey for the delectation of the palate and of oil for the healing of wounds and maladies; the production of fuel for the fireside and the factory; the supplying of ties for railways, posts for fences, piles for wharves, timbers for bridges, and poles for trolley, telephone and telegraph lines; the furnishing of material for implements, for vehicles, for furniture, and for the embellishment of our dwelling houses; the saving of millions of our native trees by producing in a single decade material for this multitude of purposes."

At that time, eucalyptus plantations on a strictly commercial timber basis were unknown, although the wood was then being used as saw timber by a few mills, and was extensively grown for fuel.



MADE OF E. GLOBULUS, LIGHT MAHOGANY FINISH





EUCALYPTUS TABLE, MAHOGANY FINISH

The eucalypts have actually forced themselves into commerce under various aliases and through several channels. We have grown them in California for fifty-three years and talked of them as eucalypts—sometimes as gums. During this period we have been importing the wood from Australia, the invoices reading mahogany, white mahogany, Australian mahogany, tallow-wood, blackbutt, spotted gum, iron bark, etc. Under these names, the woods have found their way into Pullman sleepers, electric cars, bank and bar fixtures, steamships, agricultural implements, wagons and buildings. Interrogation of Pacific port customs officers discloses the fact that large quantities of the lumber are yearly imported under the above names and at prices ranging from \$40 to \$60 per thousand feet, board measure, plus cartage to wharf, freight, duty and local drayage, which altogether indicate an average wholesale cost of about \$70 per thousand at destination. Much of the lumber has been shipped to eastern



DINING TABLE OF EUCALYPTUS, NATURAL FINISH



YOUNG FOREST OF *E. RESINIFERA*, AFTER THINNING





A GIANT EUCALYPT

points, which is another expense added to the cost; yet, in spite of the high price, it is used because it possesses qualities which are to be had in no other timber and which make its use highly desirable for many purposes.

The California-grown eucalyptus woods come to the manufacturer under their botanical names, which do not identify the lumber in the minds of the consumer as being the same as the imported woods.

Referring to California-grown eucalyptus, Mr. McClatchie in the



GROVE OF *E. GLOBULUS*, 20 YEARS OLD. WORTH ABOUT \$6000 PER ACRE ON THE STUMP



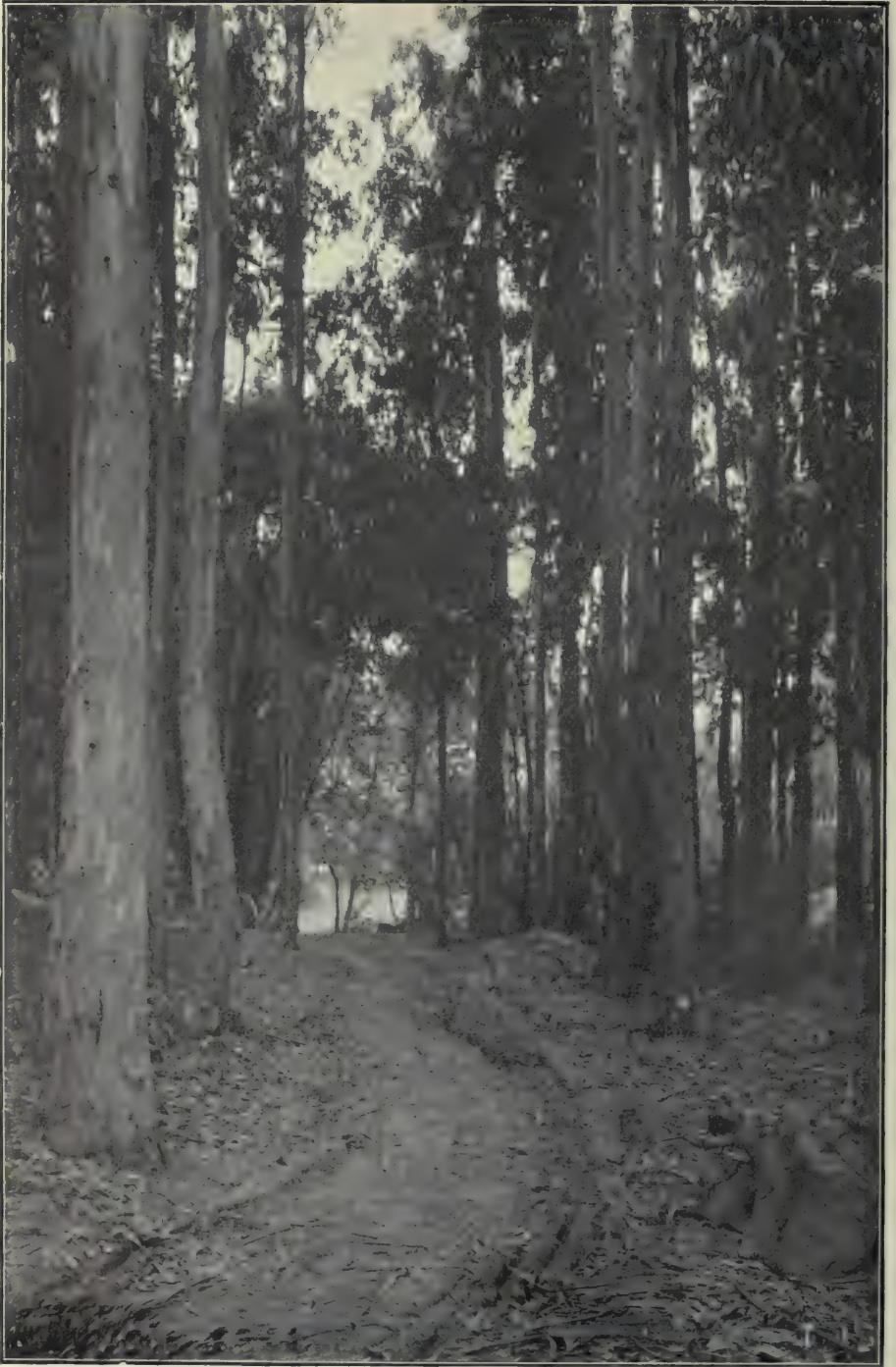
article referred to says: "The commercial uses to which these trees have been put, heretofore, are of the grosser sort, compared with those to which they will be put in the future." This is a prophecy which has in less than five years become strictly true. Heretofore, the wood has been used for fuel principally. Some of the species which are durable in the ground and in water have been used for fence posts, poles and piling. The Santa Fe Railroad is interested in a large plantation which is being grown for railroad ties and poles. One of the first advances from "uses of the grosser sort" was made by the Hardwood Planing Mill of San Jose, which began the manufacture of lumber on a small scale about eight years ago, and to meet no existing demand. The wood, however, attracted attention and a large business was built up. This concern also put the wood to "uses of the grosser sort" and made wagon timbers, insulator pins, doubletrees, implement stock, etc.

The writer has seen more beautiful pictures in eucalyptus than in Peruvian mahogany. One noticeable example was a violin having globulus for its back. Office furniture, surpassing the standard mahogany and costing more, is now very often seen. Dining tables and chairs finished "natural" or in mahogany tint are works of art. The most beautiful tint of all shades used is a rich golden brown which comes in between the red tinge of mahogany and the golden effect of oak. If our manufacturers would adopt this shade as a standard for eucalyptus, the public would soon learn to recognize it as quickly as maple, walnut or oak.

Mr. C. H. Rogers, of Watsonville, was probably the first man to use native-grown eucalyptus lumber in the interior finish of his home. The wood was eucalyptus globulus, grown on his own place and sawed at the local mill. It has proved very satisfactory and is most effective.

Mr. T. A. Rice, of Oxnard, had laid in his home what was probably the first eucalyptus floor ever laid in the United States. It has proved to be a better wood than any other used for the purpose.

With these two men to start the ball rolling, we now have flooring machines in California, which are making eucalyptus flooring. We have planing mills turning out interior finish, and furniture manufacturers utilizing the wood. The Hughes Manufacturing and Lumber Company of Los Angeles has gone into the manufacture of eucalyptus extensively, and has agents in the field, buying the timber wherever it can be found in sufficient quantity to warrant logging operations. They state that it is impossible to cure the lumber fast enough to fill their orders. In their eucalyptus department they employ ten to twenty men. The prices they obtain for the finish lumber range from \$125 to \$150 per thousand, and for flooring, \$65 to \$70 for three-eighths-inch and \$110 for seven-eighths-inch.



A EUCALYPTUS GROVE AT 9 YEARS



Furniture has been made by several different California concerns, but as yet no large furniture factory has been established. Many Eastern manufacturers have thoroughly investigated eucalyptus, and find that it is a suitable wood, but because of the fact that there is no adequate supply, they continue to import what they require. Some of these manufacturers are planning to locate factories in California as soon as there is a sufficient stand of timber to warrant an unfailing supply. It is fully demonstrated that eucalyptus is suitable for cutting into veneer, and one veneering plant has been established in California. At the present time there are six manufacturing plants in California sawing and manufacturing eucalyptus. All of them have difficulty in obtaining logs in sufficient quantity. The prices paid, at the present time, average \$25 per thousand on the stump, and it is commonly conceded that a stumpage value of \$25 is fair to the grower and to the mill man, except where excessive freight or hauling charges are necessary. There is a good margin of profit for the lumbermen between \$25 and \$75 per thousand. The retail price of eucalyptus lumber is \$100 to \$150 per thousand, according to the grade and species. The wood brings that price because of its desirability as a strong, durable wood, and its beauty and susceptibility of high polish. Desirable eucalyptus lumber cannot be imported at a less cost than \$70 per thousand, wholesale, to which necessary delivery expenses and profit must be added. Eucalyptus can be grown profitably in California, sold at \$25 per thousand stumpage, manufactured into lumber and wholesaled with good profit at \$60 to \$70 per thousand and retailed at \$90 to \$100 per thousand.

When eucalyptus was first used as interior trim for homes, and for furniture, it was looked upon as a substitute for mahogany, and when the first tool handles were produced, they were placed on the market as a substitute for hickory. The superiority of the wood has been sufficiently proved to make it unnecessary to apologize for eucalyptus in offering it for sale. It is no longer a substitute. It is *eucalyptus*—the only and original. Eucalyptus has come into its own place, and is being recognized for what it is, and for what it will do. It has proved to be the strongest and most durable of hardwoods. There are several very handsome interiors of large buildings in Los Angeles finished in eucalyptus. The different species vary in hardness and compare with all woods from *lignumvitæ* to pine. *Globulus* is especially adapted to flooring purposes, interior trim and furniture, because it will take stain of any color and possesses great beauty of grain. *Rostrata* and *tereticornis* take a natural mahogany finish. *Citriodora*, *tereticornis* and *globulus* are desirable for tool handles, etc. *Tereticornis* and *rostrata* are very durable in contact with the earth, and are especially useful for railroad ties and telephone poles. Other species such as *resinifera*, *sideroxylon*, *corynocalyx*, *pilularis*,

diversicolor and viminalis are good woods, possessing characteristics which will enable them to be used for all purposes.

The principal timber plantings in California are globulus, tereticornis, rostrata and corynocalyx. These species are indicated as being useful for all purposes, and growing with sufficient rapidity to insure trees of merchantable size in ten years from the date of planting in the field.

Many Eastern concerns, that use great quantities of hardwood, have secured large acreage in California, which they are planning to plant or have already planted with eucalyptus for their own use. Many large groves have been established—some of them running as high as 3000 acres, all contiguous, or nearly so. Plantations of this size assure the location of manufacturing industries in their neighborhood. The manufacturers will locate wherever the trees are found growing in sufficient quantity to warrant a constant supply.

Mr. McClatchie's study of the eucalypts was done a little in advance of the general investigation, and his work for the government and in connection with the first investigation made by Honorable Abbot Kinney, now president of the Forestry Society of California, brought out facts which have since been fully demonstrated and which are commonly known throughout California today. The industry has been very thoroughly investigated and approved by the U. S. Forest Service, the State Forestry Department of California, the University of California, and by individual planters and hardwood users. The prophecy in Mr. McClatchie's article has already come true. The eucalypts are being used for other than "the grosser uses" which had characterized their utility up to the time Mr. McClatchie wrote.

Pioneers have blazed the way. Methods of growing the trees and curing the lumber have been perfected. There is no guess work about it. The production of eucalyptus trees is now done by rule. Certain combinations of land, soil and climate produce certain species, which, when sawed, are suited to demonstrated uses. The wagon manufacturer who requires rostrata for felloes and globulus for spokes, reaches and doubletrees, knows what conditions and soil are necessary to produce the product he desires, and can plant it with every assurance that ten years later he can harvest the crop and manufacture his finished product. The manufacturer can today create his raw material, and the multitude of shapes into which eucalyptus can be transformed is limited only by the number of different shapes required.

At the time Mr. McClatchie wrote his prophecy, the U. S. Forest Service had not announced the imminent danger of utter destitution of hardwood timber in this country; Honorable Gifford Pinchot's prophecy of the timber famine was unuttered; the active work to



put lumber on the free list to protect our forests was scarcely begun; the stumpage prices of hardwoods had just begun their notable increase; yet Mr. McClatchie saw in eucalyptus a great opportunity, which has developed itself into a possibility of untold and marvelous importance. This possibility is nothing short of reforestation on a sufficiently gigantic scale to save the nation from the industry-wrecking hardwood famine, and possibly the total destitution of native hardwood timber. The importance of the eucalypts to the United States cannot be measured by the existing demand, but must be considered in connection with the conditions which are inevitable and which are overshadowing the country like a vast cloud of ill-omen. To reforest the United States with native hardwoods, a period of forty to one hundred years is required, but the eucalypts, under proper conditions, grow to maturity, or rather, to merchantable dimensions in about ten years, and the trees planted previous to 1910 will be ready for the saw before the threatened famine is upon us; the lumber famine, full-fledged and hovering like a buzzard over the bleaching bones of our deceased sawmills and woodworking enterprises.

The eucalypts will now, in the words of Mr. McClatchie, "play the part in our Southwestern civilization for which they are best fitted."

## THE TRAIL

By ZOE HARTMAN.

### I.

LEAD ON! I follow thee,  
Magician of the woodland and the steep,  
Through pine aisles, still and deep,  
By tawny streams that toss and rage and weep  
Unceasingly.

### II.

Lead on! I follow thee,  
Through elfin haunts—where fluttering wild things dwell;  
Perchance, some Druid's cell;  
Where'er thy mystic windings weave a spell—  
I, too, am free!

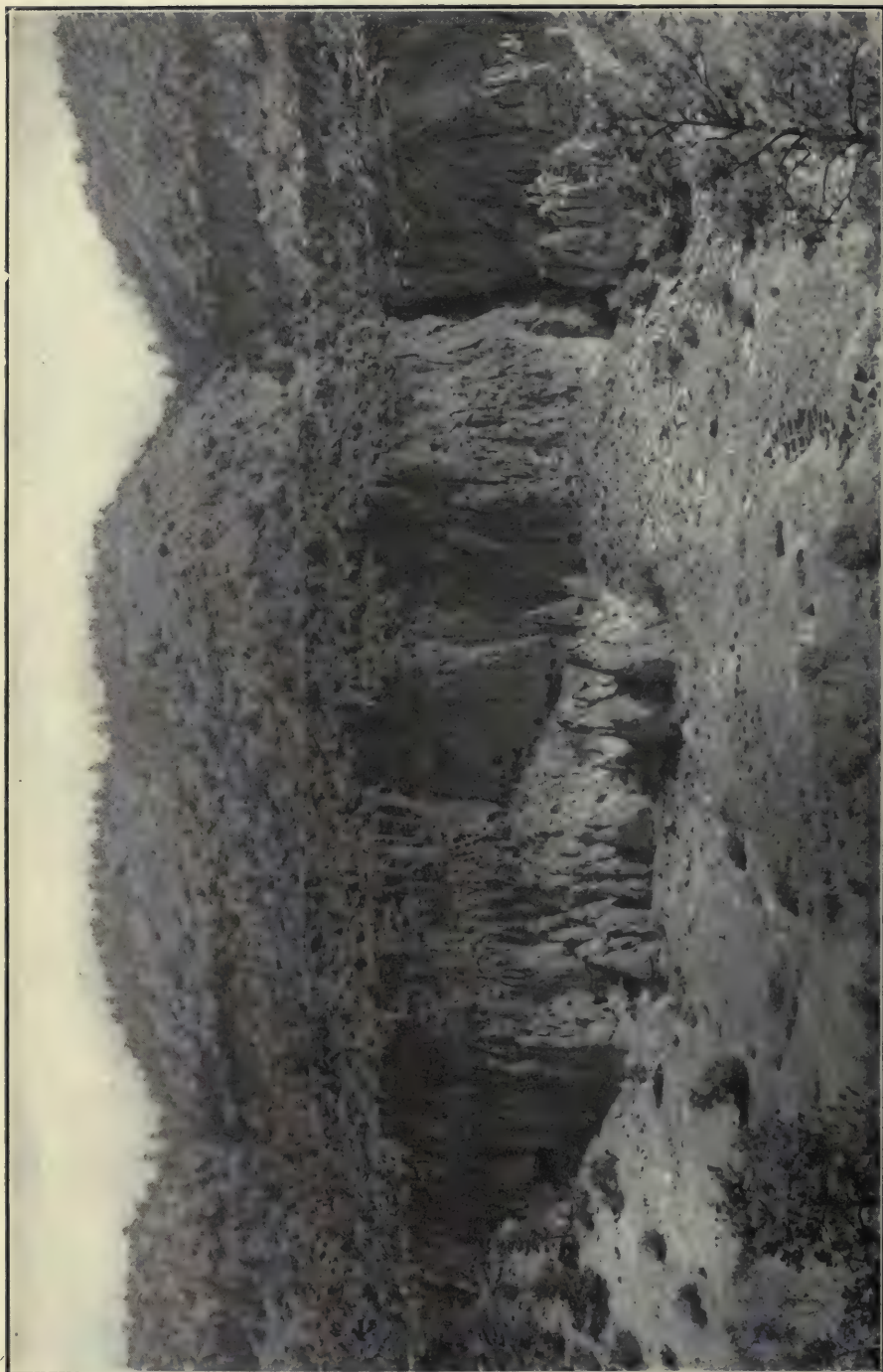
### III.

I love thy spiral way:  
Up, up, where forests mourn their fallen dead,  
And eagles scream o'erhead,  
Where storm contends with storm in combat dread  
At Titans' play.

### IV.

'Mid peaks sublimely fair,  
Above the vale of earth-born lust and scheme,  
In clouds where poets dream,  
Thy mother, age-old Romance, reigns supreme—  
Lead thou me there!

Ithaca, N. Y.



THE TYUNYI



## TYUONYI

*By JOHN P. HARRINGTON.*

**D**EEP in this strange abyss of shimmering grey  
 The pine trees stand shedding their shadowy gleam,  
 And stir their fringed limbs, and vaguely dream  
 Through the long sequence of the silent day.  
 A bird in the bright willows trills his lay.  
 And there beneath him sings the little stream  
 Now flashing yellow in the sun's broad beam  
 And rippling now amid the flowers away.

And by its bank where one can faintly hear  
 The hollow rushing sounds, the chirping tones  
 Of the smooth waters sliding o'er the stones  
 The fragments of a folk-fled village lie—  
 A place of crumbling tufa old and queer  
 And curious caved cliffs up-clambering to the sky.

\*The Tyuonyi is perhaps the most beautiful cañon in America—and perhaps the most interesting. This picturesque gash down through 1500 feet of the tufa of the Jemez Plateau, in New Mexico, was the prehistoric home of some thousand "Cliffdwellers." The entrances to their cave homes can be seen in the illustration. The School of American Archæology is at work here. This is the scene of Bandelier's "Delight-Makers." It is described in Lummis's "Land of Poco Tiempo," in the chapter "The Wanderings of Cochiti."—Ed.





The "Pit"  
Filled with water, in the banks of which the fossils are found. The rings show the ripples caused by bursting of bubbles of escaping gas.



## FIND OF FOSSIL BONES AT LOS ANGELES

By *SIDNEY H. MOORE.*



OUTWARD in the Land of Western Sunlight stands a low range from the high Sierras on the east to the sea on the west. Perched on a bold rock in the south face stood a giant eagle looking out over the plain and narrowly scanning the scenery of his pleistocene time. High in the air stood a spreading giant-condor such as the Earth does not now know. All about, gloomy vultures soared. They all had a common interest—the securing of food. Far out in the plain, in the midst of the lush tropical verdure, was a large open spot where trees were scanty, some of them dead, and here and there the glint of the sunlight on pools of water. Huge creatures were moving about in this glade and around the pools. The eagle moved his perch to the dead top of a tall tree, the condor stood above him, and the vultures moved closer. The attraction for these birds was a mastodon, apparently unable to move from his tracks, harried by great wolves. Some of them had been struck by the enormous swinging tusks and were furnishing food for their fellows. Others were springing upon his haunches, and snapping at his hind legs, in an effort to hamstring him. Suddenly yelps of fear arose from the wolves, as, with vast leaps, there sprang into their midst an animal as large as our African lion, with enormous jaws and two long sabre-like teeth projecting downward six inches from his upper jaw. It was the great sabre-toothed tiger, the terror of his age. All feared his prowess and fled at his presence. One leap landed him on the mastodon's shoulder. Then keeping his position with his sharp claws, throwing up his head high and dropping his lower jaw, he struck downward and buried his keen sabres in the mastodon's neck. Then with a vicious backward rip he tore open the hide and flesh, and a flood of blood gushed out, on which he regaled himself as at a fountain. What many wolves had not been able to do, one tiger accomplished at a stroke. The smell of blood and the sight of red meat roused the ferocity of the wolves, and at once all tore at the sinking monarch and gorged themselves. In the excitement of their hunger some ventured too near their dreadful enemy and furnished other stores of fresh blood for him. The scent of blood and the snarl of combat announced to eagle and condor in the air and lions, tigers and wolves in the forest that a kill was on, and many came to the feast, for here were tons of fresh meat and enough for all.

But why had the mastodon so easily fallen a prey? He had stopped to drink at a pool, but it was only a thin skim of water over an asphaltum spring, and his feet sank into the sticky mess from which no animal ever extricated himself. In the furious rush



THE SKULL OF THE GIANT GROUND SLOTH

about the kill first one wolf and then others, a lion and tigers stepped from the huge body to the treacherous pool and were fast. From his perch the eagle saw his opportunity when asphaltum had aided fang to stifle life and the commotion had lessened, and thought to fill his empty maw, but instead became another victim. Smaller carnivores gathered to the merrymaking and remained prisoners. Days passed, and when the dead flesh had ripened and



PROFESSOR GILBERT

In meditation on the Southern California Academy of Sciences' first find, the American ox. Photographed in situ by Professor Shepherdson of the State Normal School, Los Angeles:



smelled to heaven, vultures and condors descended to their filthy banquet and met the common fate. Day by day the trapping and feasting and decaying went on. A giant ground-sloth wandered by to drink at the same spot, and mired like the mastodon long before him. Only the sabre-toothed tiger could bring down this thick-skinned monster of a ton's weight, and the carnage was repeated. So it went on from day to year. Some came to drink, some to feast, and some simply wandered by, until the spring was filled with a compacted mass of bones buried deep in black asphaltum.

Such is the record that man reads today after three hundred thousand years. In the wall of the bank at the side of "the Brea



AN OIL WELL ON FIRE, BURNING THE REMAINING WASTE

Pit," two miles west of Los Angeles, there has been exposed an asphaltum bed five feet wide near the top and gradually narrowing downward, packed tight with skulls, vertebræ, ribs and other bones of animals that antedate man in America. Low down lay the skull of a mastodon with his tusks, above it the pelvis of a sloth, and bedded tightly around them were skulls of lions, wolves, sabre-toothed tigers, eagles, condors and smaller animals, mingled confusedly with huge leg bones, ribs and other parts of the skeletons of these animals, as well as the remains of numerous smaller ones. Each bone was disjointed from his fellow, but lay in close proximity.

This asphaltum (Spanish, *brea*) deposit has been known as long as man has lived on this coast; for the Indians used the pitch for

fixing spear and arrowheads to their shafts. With the advent of the Spaniards in 1769, a Padre saw it and learned its uses. Later on, the Spaniards used it for calking boats and to stop leaks in roofs. But forty years ago it was dug out, melted to separate the sand and clay, and the pure asphaltum shipped to San Francisco and elsewhere for commercial purposes. There was much clear material, but great quantities of clay and sand were mixed with it in places. The workmen were many times bothered by great deposits of bones, which were shovelled out with the mass and sent to the melting kettles. At other times the bones were so thick



THE SKULL OF THE SABRE-TOOTH TIGER

Showing the great sabres and the immense size of the mouth by the backward drop of the lower jaws.

as to render the work unprofitable, and that particular spot was abandoned. Today whitened broken bones may be seen in heaps where they were thrown out of the kettles. Their value was unknown, and their identity but a passing wonder to the ignorant workmen, who, in their simplicity, supposed them the bones of sheep, horses and cattle of modern times that had wandered in and mired. When asphaltum began to be taken from the crude oil pumped from the newly-exploited wells of Los Angeles, twenty years ago, the diggings were abandoned and the bones forgotten. Three years ago a long tooth was sent to the State University at



Berkeley. It was identified as belonging to the sabre-toothed tiger, and, as that animal was not then known to have inhabited this region, it produced considerable excitement among the scientists of the University, and was traced to the old "brea pit." This pit, as left by the workmen, was three hundred feet long, one hundred feet wide and sixty feet deep, and is now filled with black water to within twelve feet of the top. Great bubbles of gas, coming from the porous bottom, are continually breaking on the surface with loud noise and splashing like the leaping of a fish. In the twelve feet of the perpendicular bank, the work of excavating the fossils is now being prosecuted to the great enlightenment of



THE RIGHT UPPER JAW

Showing the sabre-tooth coming in, crowding out the temporary milk sabre.

paleontologists, and the wonder and great gratification of the whole Southwest. The property became the Hancock Ranch many years ago, and Mrs. Erksine M. Ross, (formerly Mme. Hancock,) has granted exclusive rights to dig to the University of California, Los Angeles High School, and the Southern California Academy of Sciences.

The last two bodies are now actively pushing the work jointly under the direction of Professor James Z. Gilbert, instructor in Zoology in the High School. Under his guidance very valuable finds have here been made of the remains of animals not heretofore known to have existed on this Continent. The work is carried on in the banks of the old brea pit. The method is that of the

archæologist—working gradually into the face of the wall, maintaining its perpendicularity, and throwing the refuse backward into the pond.

To understand clearly this fossil find, imagine first a broad plain, miles in extent, then draw a more or less straight line across it. Now, as the geological eras pass, let a ridge of moderate height rise along this line. This will mean that the rock strata beneath are flexing upward. When the strain has brought the rocks to the snapping point, the cracks in them will allow the gases beneath to escape upward and carry with them the viscous semi-fluid asphaltum with which they are mingled. In time the asphaltum will permeate the soil above and appear in the surface in numerous springs that spread the deposit over the ground. Through thousands of years this process went on, till the soil over approximately a square mile became a mingled mass of sand, clay and asphaltum. Water also came up with the gas and collected in pools where animals and birds drank. So much water comes with the gases that in the large pond it is maintained at one level throughout the dry season of eight or nine months in spite of rapid evaporation. The liquid asphaltum collected in an almost pure state wherever there was a depression, or where the force from beneath was great enough to push aside the earth in a body. When water stood on these deposits, animals and birds were allured there to drink—and once they had stepped into the sticky mess they could not withdraw. A bird caught in this way smeared its fluttering wings with tar, and its fate was sealed. At other times, animals were trapped in wandering about without noticing their footing. These accidents are happening still, and today swallows, linnets and ducks are often found still living, with feet, wings and body spread out in utter helplessness upon the surface. A poor little skunk that found in front of him a belt of shiny black roadway, a foot wide and six feet long, started along it, but was snared by the time his four feet were in, and at the end of three weeks had sunk out of sight, leaving only the grey tip of his tail in the surface to mark where the tragedy had occurred.

The especial feature of this find is the abundance of material. Not merely a single bone from which the rest of the creature must be constructed, nor a single animal dug out with infinite pains, but complete skeletons—and those in large numbers—seem here to be the rule. Then, too, perhaps never before has this abundance been so combined with variety of species, and it may be also of genera. All the digging yet done will not cover the space of an average Eastern garden spot, yet at least five tons of bones have been removed, including those of the sabre-toothed tiger, mastodon, sloth, wolf, American ox, horse, antelope, camel, fox, small rodents,



lion, coyote and bear, ducks, geese, pelicans, condors, vultures and eagles, rabbits, squirrels and mice.

Owing to the liquid state of the asphaltum, it has permeated every cavity and cranny of the skeletons, effectively excluding the air and thoroughly preserving the bones. The oil also seems to have had some preserving property. The color of the bones is a deep, rich brown that has penetrated the whole texture so that many of them on being rubbed take a fine polish. This oil is heavy with its asphaltum base, but contains no paraffin.

Thus the earth has been a veritable Egyptian tomb in which the zoological treasures of the pleistocene dynasties of mastodon, giant



AN EXPOSURE 3 FT. SQUARE OF BONES  
Showing how they are mingled in the tar.

ground-sloth and sabre-toothed tiger have been preserved that the paleontologist of today may read their life history.

For a hundred years, since Cuvier reconstructed the megatherium from a few bones, paleontologists have generally followed his lead, and conjectured forms of extinct animals by "dead reckoning" from scanty material. Today this is changed, and conjecture is replaced by fact. The find of fossil bones in the brea pit at Los Angeles introduces an era of certainty as to the extinct animal forms of North America. That these animals once roamed over the West Coast is now established. There is also the valuable fact that the ancient range of the antelope, sloth, wolf, lion, hitherto supposed to have been confined to the Mississippi Valley and Europe, has been extended to the Pacific Coast. There is, again, the added proof, if any were necessary, that the great American and European Con-

tinents were once connected across both great oceans by land masses. No find of the past has excelled this in importance, for here is not only demonstration of the presence, form and range of animals, till today imperfectly known, but new species have been discovered. Two species of peacock, a new eagle, a new buzzard, another condor, a swan and a humming-bird have been added to our museums. More than this is possible, for so rich is this deposit—its depth is still unknown—that there is great probability that new genera will be unearthed before its treasures shall be exhausted.

The geological era in which these fossils occur is the Pleistocene or the early Quaternary. Of the life of that period, the most abundant was, in order, the sabre-toothed tiger, the wolf, the American ox (sometimes designated as "buffalo"), and the giant ground-sloth. It is not possible to estimate the relative numbers of the other animals. The camel and lion were present but infrequent, and, so far, two mastodons only have been recovered. The mammoth and elephant are wanting, except in rarest fragments.

Not much is yet known of the vegetable life of the region, beyond the fact that it must have been tropical or at least sub-tropical. The bones of the pre-historic animals have been of such surpassing interest that little attention has been given to the vegetation. The cones of the Sequoia and leaves of the evergreen oak, however, are numerous. Twigs, branches and limbs up to six inches in diameter of unknown species appear in limited quantities. No marine remains have been discovered. No frogs, toads, lizards or other reptiles have been found, save a fragment of a turtle.

It is believed that the formation is pre-glacial, since it corresponds with other formations in the Mississippi Valley known to antedate the great Ice Cap. An additional proof is the total absence of every trace of man. Not a single human bone, or implement of stone or bone, not even the rudest palæolith, or mark of tool of man upon bone or wood has yet appeared. This find will apparently have no bearing upon the absorbing question of the antiquity of man in America.

The life of today about this region is represented by ducks, geese, mud-hens and cranes, ground-owls, hawks, eagles and buzzards, larks, quail and dove, squirrels and snakes. Owing to the increasing inroads of man in cultivating this section and exploiting it for oil, none of this life is abundant.

Excavating in this sticky, ill-smelling compost of sand, clay and tar, under a hot sun, in a cramped position, is not pleasant to experience or look upon. The workmen are smeared with black grime from head to foot, and look worse than miners fresh from the coal-pits. But such is the power of enthusiasm in a scientific cause, that these drawbacks are forgotten and the work goes steadily on.



Each workman seems imbued with Professor Gilbert's quiet enthusiasm like a contagion. Infinite pains is taken in removing every single bone. Only one at a time is attempted, and the time absorbed is of no consequence. It was eight days from the time the skull of the mastodon was reached until it was lifted out with its tusks. Very small tools are used, and smaller quantities of the soft matrix are removed at a time—from a thimbleful to a teaspoonful being the rule, or it may be scratched away in crumbs. The tang of a flat file has been the most useful implement. Care in removing the bones is essential, for though well preserved they are fragile and are often broken in spite of diligent pains. Often a large bone lying across other small ones seems to have cracked them by its weight.

All of the animals here buried became extinct before man appeared on the planet. The greatest find was, perhaps, the camel, because he has been hitherto unknown in this country. He was of the single-humped variety. The rarest find is the wolf, up to this time known only from some teeth. Now Professor Gilbert has complete skeletons of three species.

Among the animals that terrified Cave Man and figure in the descriptions of primitive people, the most terrible was the sabre-toothed tiger. The lion and elephant respected his prowess and feared his double-edged sabre that ripped easily through the toughest hide. Just as today the jungle tiger holds sway over man and beast, so in Pleistocene times the sabre-toothed tiger fattened on all living things, the larger the better, for they furnished more copious floods of blood. He was as large as an African lion or polar bear, and weighed seven hundred pounds or more. The canine teeth of his upper jaw were six-inch double-edged daggers, curving inward and having the cutting edges finely serrated. The four-inch claws of his fore feet held him in position on his victim's shoulders, while stabbing it. Writers on Paleontology, not being able to see how the animal could open his lower jaw so as to give his sabres effective working space, have said that this tiger "became extinct through over-specialization." But a complete skull unearthed by Professor Gilbert last July shows condyles so adjusted as to allow the jaw to be thrown down till it rested against the flesh of the neck. Fig. a. So that whatever the growth of his sabres he had abundance of stabbing room. Hence other causes of extinction must be sought. It was possibly due to the disappearance of the great beasts that furnished his food, owing to a decrease in the rain-fall and the lowering of the temperature. Processes on his skeleton show that he possessed powerful muscles attached to his head by which he could give a vicious downward jerk in stabbing his prey. He has been imperfectly known because only a few

teeth, broken skulls, and a few parts of the skeleton have been found in other places. Now, not only has a complete skeleton been dug up, but at least twenty-five skulls, some with the sabres in their sockets, and material from which several skeletons can be assembled, have been secured. This is the most extensive grave of this prehistoric beast that has ever been opened.

Next to the sabre-toothed tiger the giant ground-sloth is most interesting, because most unlike anything known today. Fig. b. He weighed a ton or more, and was eighteen feet long. Unlike his present South American cousin, who lives in trees and is about two feet long, his bulk and weight compelled him to live upon the



LOOKING NORTH FROM THE "PIT"

Showing by the dark spots the old mouths of "tar-springs" and by the light places the reflecting surfaces of tar spread out.

ground, whence his name. His hind quarters had immense development, and his stocky legs with the thick, strong tail formed a tripod upon which he erected himself to reach the branches of trees. His fore legs were lighter but still powerful and armed with six-inch claws, with which he dug up trees or struck powerful blows at his enemy below. When branches were out of reach, it is believed that he first dug the ground from around the roots, then, wrapping his fore paws around the tree, with hind feet and tail well braced, swayed back and forth until he uprooted it or broke it short off. His skin was pachydermic, and in addition to its thickness and toughness it was further rendered immune to the attacks



of ordinary carnivores by little ossicles thickly dispersed through it. These ossicles, or "scutes," were little detached bones irregular in size and shape, but rounded in outline. The head was very narrow for its length, and the teeth stood in the jaws separately, like rows of pegs. The animal's movements were slow and lumbering. His great numbers and bulk insured abundance of food for his arch enemy, the sabre-toothed tiger.

The wolf was much like our wolf, as large as the largest known timber-wolf. There were other species no larger than the present coyotes.



A TRAGEDY OF BIRD LIFE

A swallow attempted to "skim" the water of a tar-spring, but was deceived—it was tar instead and its fate was sealed. Now in Sciences and Arts Museum, Los Angeles High School.

Another great animal was the American ox, sometimes called buffalo, which, however, he resembled only in a general way. Several complete skulls, with horns and teeth in place, have been removed. One of them is supposed to be the largest in existence and is valued at a thousand dollars.

The horse, judged by his remains, was like ours, but larger and clumsier. He was certainly in the final stage of evolution, for he was of the single-toed variety. The geological term was too recent for the two-toed species. He was not the ancestor of our horse, for he became extinct upon this continent so long before the advent

of the white man that the Indian had not even a tradition of him. In one spot a horse's skull was found under the pelvis of a sloth, showing that he must have been as old in America as the sloth. It may not be amiss to remark that horse ancestry dates back two million years.

The ordinary crushing and flattening that fossils have usually undergone have been in this case obviated by the lighter weight upon them, by the flexibility of the asphaltum matrix and by the evenness with which it has been forced into every bone cavity and curve. Several bones show marks of teeth where they have been gnawed, and others are charred by fire.


Great store is set upon this find and its value to the scientific world by the scientists of Los Angeles. Preparations are on foot for the establishment of a museum in which every animal found in the old Brea Pit shall be set up. Meantime Professor Gilbert is preparing an exchange list to be sent to other museums and he will be glad to answer by mail questions of those scientifically interested.

Los Angeles.



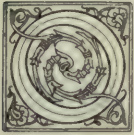
PROF. GILBERT EXAMINING A SABRE-TOOTH TIGER SKULL





*The* **SEQUOYA LEAGUE**  
(INCORPORATED)  
TO MAKE BETTER INDIANS

*Se-quo-ya, the American Cadmus" (born 1771, died 1842), was the only Indian that ever invented a written language. The League takes its title from this great Cherokee, for whom, also, science has named ("Sequoias") the hugest trees in the world, the giant Redwoods of California.*



SINCE set the wheels in motion and it is easy to keep them going. That ancient deadly inertia as to the welfare of the invisible Indian—hidden from sight in his remote reservation—has been overcome and the work of reform goes on steadily.

There is a gratifying change in the administration of Indian affairs from Washington. The "Indian Office" is being freed a little from the network of red tape in which it has been strangled. Mr. Kelsey, the Special Commissioner for California, has been doing notable work in straightening things out in both the Northern and Southern divisions of the State.

Next to the purchase of additional lands to extend the inadequate Indian reservations, is the vital subject of water for irrigating these lands. The present attitude of the Department is the very sensible one of putting the Indians in a position where they can become independent of governmental or private charity, by labor on their own fields.

Here follow extracts from a report concerning this work, made by Mr. C. R. Olberg, Superintendent of Irrigation, given for the especial information of the members of the Sequoya League and any others who are interested. This will show how thoroughgoing the government work is being made

Sir:—The office of the Chief Engineer, Indian Service, at Los Angeles, among other duties, has the direct supervision of irrigation work on the Southern California reservations. The cost of this supervision, together with the cost of all surveys and other engineering work conducted during the fiscal year 1909 on the Southern California reservations, amounts to \$4,712.76.

Surveys were made during the year on the Rincon, Santa Ynez, and San Manuel reservations, to determine the practicability of increasing their water supply, but no construction work was recommended for the coming fiscal year on these reservations, owing to the limited amount of money available.



SITE OF PUMPING PLANT, SABOBA RESEBATION

Investigations in reference to irrigation were also made on the Twenty-nine Palms and Mission Creek reservations, and a large amount of engineering work was done in connection with construction on the reservations on which such work was in progress. A brief statement of the nature and cost of this work follows:

*Pechanga Reservation.*

During the year three twelve-inch wells were drilled, and three wind-mills and tanks erected, to supply this reservation with water for domestic purposes, at a cost of \$4,047.50. Two of the wells furnish an ample supply of water, but the one located at the school proved a disappointment, as it cost as much as both the others, and furnished barely sufficient water for drinking purposes, although it was drilled to a depth of 301 feet. The situation was aggravated by the caving in of the old dug well which previously furnished a scant supply for the school. It is the intention, during the coming year, to increase the supply for domestic purposes by piping water to the school from one of the other wells.



ARTESIAN WELL ON MARTINEZ RESERVATION

*Campo Reservation.*

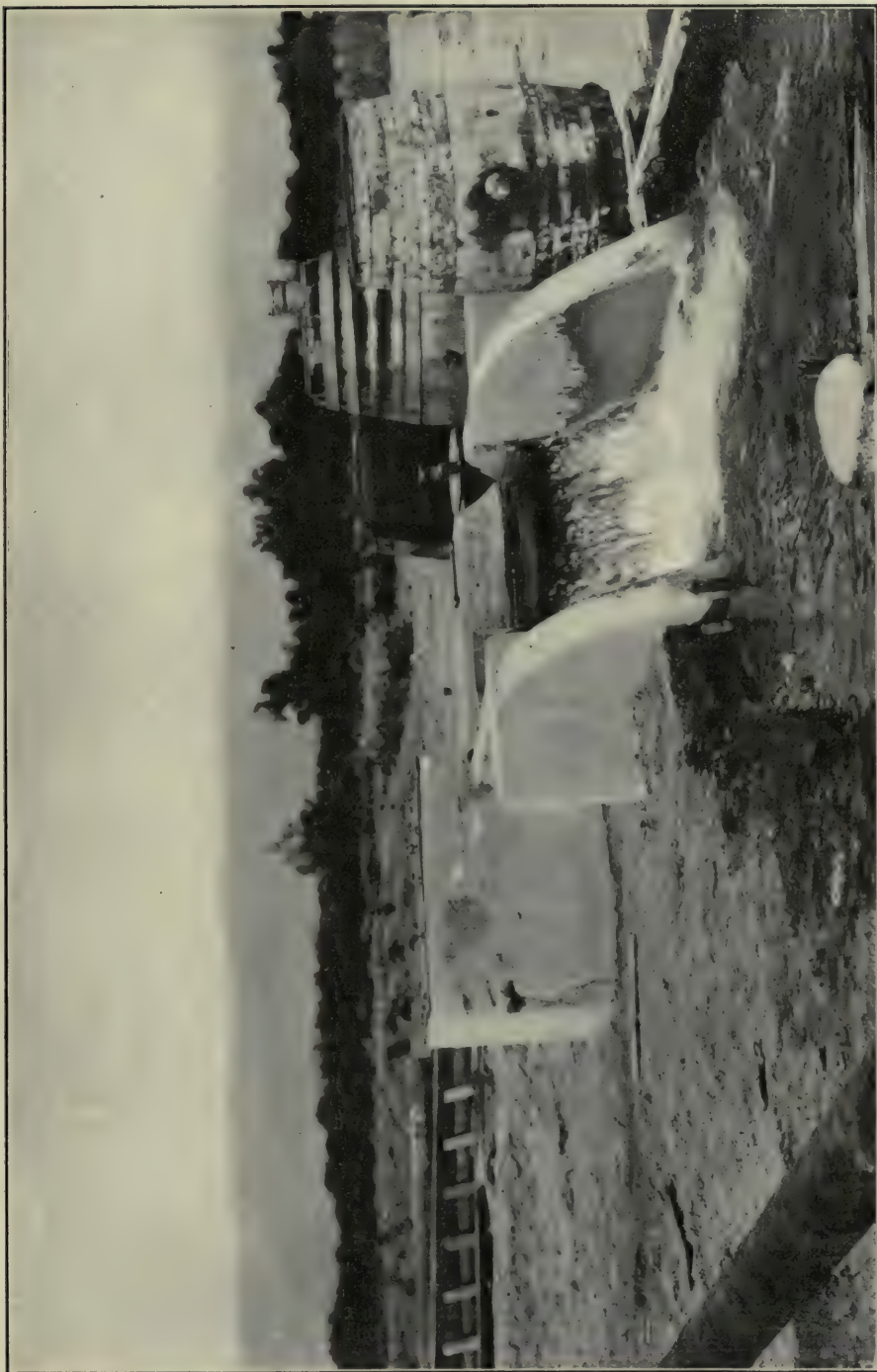
This reservation lies near the summit of the mountain about sixty-five miles east of San Diego, and consists of several sections of land chiefly valuable for grazing purposes, which were recently set aside for the Campo Indians. It is watered by several small creeks, many of which disappear during the dry season. One with a low-water flow of approximately twelve California inches was used during the past year to irrigate about fifty acres of land. A small earth dam eighty-one feet in length, with an ample spillway, was constructed to store sufficient water for an irrigation head; and 2000 feet of steel pipe line, provided with several outlet valves, was laid. The cost of the work was \$1,093.09.

*Morongo Reservation.*

This reservation comprises a large body of land lying about six miles east of Banning, Cal. It is watered by Potrero Creek, the low-water flow of which is about sixty-five California inches, sufficient for about 300 acres of land.

As there are over 1200 acres of excellent irrigable land on the reservation, it was imperative that the water supply be increased, and it was decided to construct an infiltration gallery or tunnel, 700 feet in length, in the bed of





DISTRIBUTION BOX, CABEZON RESERVATION, SHOWING FLOW OF WATER



INDIANS AT WORK ON RESERVATION

Potrero Creek, to develop the large underground flow. The tunnel is six feet in height, four feet wide on the bottom and three feet on the top, and is timbered and lagged throughout.

The amount of water developed is seventy California inches, which will probably be materially increased by the completion of the tunnel during the coming fiscal year.

To prevent waste through seepage and evaporation, work was commenced on a cement pipe-distribution system. During the year about 9000 feet of ten-inch and 3000 feet of twelve-inch cement pipe were manufactured by the Indians, and 6000 feet of ten-inch and 2000 feet of twelve-inch cement pipe line were practically completed.

The cost of the tunnel and pipe-line construction for the fiscal year 1909 is \$10,006.88.

To continue the work on the Morongo reservation during the fiscal year 1910, \$7000 has been apportioned.

#### *Agua Caliente Reservation.*

This reservation lies about six miles south of Palm Springs Station, in the desert, and adjoins the village of Palm Springs. Both the Indians and the whites obtain their water for domestic purposes from Taquitz cañon, the low-water flow of which approximates about forty-five California inches.

A ditch at present extends from the mouth of the cañon to the reservation, but in the low-water season the loss through seepage and evaporation is so great that the flow disappears before reaching the Indian land. It is planned to construct a cement pipe-line about two miles in length from the mouth of the cañon, to cover the Indian land; but as there is a question as regards the respective rights of the Indians and whites to the water, no construction work was undertaken, pending settlement.

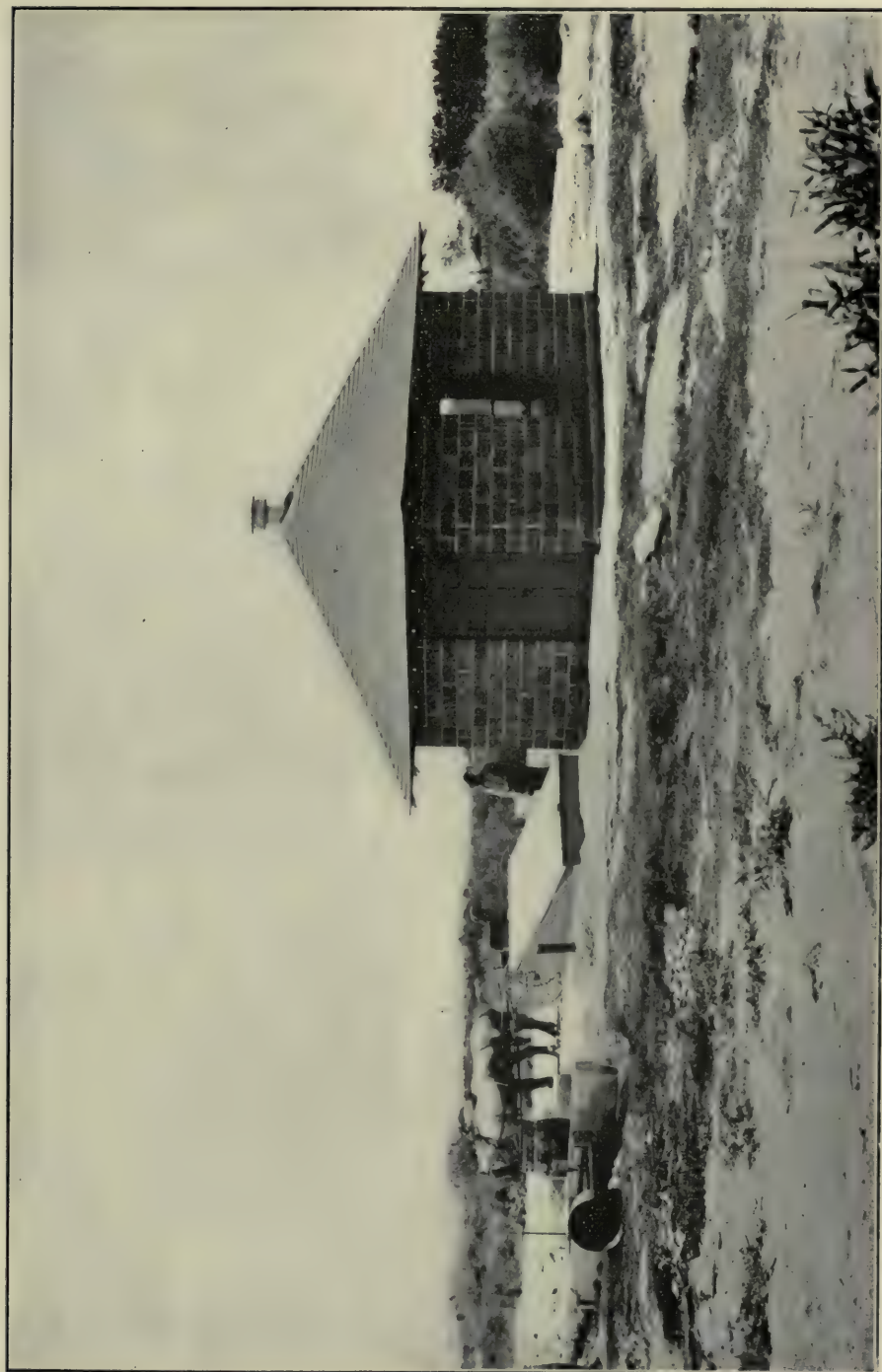
During the year about 400 feet of trench was excavated, and 3000 feet of cement pipe manufactured, at a cost of \$894.77.

#### *Garden of Eden.*

This reservation lies about three miles south of Agua Caliente reservation, and embraces the Barney ranch, which, together with the right to the low-water flow of Andreas cañon, was purchased for the benefit of the Indians. An eight-inch steel pipe about two miles in length, constructed by the previous owners, conveys the water over a rocky talus slope lying at the mouth of the cañon, to the ranch. The land covered by this line is practically all sand, and is too porous to be successfully irrigated in that climate.

During the year a ten-inch cement pipe-line 5000 feet in length was laid from the foot of the talus slope, so as to cover the large body of fair agricultural land lying along the base of the mountain.





NEW PUMPING PLANT, AUGUSTIN RESERVATION

The area of land that can be successfully irrigated depends upon the low-water flow of Andreas cañon, which approximates about forty-five California inches. This should supply about 180 acres of land. As the capacity of the pipe-line is considerably in excess of the low-water flow, some of the flood-water can be efficiently used.

The cost of the work for the year is \$2,493.51.

The total amount spent on the two reservations, including camp equipment and cement on hand, is \$5,250.38. Four thousand dollars has been set aside to continue the work on both the reservations during the fiscal year 1910.

#### *Martinez and Torres Reservations.*

These reservations consist of several sections of land lying from eight to ten miles south of Thermal, Cal. They are situated in the artesian belt, and during the year sixteen artesian wells varying from 350 to 450 feet in depth, were drilled at regular intervals over the irrigable lands of the reservations. The total amount of water developed was 179.96 California inches, which should irrigate about 700 acres of land, provided the water is used economically. The cost of the flow\* was \$4,956.64, or \$27.60 per California inch of water.



PLANT FOR MAKING PIPE, GARDEN OF EDEN RESERVATION

#### *Cabazon Reservation.*

This reservation is located near the town of Coachella, Cal., and is partially supplied with water by means of a small pumping plant installed several years ago. During the past fiscal year this plant was enlarged and remodeled. A third 7  $\frac{5}{8}$ -inch well, 176 feet in depth, was added to the original battery. The old four-inch horizontal centrifugal pump was replaced by a five-inch pump of the same type. The old pump-pit was deepened, and the wooden lining replaced by concrete. The old frame engine house was replaced by a small permanent structure of cement blocks. A distribution system, consisting of three lines of twelve-inch cement pipe, totaling 4000 feet in length, was laid out, and 2100 feet constructed.

The new plant furnishes about double the amount of water delivered by the original plant, and should provide sufficient water for 140 additional acres of land.

The cost of the work, including the cost of the pipe-line, was \$3,001.53.

#### *Augustine Reservation.*

This reservation lies about five miles southwest of Coachella and, like Cabazon reservation, was provided with a small pumping plant in poor repair. This plant was also enlarged and remodeled in a similar manner to that on Cabazon reservation, with the exception that two additional wells were drilled, and only 350 feet of twelve-inch cement pipe-line laid.

The new plant furnishes more than double the quantity of water formerly obtained, and will provide for the irrigation of 120 acres additional.

The cost of the work was \$2,330.20.



*Section 30.*

This reservation, lying two miles east of Coachella, has so recently been reserved by the Department, for the benefit of the Twenty-nine Palms Indians residing near that town, that it is without a name. It is also without water; and a pumping plant is necessary to furnish it for both domestic and irrigation purposes.

Drilling was commenced on a twelve-inch well late in the fiscal year. When the work closed down at the end of June, the well had been drilled to a depth of 710 feet without obtaining an adequate supply of water. When the funds of the new fiscal year become available, work will be resumed, as there is every indication that a good water-bearing stratum will be penetrated within the next 200 or 300 feet.

The cost of the well to date is \$2,445.65.

The total amount of money spent on the Indian reservations in the vicinity of Thermal and Coachella during the past fiscal year amounted to \$13,113.90; and the sum of \$6000 has been set aside to continue the work during the coming fiscal year.

*Saboba Reservation.*

This reservation is located near San Jacinto, Cal. It has about 300 acres



INDIANS WORKING ON DITCH, SABOBA DESERVATION

of irrigable land lying along the San Jacinto river, which were subject to overflow during periods of high water. About 100 acres of this land is partially supplied with water by means of an earth ditch heading in a small reservoir constructed by the Indians, which collected the discharge of several small springs. The Saboba school was also poorly supplied with water for domestic purposes.

To protect the irrigable lands from floods, a dike or levee was constructed along the San Jacinto river. This dike is 7200 feet in length; and during the year all but 1500 feet was completed.

A pumping plant was partially installed to provide water for irrigation purposes. The plant consists of three twelve-inch wells, averaging 240 feet in depth; a twenty-horsepower distillate engine, and a No. 6 horizontal centrifugal pump.

The pump-pit and well manholes are of concrete, and the engine is installed in a small rustic house to conform with the other buildings on the reservation. The plant is permanent and modern, and should furnish efficient service for a number of years.

The amount of water developed is 119 California inches, which should supply about 300 acres of land.

A smaller pumping plant was installed at the school to furnish water for

domestic and fire purposes, and to irrigate the school grounds. The amount of water developed is ten California inches, which is sufficient to supply all needs.

The reservoir was also enlarged, and rough rubble masonry outlet gates partly completed.

The cost of the work for the fiscal year was \$10,008.26. To complete the work and to construct small cement pipe line, \$3000 has been apportioned to this reservation for the fiscal year 1910.

#### SUMMARY.

The total amount of money spent on the Southern California reservations during the fiscal year 1909 for irrigation purposes was \$42,539.26. A large amount of this was paid directly to the Indians for both common and skilled labor, as it is the policy of the Office to use the Indians wherever possible. By this method the amount expended for the benefit of the Indians is made to do double duty, as it not only makes it possible for them to become self-supporting on their reservations, but gives them present employment.

It is the desire of the office to complete the work at present in process of construction before commencing other work. For this purpose the sum of \$20,000 has been apportioned to continue the work on the above reservations for the fiscal year 1910. It is hoped that with the completion of this work these Indians will be able to make a comfortable living on the reservations, and it is assured that they will have equal opportunities with their white neighbors.

Very respectfully,

C. R. OLBERG,

Superintendent of Irrigation.

Every now and then a valued correspondent, stirred by the obvious, asks as to the condition of the San Manuel Indians—that little remnant of a Mission band crowded back against the granite refractor of the Sierra Madre, behind the Insane Asylum at Highland.

The past history of this, as of other Mission Indian bands, is hardly worth recalling specifically. It is all one sorry chapter where "false in one, false in all," applies to our dealings with the original Californians.

There was a time when it paid to fight, and to be bitter, and to recall the "Century of Dishonor." It hardly pays now, because the attitude of the government and of the American people as a whole has entirely changed. It is neither equitable, nor polite, nor good business sense to taunt the present generation, even of office-holders, too much with the sins of their fathers. The time has come when co-operation and collaboration and helpfulness as between the public and the Indian department and the Indians, are the only cue for us to take.

As to the actual condition of the San Manuel Indians at present, the latest information is gratifying. True, these Indians have not all they ought to have. True, also, they will never get all they ought to have. True, also, that according to the standards we apply to one another, they could not earn nor keep the heritage that was theirs when California was free for the picking. We ourselves cannot hold our homes unless we pay our taxes. Nobody can hold land permanently in the United States who cannot somewhat comply with civilization. The treating of the Indians as wards and minors, and putting it beyond their power to alienate their holdings for a certain time, is necessary and right; but it is only an expedient to enable them to grow up and to manage their own affairs without a guardian.

The following statement is official and accurate.



"It is quite true that the Indians fared rather poorly as to land when the government got around to give them title; and the section line, as usual, just missed taking in their graveyard, some houses and improvements to their reservation. It also excluded all good land. The reservation is barren, worthless and without sufficient water supply. There are a couple of small springs which the Irrigation Service expects to develop before long. We have bought [*"we"* means the Special Agent of the California Indians, appointed and maintained by the Government, after a long campaign by the Sequoia League] thirteen and a half acres of land adjoining the reservation. This included the Indian graveyard and a small orange orchard and three or four houses. Five and a half acres of the land is below the main Bear Valley ditch, and is land of the best value. It is the garden land from which the Indians were ejected some years ago. I have also secured authority to buy forty shares of water stock in the Bear Valley Mutual Water Co. The stock is deposited in a Redlands bank for transfer upon payment of the purchase price. This I expect to be able to do before December 1st. The forty shares will be fully sufficient for the needs of the Indians. There is a possibility of adding some other vacant land for which this water supply will also suffice.

"The liquor law has been much better enforced for the last year or two, but the Indians are doubtless, not entirely without *'Comfort.'* There are always *'white'* people to sell it to them.

"In the matter of work, none of our Southern California Indians are better placed. The surrounding Highland orange district furnishes work at good prices for the Indians, and I do not think they suffer physically as so many of our Indians do.

"Two more surveying crews are going into the field in Southern California this month to survey Indian boundaries; and we hope to have all the lines finished this year."



PLANT FOR MAKING CEMENT PIPE, CABEZON AND AUGUSTIN RESERVATIONS

# Music ✦ Literature Drama ✦ Art



THE work of the Gamut Club is fast making Los Angeles the musical and artistic centre of the West—of America, some are beginning to say. There are good reasons. Mr. Charles Farwell Edson is going to mention a few in an early number of *OUT WEST*.

Harry Girard and George Broadhurst (the Gamut Club's youngest honorary member) will produce a clever musical comedy in January, the work of local men, Sidle Lawrence and Walter H. Nicholls. The scene is laid in Engelsburg, which might *almost* be translated "City of the Angels," and some of our most prominent "cherubs" (in office and out) are to be brought before the footlights in "The Leaders of the Band." The sparkling show will have a four-nights run, January 5, 6, 7, 8, at the Gamut Club Theatre, 1044 South Hope street.

---

Granville Redmond was born in Philadelphia on March 9, 1871. He was educated in the California Institution for Education of Deaf and Dumb, and graduated June 10, 1890. During the same period he studied art, and received honorable mention and the W. E. Brown gold medal for best study from life at the San Francisco Art Association. He entered the Julian Academy and studied under Benjamin Constant and Jean Paul Laurens. He exhibited at the Paris Salon



EARLY MORNING  
Granville Redmond



in 1894, and at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, St. Louis, in 1904. Some of the best work of this remarkable man, whose early art education was in a California institution, is now exhibited at the Kanst Gallery on South Spring street. It is part of the finest collection of contemporary American paintings in the United States. This collection will be reviewed at length in a later number of *OUR WEST*.

---

### MUSICAL CALENDAR.

Fritz Kreisler, violin recital, Thursday evening, December 30th, at Simpson Auditorium, with a program replete in violin compositions. Fourth event Great Philharmonic Course.

Second violin recital by Fritz Kreisler in Simpson Auditorium, January 4th. Tickets for both events on sale at the Bartlett Music Company.

Friday afternoon, January 7th, in The Temple Auditorium, the third concert by the Los Angeles Symphony Orchestra. Mr. Arnold Krauss, concert master, as soloist.

Monday evening, January 10th, in Blanchard Hall, Georg Kreuger, well known pianist from Berlin, will give his initial concert in this city.

Friday evening, January 14th, in the same hall, Mary Le Grand Reed, American soprano, will be heard in recital. This talented woman is a pupil of Jean de Reszke and Marchesi of Paris, and is one of the valuable acquisitions to the Southern California musical colony.

Friday evening, January 21st, in Blanchard Hall, Herr Ignzae Haroldi, violinist, will be heard in concert, with Miss Mary O'Donoughue at the piano.

Tuesday evening, January 25th, will be the second appearance of the Ellis Club of this city this season in Simpson Auditorium.

Mme. Schumann-Heink's first recital in this city is scheduled for Thursday evening, January 27th, in Simpson Auditorium, while the usual Schumann-Heink matinee will be given on Saturday, the 29th, in the same auditorium.

---

Manager Blackwood, of the Belasco Theatre, has faith in Los Angeles as a producing centre, and is going to give us the first word on more than a dozen new plays by well-known American dramatists. The success of "The Dollar Mark," which had a record-breaking run in this city, is a fair indication of the fact that our public knows what it wants and has the grit to say so, without waiting for the approval of New York critics. This innovation is of more than local significance. The Great West will produce original dramatic

work, that will be different and worth while, when our playwrights can deal directly with a western public that knows and understands; a public that will not discount an idea merely because it is unfamiliar. This has happened in the past, because New York has been the artistic clearing-house for a section of the country which is out of its ken.

---

In Idah Meacham Strobbridge's latest work, the author's skill in expressing the elusive atmospheric effects of the desert is happily suggested by the title. We who know and love the big, untrodden wastes, replete with strange beauty, recognize the artist's touch, which has caught the essential color scheme in five words, "The Land of Purple Shadows." The binding is worthy of the rare literary value of the stories. It will be remembered that Mrs. Strobbridge's book bindings received the gold medal at the A.-Y.-P. Fair in 1909. Illustrated by Maynard Dixon.

---

*"The Land of Purple Shadows," Idah Meacham Strobbridge, for sale at Artemisia Bindery, 231 East Avenue 41, Los Angeles. Price, 8vo., autographed and numbered, heavy paper, \$1.75; ¾ morocco, \$6.75; full morocco, hand-bound and illuminated, \$10.00.*



FROM "THE LAND OF PURPLE SHADOWS"



## THE PEON AND THE ENGINEER

By JOSEPH B. AMES.



ELLO, kid, what's the matter?"

John Harding reined up his stocky burro and stood still on the rocky path looking at the small, brown-skinned boy, who sat on a stone by the roadside, crying softly.

The child started at the sound of his voice and shrank back, with a look of fear.

"Don't be afraid. What are you crying about?"

A second glance seemed to reassure the boy, for he stopped crying and began a halting explanation in the half-native, half-Mexican dialect of the region. He was hungry—so very hungry, and there was no one to care for him.

"Poor little shaver!" Harding said, "that's soon fixed up," and unstrapping a package which hung on his saddle, he took out a sandwich and tossed it to the child. The boy picked it up and looked wonderingly at it. He had plainly never seen a sandwich before and did not quite know what to make of it, until Harding told him it was to eat. Then he took a small bite out of one corner and chewed it reflectively. The result seemed satisfactory, and at a second bite a smile curled the corners of his mouth. Clearly the innovation was a pleasing one, and Harding went on up the path to the mine, leaving the youngster sitting on the stone and smiling at the large sandwich in his hand, which was rapidly becoming a small one.

He soon forgot the little incident, for his mind was occupied with other and more important things, so that when he dismounted in front of the tumble-down sheds which stood at the mouth of the shaft, he was surprised to find that the child had followed him and was standing a little way off, shifting awkwardly from one bare foot to the other.

"Well, Sonny," he said, surveying the ragged specimen with a quizzical smile, "haven't you had enough?"

The boy looked up at him and nodded emphatically.

"The *Señor* was so good, would he let him stay there a little while?"

"Sure you can!" Harding said, laughing, "you're easily pleased, anyway."

Then as he started to tie his mount, the child came up to him.

"Would the *Señor* let him do it?" he murmured.

Harding looked keenly down into the big brown eyes raised to his, and then put the bridle into the boy's hand without a word.

"Likely I'm a fool," he said to himself as he strode into the shed that went by the name of Engine House—"I'll bet it's some trick

of these damned *peons*, but the kid looks as though I could trust him."

There was, however, no time to give much thought to the matter, for he had a hard day's work before him; a more dense and intolerably stupid lot of men than the *peons* who were his helpers in erecting the engine and crushers, it had never been his misfortune to encounter, and before half the morning was gone, he had worked himself into a towering passion. Consequently he was not in very good humor when noon came, and he strode out of the engine room, feeling very doubtful about finding his lunch or even his burro outside. He had been a fool to trust any of these *peons*, he reflected, and the boy had doubtless made off with both long ago. He was therefore pleasantly surprised on emerging into the open air to find the animal carefully tethered and the box of lunch still intact, hanging to the saddle. The lad was squatting on the ground watching both with zealous care, and sprang up as Harding approached.

"Ah, the *Señor* at last!" he said, with a flashing smile, and then, frightened by his boldness, he looked shyly down and fingered his rags nervously. Harding opened the lunch box with a pleased laugh. He had never been the recipient of such adoration before, and it touched him.

"Well, kid," he said, "it's time for lunch, and I'm ready for it, that's a cinch. Come and sit down in the shade here."

The boy advanced timidly and in a few moments was sitting by his side, contentedly munching a sandwich.

As they sat there, Harding talked to his new friend and tried to draw out some of his history, but he could learn very little. The child seemed averse to telling anything about himself. Harding could only gather that both parents were dead and the little fellow was utterly alone.

That night, when he left his work to go home, the boy was still there and, when he mounted his burro and set out down the path, the youngster started after him. Seeing that he was not to be left behind, Harding drew rein and beckoned him to come up, and when he approached timidly, Harding, reaching down, swung him up on to the saddle in front of him.

"There you are," he said, "I'll give you a ride down, anyway."

The boy gave a little sigh as he nestled against the man's chest, and Harding felt a strange thrill as he rode along with two childish arms about his neck and the childish face pressed against the rough flannel of his shirt. He had been intolerably lonely in this God-forsaken place, and those two encircling arms savored more of love and human sympathy than anything he had yet found there. They rode along in silence, and when they reached the adobe house the



child slipped to the ground and looked up at him with a happy smile—

"I so love the *Señor!*" he exclaimed impulsively in his curious *patois*.

"I'm glad you do, kid," Harding said, as he dismounted and led the burro into a shed, "it's a pleasant change in this heathenish place. Come in and we'll have supper. I'm as hungry as a bear!"

Mrs. Vail, with whom Harding boarded, was the widow of an English surveyor who had come out in the service of the mining company three years before, and some eight months previous to this time had died of a fever, leaving his widow absolutely destitute in what she was pleased to term "this 'orrible country." Thrown upon her own resources she arranged her house for boarders and took care of all the Englishmen temporarily in the service of the company.

She bustled forward as Harding entered and then caught sight of the boy following him.

"You get out o' here," she said angrily, "I won't have any of those *peons* in my house. They're a dirty, thieving lot!"

"But this one isn't," Harding said with a smile. "He's going to have supper with me."

"You don't mean to tell me, Mr. Harding, as you're going to set with a nigger," the widow exclaimed. "Feed him outside if you want to, but don't—"

"Not a bit of it," Harding interrupted. "He's going to sit right alongside of me—come on, boy!" and taking the child by the arm, he led him over to the table.

Mrs. Vail tossed her head and sniffed in disgust, muttering something about "these Americans, who hadn't no pride," as she vanished into the kitchen.

Harding enjoyed watching the child eat and filled him up with all sorts of good things. After supper he lit his pipe and strolled out to the shed where he kept his mount. The boy watched him rubbing the animal down and then noticed the pile of clean straw in one corner. He plucked Harding by the sleeve hesitatingly—

"Would the *Señor* let him sleep on the straw?"

"No, I won't," Harding said, "you're going to sleep in my room with me."

If he had been an American boy he would have shown joy by shouting and capering about, but being only a little *peon*, he looked up into Harding's face with a delighted smile, and as they went out of the shed, slipped his hand trustingly into the man's horny palm.

About nine o'clock Harding made up a bed with some blankets and cushions on an old lounge in his room, and the child was soon com-

fortably tucked into it. When he had announced his intention of letting the boy sleep in his room, Mrs. Vail was horrified.

"You'll likely be murdered in your sleep," she exclaimed in alarm. "It's my belief they're born with a knife somewhere about 'em."

"Oh, but this little shaver's all right," Harding said good humoredly. "He wouldn't hurt a flea."

"Well, it's on your own head whatever happens," the landlady returned dubiously. "As for me, I sha'n't sleep sound while the boy's under this roof. There ain't one of them as can be trusted."

But Harding was not murdered, and Mrs. Vail piously thanked Heaven for that mercy when he appeared at breakfast next morning. At the same time she cast a frowning look upon the bone of contention, mentally putting him down as sly and shifty, for in her stolid British mind Mexicans were all alike, and it was impossible that one should be any better than another. So the little *peon* became a fixture in the house of Mrs. Vail, notwithstanding that matron's often expressed disapproval of him. He didn't care for her; it was Harding he loved, and he was never so happy as when he rode up to the mines in the morning, his arm around the man's neck, chatting freely and unrestrainedly with the only one in the world who had ever been kind to him.

One evening, some two weeks later, Harding, who was getting tired of the monotony of his life, made up his mind to go down to the little dance hall in the village. The construction of the engines was going on apace, and the natives seemed to have submitted to the inevitable, and ceased interposing obstacles as they had been doing from the first, so he thought it quite safe to venture into a place where he wouldn't have dreamed going a few weeks before.

He bade the boy good-night and strolled slowly down the village street, quite unconscious that the child was following him, well in the shadow of the trees. He walked carelessly along and more than once half made up his mind to go back and spend the evening with the boy, but having once started to do a thing, there was a streak of obstinacy in his nature which kept him to it. He answered the salutations of the *peons* who stood about the doorway of the low adobe building, and walking through the short passage, stood in the inner doorway, watching the people within. It was a motley crowd, yet there was about the scene a certain picturesqueness which seems inevitably associated with even the most squalid classes in the tropics. The men, in their spotless white shirts and brilliant sashes, danced with girls who, if they were a few shades darker than was compatible with a northerner's idea of beauty, more than made up for that by their graceful dancing and vivacious native coquetry. A fitting accompaniment to the whole, was the soft music of the guitars from one corner of the room.



As John Harding watched the gracefully gliding couples and caught more than one flashing glance from dark-eyed *señoritas*, he felt a natural desire to join the dance and looked about for a partner. Almost immediately his eyes caught those of an exceedingly pretty girl across the room, who was sitting with a Mexican on each side of her. Her black eyes immediately dropped to the fan she held in her hands, but he had noted the invitation and, regardless of consequences, he crossed the room and asked her to dance. The swarthy fellow on her right scowled and seemed disposed to resent his familiarity, but the girl sprang up with a pleased "*Si, Señor*" and, before the Mexican had time to say a word, they were gliding away in a dreamy waltz.

Harding found Nita Marquillo a very fascinating little partner indeed, and danced with her almost continually. He did not notice the scowling Mexican who stood in the doorway, his face growing darker and more forbidding each moment, nor did he know—how should he—that the girl was but playing him off against this self-same Ramon Vejos, her lover, to bring him to time and show him that he was not the only one. Harding saw in her only a pretty, graceful little creature, and gave no thought to the consequences of his monopolizing her the entire evening.

It was during one of the pauses of his attentions to the girl, that he sat by an open window, enjoying the cool breeze. Suddenly he felt a soft touch on his back, and, turning quickly, saw the pale, frightened face of his little friend appearing over the sill of the window.

"Oh, *Señor*," he gasped, "they are going to kill you. Vejos is Nita's lover and he is going to stab you. The men are all saying, 'Kill the *gringo*!' I heard them just now under the trees. Oh, what will you do?"

Harding's heart gave a leap as he heard this. He realized in a moment how helpless he was in this crowd of Mexicans and half-breeds, but saw that the only way was to carry it off with a high hand. These *peons* were naturally a cowardly lot and would take the initiative only when emboldened by numbers. So he half turned and whispered to the boy:

"Don't be afraid, little one, I'll come out of it all right. Which is Ramon Vejos?"

"The one to the right of the door. Oh, *Señor*, I am so frightened for you!"

And Harding felt the soft lips of the child pressed against his hand as he rose from the bench and sauntered across the room.

Vejos was standing with a companion when Harding came up, his hand on his hip.

"So you're making a brag that you're going to stab me, are you?"

he said to the scowling Mexican. "I guess you'd better not try. Ah, no you don't! Drop that knife! Take that—you damned black-faced scoundrel!"

A pistol shot rang out sharp and clear and, with a groan, Vejos collapsed in a heap in front of his companion, the stiletto he had drawn rattling on the floor at Harding's feet. Instantly the place was in an uproar. The shrieks of the women mingled with the shouts of the men crying:

"Kill the American! Stab him! Don't let him get away!" With murder in their eyes, they crowded toward Harding, who stood against the wall, his pistol leveled at the advancing throng. Suddenly a woman dashed through the mob and threw herself between Harding and his assailants. It was Nita, her eyes shining with excitement, her breath coming and going in gasps.

"Don't touch him," she cried. "Vejos began it. He would have stabbed him. I saw it all."

The crowd stopped, irresolute, at this unlooked-for interruption, and Nita whispered without turning her head:

"The door! Quick!"

Without an instant's pause, Harding dashed through the doorway and, before the Mexicans had recovered from their surprise, he was outside the building and running swiftly up the road toward the Widow Vail's house with the crowd trailing out of the dance-hall in pursuit, yelling like fiends. He had not gone far when the slight figure of the boy jumped out of the trees and ran by his side. Without a word, Harding caught him up in his arms and continued the flight. The tears were streaming down the child's face, but he was trying valiantly to strangle his sobs, and putting his arm around the man's neck, lay quiet.

Harding ran on, scarcely seeming to notice the added weight, while the cursing *peons* behind kept up the pursuit and seemed to be gaining at every step. Harding knew this, and did his best to make the most of the start he had. He knew, also, that the stout door and wooden shutters of the house would withstand a siege, and if he could only reach it, he should feel quite safe.

On they sped. Harding was panting under his burden, and the yells of the pursuers seemed to come nearer and nearer.

Suddenly he felt a thud against his back and the child uttered a stifled cry.

"Are you hurt, kid?" he panted.

"No, *Señor*," sobbed the child through his clenched teeth, and Harding stumbled on up the steep path which led to the widow's door.

Mrs. Vail, roused by the yelling, stood in the doorway and, as



he staggered up the slope and fell into the house, she slammed the heavy oaken door in the faces of his pursuers and shot the bolt.

The Mexicans beat furiously upon it with their revolvers and knives, but Harding paid no attention to them, for he had just noticed that the body of the child lay limp and inert in his arms. He was startled by a cry from Mrs. Vail, who had lighted a candle. She was pointing at the boy's arm which had been about Harding's neck. Now it hung helplessly down against his back.

Laying the child carefully on a settle, he gave a hoarse cry of pity and pain, as he saw stuck fast in the fleshy part of the boy's fore-arm, an ugly Mexican knife which had been thrown with unerring aim by one of the pursuing half-breeds and would have pierced his own neck but for that little protecting arm. With moistened eyes, as he thought of the lad's stoical bravery, he dropped on his knees beside the settle and took the wounded arm tenderly in his hand. He drew out the knife with some difficulty, for it was stuck fast in the bone, and then deftly bound up the gash with some bandages which Mrs. Vail put into his hands.

He sprinkled some water on the lad's face, and in a moment the great brown eyes opened. Then, almost as quickly as the consciousness, there sprang into them a terrified hunted look. Harding slid one big muscular arm under the little fellow's head and drew it down against his own shoulder.

"It's all right, old fellow," he said with a quiver in his voice, "we got away—and you've saved my life!"

"Well," said Mrs. Vail next morning when Harding had finished telling the story, "I'm bound to say there is some good in that boy after all, though it is only the exception that proves the rule. But I must say, Mr. Harding," she continued severely, "you were very careless going into a place like that and stirring up a row. Don't never start nothin' wot you can't finish!—that's what Vail used to say, poor man!"

"I know it was a foolish thing to do," he answered sheepishly, "but I didn't think it would end that way. However," he added, "the engines will be up in a couple of days, and then I'll be off for Mexico City."

"And what are you going to do with the boy?" the widow asked.

"He goes with me," Harding said firmly.

"Well, I don't know but you're right," returned Mrs. Vail, resignedly. "I must say I'm sorry you're going; a pleasanter spoken man I never boarded, and I shall miss you—to say nothing of the rent you pay," she added apologetically; "you know it's all I've got to depend on."

"Oh, you'll get someone else," Harding said. "I heard yesterday

at the mines that two young men were coming over—you want to get hold of them.”

Mrs. Vail went about her duties somewhat cheered, but more than once that day she furtively wiped a tear from her eyes and after supper she presented the little *peon* with a large and beautifully pink cake, which she had made herself, as a peace offering. Three days later, Harding set out for the City of Mexico with two pack mules and a guide following his own burro, while another mouse-colored animal at his side carried the little *peon*—his right arm bandaged and in splints, but a radiant smile on his face as he looked up at the only friend he had in the world.

---

## THE PASSING OF THE WARDERS

By LILLIAN H. SHUEY.

THERE are the stately warders,  
Grand and majestic all,  
That kept the courts of the rivers  
And the sweet-voiced waterfall?

I see but the forms dishonored,  
Where the woeful struggle has been  
Between the lords of the forest  
And the traitorous sons of men.

The ridges are hot and barren,  
The river is lost from its bed,  
And the wind in the lonely passes  
Keeps moaning a plaint for the dead.

Down where the lilies are dying,  
Where beauty her bower has kept,  
Lie the stagnant pools and the driftwood  
Where the wrath of the flood has swept.

Gone is the sheltering forest,  
Where the spirit of Time's old morn  
Came and commingled its legends  
With the visions of years unborn.

Thou art weighed and wanting, O Nation!  
The writing is seen on the wall;  
With the death of the life-giving forests  
The kingdoms of men will fall.

Oakland, Cal.



## THE FABULOUS

By R. C. PITZER.

### CHAPTER X.

OVER THE RIVER.



LUKE was awakened the next morning by a rattle at his window, and he sat up in bed to see Smudge's face peering in at him. Smudge nodded, lifted the sash a trifle higher, and wormed into the room.

"Thought I'd better let you see who I was before I started in," the boy said, "or you might 'a' leaded me down. Mornin'. Say, you're a warm member, you are; didn't you know I wanted to chew the rag with you last night?"

Luke dug his fists into his eyes. "What's up?" he asked.

"Not you, anyway; that's a cinch. But I reckon Scam is. That's why I came in the front window. You're a warm member," Smudge repeated, sitting on the edge of the bed and coolly rolling himself a cigarette. "Seems to me that yesterday afternoon you offered me five bones to trot along behind Scam and that horse-thief friend of Dow's, Greasy Pickett, and see what they was up to. Kind-a forgot all about 'em after supper? Why, I kept trottin' into that there lib'ary of Miss Coon's about wunst every ten minutes, an' about wunst every fifteen minutes she'd take time to fire me out on a' errand or send me to bed. Books? Say, if there's a book in Ameriky you two didn't talk about an' go into spasms over, it ain't a remarkable book. Couldn't you see me wagglin' my finger at you? I wanted you to shake Miss Coon an' come out an' let me earn them five bones. You're a lulu, you are!"

"Oh! That's why you were eternally trotting into the library?" Luke exclaimed in wonder. "I forgot all about asking you to watch Pickett. Miss June and I have much the same tastes in literature. It was a great treat to talk with her." Luke was broad awake now, and he grinned at the boy amusedly. "You rather reminded me of a stubborn house-dog, trotting back that way every time Miss June sent you out. Why didn't you tell me there? It doesn't matter whether Miss June hears or not."

Smudge pursed his lips. "Talk about thieves!" he said, admiringly; "you two 're thick as mud. I never did see Miss Coon take to a guy like she's took to you. But I didn't reckon you'd be tellin' her about losin' the letter an' lettin' Dow an' Pickett an' that bunch read it, an' try to sell it to Scam. Yeh, I know about the letter. Want to learn now what I heard, 'r are you too blame much in love to do bus'ness?"

"You're impertinent," Luke snapped. "Miss Downing and I happen to have a few ideas and tastes in common; that's all."

"Yeh?" Smudge grinned. "I was in love wunst. Them's hell—

common tastes and ideas are. 'Specially when they get *uncommon*. I went to bed about midnight, an' you was most uncommonly discussin' common tastes an' readin' po'try at each other then."

"Cut it out," Luke advised, as he began to dress. "You're intolerable."

Smudge's grin faded, and he stood up. "Say, Mr. Winne," he said, no longer with facetious worldliness, "I was only kidding. Don't get sore. Why, I think more of Miss Coon than maybe you do. But I see when she's hit. I just wanted to be friends."

"Do you think—?" Luke did not finish the query, but his face glowed, and he impulsively caught Smudge's hand.

"Oh, sure!" said the boy. "But, say, it ain't no excuse for takin' my arm out. What was your deal with Scam?" he continued, resuming his seat. "I reckon it's off, if you an' Miss Coon are talkin' prayer-books."

Luke pulled on his city shoes. "What did you find out about Pickett?" he asked. "Did you hear any of the talk?"

"Think I'm throwin' up a chance to earn five bones? When them fellers waltzed off that way, and you turned to me and says, 'Smudge, I'd give a "V" to know what's eatin' them two,' why, then I naturally took a sneak down the hill, got alongside the river an' ambushed myself in a gopher hole. Bye an' bye, Scam an' Pickett come along, Scam walkin' beside Greasy's horse, an' both men talkin' medicine. I didn't hear very much, only Pickett kept tellin' Scam that he'd just got to see Dow, or Dow 'd make trouble. An' Scam kept yappin' that he'd see Dow to hell-en-gone before he'd have anything more to do with him. What sort of a letter was it that Dow got from you?"

"A business letter. He stole it from his father as much as from me."

"Well, now, that's what comes of jumpin' at conclusions." Smudge shook his head in disapproval at himself. "Can't guess what I thought it was? I sized it up as a love letter from Miss Coon to you, an' I thought Dow was goin' to get busy with it, maybe Scam, too."

"You seem to have made up your mind that Miss June and I met, saw, and succumbed," Luke laughed. "It's not that bad, my boy. It takes more than a day to break the ice of acquaintanceship, to say nothing of falling in love."

"Ice is a measly thing to monkey with," Smudge philosophised. "It's easy to say it takes a long time to break through, but I've gone skatin', myself. Anyhow, I sure got sore on Dow an' them two spiellers, an' I came home decidin' not to do no reportin' to you till later. So about dark I hid out by the river again, an' bye an' bye some dark horse of a man come snoopin' past—spyin' out the



lay of the land, it seemed to me. He hiked before I could see his face, and then Scam went gallopin' along; goin' off to meet Dow like he said he wouldn't. But I knew he would, because he cussed Dow too hearty. I could see he wanted that letter the worst way. Then when Scam crossed the river, I came up to tell you about it. An' blame me! there you two set in the lib'ary, an' there you kept settin'. Thinkin' you had let Dow get his paws on a letter of Miss Coon's, I wasn't sayin' nothin', but I figured that Scam would buy that there thing and pass it on to Mrs. Downing, in order to queer you, maybe. Got kind-a puzzled myself, though I kin see through a brick wall as far as most people can. An' there you set, lookin' in Miss Coon's eyes an' talkin' moon-talk; an' there she set, lookin' in your eyes an' talkin' blue fire; an' there I stood in the door, an' come back an' stood in the door, till I got so sleepy I could 'a' snored in the river. An' all because you forgot you was alive!"

"Scammel is here now?" Luke asked as he fastened his collar.

"Yeh, sure! But I thought I heard you talkin' of takin' the trail this morning? Them city togs ain't exactly the style for prospectin', if you're a prospector."

"I think I'll wait over a day and rest up," Luke returned, with affected carelessness. "I'm not feeling very well. The ride over was too hard on me." He went out, humming, and Smudge's weazen face was one wrinkled grin of sympathetic amusement as he followed.

They were at the breakfast table with Mrs. Downing and June when Scammel entered.

"Not dressed for the trail?" he asked Luke.

"No; I am quite worn out. I tried to see you last night, to propose a postponement for a day, as the ladies have kindly asked me to lay over and get rested; but you were out somewhere. One day more won't matter, will it?"

Scammel shook his head. "Couldn't go to-day, anyhow," he said. "I've got to straighten out my work first. Got too enthusiastic yesterday and forgot a heap of things that have to be done. Take it easy. We'll be able to trail faster to-morrow."

Luke's eyes met June's across the table, and she slightly lifted her eyebrows. But nothing more was said on the subject, and, after breakfast, the two young persons went for a morning gallop down Saw River.

During the ride, Luke repeated Smudge's report.

"And that's who the fat man is?" June marveled. "Without a doubt he and his leader are here to prey on the prospectors. The two of them had a very bad reputation, as you must know, even before the Kettleton trouble. But so have prospectors, as far as that is concerned, and the gun-men, as we call them up here, may meet their match at some boomers' camp. Yet I really don't suppose

these men are concerned about the mine. They have other fish to fry. They couldn't carry off the gulch, and they're too badly wanted to dare stay in one place any length of time. They will get what horses and money they can, no doubt, and then ride north into the Leather Pants country, where they may split up and drive their herds unobtrusively away. Probably Dow merely used this Pickett as a messenger."

"That's what I guessed. Dow read the letter, learned that he did not have the map, but that the map is numbered, and of course he learned, too, that the number 9 on the map indicates the position of the Fabulous. The letter as it stood was useless, so I think he wanted to meet his father in order to hatch some sort of a compromise. At a guess, he proposed that Scammel should see the map and furnish the missing clue, and then that the two of them should take up the ground and freeze me out. The question is: What did Scammel do? He has seen the map. If Dow has told him the real number, my partner knows I was either mistaken or very suspicious of him, and he would certainly be in a position to drop me out of the deal if he wishes to. Then, again, if he told Dow the number I made him think indicated the mine, Dow could easily have proved that it is not the correct one. You have the map, but Scammel has it in his head."

"Mr. Scammel's decision not to leave to-day looks as if he were trying to negotiate a compromise with Downing," June reflected. "But, really, what bothers me is that each man is fighting to get the best of the others, or, at least, to prevent himself from being beaten. And you all are suspicious of everybody you see! It seems to me that the one thing for you to do is to go directly to Mr. Scammel and tell him the position of the mine. He can learn it now without your help. If he is honest, you and he may go up Cub Creek and try to find the property. If he is dishonest, you are beaten, no matter what you do."

"I don't know about that," Luke grated. "What's to prevent me from saddling and riding up Cub this afternoon with Smudge, say, and staking the claim for myself?"

June turned, looking at him challengingly. "You yourself!" she said. "You know you wouldn't do that unless it were proven that Mr. Scammel had betrayed you. You would be the very man you fear he is. But we're not out here to worry ourselves to death, are we? Make up your mind to confide in your partner before it's too late. And in the meantime, see if you can beat me to the river."

Their horses sprang away with a clatter, and Luke abandoned himself to the full witchery of June's companionship, June's coquetry, June's valley and mountains, and June's liquored morning air; for to him everything seemed either June or June's.



Scammel was not at the ranch when they returned. Luke did not even worry. The Fabulous Mine seemed a very small matter; June's books were of much more importance. Of tremendous import was the long walk they took together in the evening; and when Luke finally bid her good-night and stumbled off to his room, he had a vivid recollection of what seemed, in the retrospect, the shortest day of his life, but one filled by a century-long conversation with June Downing—June only—and Scammel had quite faded from his mind. He had not seen him since breakfast, but if he had been asked he could not have truthfully answered whether he had or not.

If Luke's rest were broken by a new lover's budding rhapsodies of thought, he was none the worse for it; and his cheeks were boyishly clear as he came upon the verandah for a breath of early air, and for a look at the hypnotic mountains. The waking sun was invisible, and a gray cloud blurred the sky, while the sharp air was quite Eastern in its biting rigor. The day before, June had told Luke that it was customary for her to take a short walk directly after rising, and perhaps the thought of possibly seeing her had more effect in awaking him and bringing him out into the morning than a desire for either the morning itself or for the mountains.

After vainly searching the grove with his eyes, Luke stepped from the verandah into the pines, and slowly walked down the roadway. He had proceeded but a short distance when, through the tree trunks on the edge of the slope, he saw a horseman receding. On the farther side of the animal some one was walking. Luke turned from the road and went toward the two persons, while, at the sound of his unexpected approach, the rider suddenly turned, glanced swiftly at the intruder, and before Luke could advance near enough to see the face distinctly, turned and galloped away, lifting his hat as he left his companion. June was disclosed beyond the horse.

"You are in your hill uniform again," she said, when Luke joined her. "Then you've made up your mind at last?"

"Yes, or you made it up for me." Luke nodded toward where the horseman had vanished beyond the grove. "A stranger?" he asked. "The prospectors are becoming pretty thick."

"No. There are many of them on the Kettleton trail, however. You will leave to-day, I suppose?"

"It depends on Scammel. I'm going to tell him that I remember. Then if he attempts to delay me, I intend to leave without him. That will be fair to both of us, won't it?"

"Do you want Smudge?"

"If you don't mind."

"Take him. I think it would be good to get him away from here for the summer. I believe it's about thirty or forty miles from

here to where you say the mine ought to be. Not so far but that you can visit us now and again, if you get the land?"

"Providing that everything goes smoothly, I'll have a trail beaten down Cub Creek from the Fabulous Gulch to your river. And if we don't find the mine, or if Scammel finds it, or if one of those prospectors stumbles over it, or if Dow gets it, I'll have the trail anyway, if I'll be welcome. And I know I will be, won't I?"

June nodded. "I hope Dow doesn't get it," she reflected. "One can do almost too much with money. Its power frightens me sometimes. But I must go in and dress. Cloudy, isn't it?"

"You won't get your morning gallop, I'm afraid."

"Oh, but I shall. A little rain or snow won't interfere." She hesitated at the doorway. "Can't you come with me?" she asked.

"It depends on Scammel, doesn't it? But, yes, I will come, with pleasure. I can overtake Scammel afterward, if he cares to start the trip now."

"Or better," June said, "we'll ride across the river and up Cub Creek. There's a ford just beyond the corrals. The stableman will help Mr. Scammel get ready, and we will meet the train in Cub Gulch. I'll go as far as the old cabin, and say good-bye there. Daddie Welcome left yesterday morning, you know, while we were out riding, and I may see him at the hanging tree. I rather feel as if I had been neglecting him, and he left without my wishing him luck, as I usually do."

She nodded and disappeared, and almost immediately Scammel came around a corner of the house.

"Oh, you're up," the foreman began. "Say, I want to see you. Come take a walk. Been enjoying yourself?"

"You're back again?" Luke fenced. "I was wondering what had become of you."

"Yeh, I reckon it looked funny. Now, Mr. Winne, we'll talk business. I've been playing with that kid of mine, and I think I've found out a few things. That's why I wasn't ready to leave yesterday. Dow sent word by that fat prospector that he wanted to see me, and when I got to thinking it over, I reckoned I'd better gas with him. I thought maybe I could get a pointer or two that would settle the question once for all. Found Dow mighty sore on the world and himself, and he tried to say he was sorry he'd copped out the letter. Wanted me to get him taken in with you and me as a third pardner. That's about all the first talk amounted to, but he acknowledged the corn, and that set my wits working. Says I to myself, 'Maybe the mine's at number 7, and maybe it ain't; if it ain't, we lose a month gophering a useless gulch. And in a month, what with these boomers flooding the hills, it'd be dollars to doughnuts that somebody'd stumble on the real location. Now,' I



thinks, 'if I can get hold of that letter, or maybe just kind of diplomatically get Dow to tell what number's the right number, it may save us a heap of hunting, and put us wise and rich in a week.' Sabe? So I went back yesterday morning. Found Dow camped with that Parker, or Palmer, or whatever he called himself—a mighty dark horse that fellow is—and I stayed there about all day, trying to do two things at once, Mr. Winne. I've got to get the best of that kid, and I've got to get him braced up. He's getting crooked fast. If it wasn't for that, I'd be willing to take him in on a half of my interest. But he's got to brace up first. Now, talking and arguing with him about the letter, and Parker, and booze, and Coon, and all the rest of it, along in the afternoon I made a bluff, telling him you remembered the right number, safe enough, and that he'd either crawfish and come home with me as my employe, trusting to be my heir, or else I'd shake him. And there's where we stand. I'm sure of this much, though, that the mine is not at 7, and I'll tell you why. But first, would you mind letting me see the map again? I ought to recollect it all, but I'm blamed if I can tell whether 7 is above or below the main creek."

"It doesn't matter," Luke said, wearied by the long and laborious explanation. "I've remembered. I wanted to see you and tell you yesterday."

"You've remembered the right number?" Scammel's face was anxious.

"Yes." Luke bit his thumb hesitatingly.

"Don't tell me," Scammel said in a moment. "I don't want to know it yet."

"Eh?"

"I'm not blind," Scammel said. "I can see you're suspicious of me, and I don't blame you. And the more I talk, the more suspicious you're bound to grow, for I ain't rightly a talker. I'll only ask this: Are you sure you remember?"

"Yes, I'm positive."

"Then we'll pack the burros and hit the world. I want you to pick out the trail without telling me, unless you get stuck. If you can lead us to the right gulch, or to its neighborhood, it'll be time then for me to know. Satisfactory?"

"Yes. I'm going to take Smudge along to help with the burros. If I take a ride with Miss June this morning, won't you and Smudge go ahead and let me meet you?"

"My boy," Scammel said, "let me give you a pointer. It ain't safe to fool with Coon—and Dow is a shining example. But go ahead. A young horse has got to have lots of rope or he'll choke himself. Where will you meet us?"

"We were talking of riding up Cub," Luke said, thinking it best

to ignore Scammel's evident jealousy—the jealousy of a father for his son—“and if I am to lead the train, we will go up that creek for a day at least.”

“I'll trot around and see to the animals,” Scammel said, briefly. “When you catch Smudge, send him along to help the stableman pack.”

“But I'm not going to shirk. I've learned to pack, if some one bosses me.”

“We'll start after breakfast,” Scammel continued, “and you may come along when you get ready.”

“Very well. Miss Downing and I will probably leave before you do.”

Scammel turned. “Don't think I want to butt in,” he advised, “but I know that Coon's in love. Sabe? It's a touchy subject. A word in time. The man's in this district, and he knows a gold mine when he sees it. Don't talk too much.” He turned away, leaving Luke angry, unconvinced, but quite dumb.

At the breakfast table June was in a gay humor, full of bantering talk, light merriment and witticisms, but Luke sat silent and dejected. If June noticed his humor, however, it did not affect her high spirits. Smudge brought their horses to the door, and June hurried away to dress. Mrs. Downing was not yet out of bed.

“You must forgive mother for not seeing you off,” June said when she returned in her corduroy habit. “She didn't sleep well last night, and I hated to waken her. You won't mind her absence? Besides, she would object to my crossing the river, so I'll wait till I come back before I tell.”

“Is it dangerous?” Luke asked quickly.

“No, of course not, though the weather looks stormy.” She handed her rain-coat to Luke.

“Seems to me I'm cut out o' them rides we used to take, Miss June,” Smudge said, as he led the horse to the verandah.

“Never mind, Bub!” June laughed. “You'll return half a head taller from the trip with Mr. Winne, and with a gold mine in your pockets, or perhaps your skull. We'll have our rides then. Don't forget to deliver my message, please. You would better start now and meet Mr. Scammel when he crosses the ford. All of you hurry,” she added. “If it rains, the upper ford will get rather deep for anything smaller than broncos; and burros don't like water.”

“I reckon us two cow-punchers can get them over all right. See you later, pardner!” he called after Luke.

Passing the corrals, they saw Scammel busy with the burros, and Luke, for a moment, felt rather ashamed of shirking his part of the work; but June clucked to her mare and raced down hill toward the ford, and Luke's horse clattered in pursuit.



Some eighth of a mile above Cub Creek, Saw River balloons its banks and flows over a wide bed of sand between gravelly ridges three or more feet in height above the surface of the water. But Luke noted with surprise that the stream, which the day before had been glass-clear, was now opaque. In wading the river, Luke's stirrured feet touched the water. Once across, the girl turned down the bank toward Cub Creek, riding at a long steady canter that effectually prevented coherent conversation, if either had been inclined to talk much.

The morning remained raw and dusky, and the narrow valley that Cub had cut out for itself in the rolling plateau was especially dismal in appearance. The flanking hills were of a height sufficient to hide the mountains, and the little trickle of water that flowed at the horses' hoofs, so far from lending life to the scene, only gave a finishing touch of chill cheerlessness to the landscape. In a short time the fall grew too steep for hard riding, and June checked her horse. There was no breeze, but a few heavy drops of rain fell, splattering here and there on the bare rock.

"I don't think you'd better go very far," Luke said. "It's going to rain hard before long, and I'm afraid you'll get wet, despite this rain-coat of yours. I'd be awfully sorry to have you go back so soon, but you must not catch cold."

June studied the sky. "I thought at first it was a snow-cloud," she answered, "but I noticed that the stream was rather swollen and muddy, so probably a heavy rain has already been precipitated on the Divide. We generally have one last wet and long snow-fall in late April or in May, but the spring began early this year. Yes, you're quite right; I must not go far. I had intended to ride to our old cabin and wait there for the burros, but if it really begins raining I'll turn back. I'm afraid you will have an uncomfortable day of it, and a bad, wet camp to-night. But Mr. Scammel will look out for your comfort; he is too old to like roughing it for its own sake. I'm so very glad you told him."

"And I—now. I really believe he is honest with me. Having a son like—I mean, he is in an odd position, and may well be puzzled as to what to do."

June did not reply, and Luke remained thoughtfully silent.

Sudden flitting and nervous breezes sprang up and died away, again rain fell and ceased, and a deep hush brooded over the gulch. Luke observed the sky with growing alarm. The dull canopy had lightened a trifle, but below it long black creepers, octopus arms of a low-flying storm-cloud, stood startingly distinct. The dusk of the valley, too, had changed to an uneasy and a yellow light.

"There is going to be a bad rain," Luke said, with conviction. "Just see that black scud under the other, will you? That's some-

thing new in my experience. And the gray cloud is breaking up everywhere. A very strong wind is blowing overhead. You must go back. I'll ride with you as far as the river, anyhow. I'm rather sorry we decided to trail to-day. Here, put on this coat."

June leaned toward him, and he helped her with the waterproof. A sharp gust of wind, carrying with it a dash of mist, blew over the gulch. Another followed. The black scud sprang across the heavens, and threateningly hung above their heads. Then, with a wild roar, the tempest came shrieking. Before June could button her coat, a very sheet of rain pounded the sand and rocks, and obscured the gulch until it was impossible to see the near-by hills.

"We must race for it," Luke shouted, catching at June's bridle and pointing toward the river.

"No," June screamed in reply; "the cabin is much nearer than the stables. Come!"

She struck her mare smartly. Luke followed. The trickle of water at his horse's feet widened, blackened, grew deeper, and suddenly Luke spurred to June's side.

"The river!" he shouted. "Won't this make a flood? It was already swollen, remember. We must cross it now. It may cut you off from home."

June's mare whirled about on its hind legs. The girl's lips were thin and straight, and she nodded understandingly. "It will!" she screamed, and lashed her mount to break-neck speed.

[To be continued.]

## THE CALL OF THE ROUNDUP

By JESSIE DAVIES WILLDY.

WHEN the frost is on the hilltops,  
And the wind blows on the plain,  
And the dry mesquite is droopin',  
For the want of clouds and rain;

When the sunsets burn so hazy,  
And the grass is brown again,  
And the gray dust floats so lazy,  
Close above the cattle-pen;

Then it is I want the spring-time,  
Calves a-bawlin' night and day,  
With the brandin' irons a-heatin',  
For the maverick and the stray.

It just seems so kinda lonesome,  
When the camp is shy of men,  
And I've got a great big longin',  
For the round-up days again.

Colorado Springs, Colorado.



# SCHOOL DAYS AND OTHER DAYS ON THE HASSAYAMPA

By LAURA TILDEN KENT

## X.

### THE DOWNFALL OF A CHAMPION.



NEW term of school had begun several weeks before. The new teacher was fairly well understood now, and things were settling into a regular routine, when something happened to add spice to the quiet school life.

One morning, as their burros neared the school-house on the hill, Isabel and Johnny saw a curious apparition on the road that would presently meet theirs. A lean yellow horse was approaching at an awkward gallop. From his long, thin neck dangled a clanging cow-bell. On his back was a heavy cowboy's saddle of the regulation type, new and beautiful to look on. And on the saddle sat a small boy, clad in very new overalls, a very new blue cotton shirt, and a man's large red necktie that reached quite to his waist. On the child's head, quite eclipsing his sickly yellow hair, well wet and carefully brushed, as it later proved to be, was a man's cowboy hat, new like his other appointments—with the single exception of the ancient horse.

"I *do* declare if there isn't Dave Ferris!" said Isabel, as this interesting pair thundered stiffly into the road before them. "Do you s'pose his father's letting him come to school?"

"Looks like it," responded Johnny. "Just notice how he won't look at us," he continued scornfully. "He sees us well enough, but he wants to give us a sample of his fine riding!"

The boy had reached the school-house and dismounted, by this time, and he proceeded to "yank" off the saddle and bridle, and to hobble his poor steed.

"Hobbles," sniffed Isabel. "We'll have that old cow-bell jangling 'round the school-house all day long, from now on, I s'pose."

"The old thing doesn't look's if he could run off without any," observed Jack shrewdly.

As they came into the stony school-yard, they found several boys gathered about Dave Ferris and plying him with questions.

"Goin' to come to school now right along, Dave?"

"Bet y' life," responded Dave with a small swagger.

"Father finally let yuh, did he?"

"Yep." Dave grew rather ill at ease at this mention of his father's well-known reluctance to part with him.

"How'd yuh git him to?"

"Aw! he wanted me to, his self, now."

"D'yuh know all these kids here?" inquired Bennie Dixon, bent

on doing the right thing and giving Dave a fair start on his new life.

"All exceptin' *them*." Dave pointed openly to a tall and rather gawky girl of about Isabel's age, and to a small, round, black-eyed boy, both staring with interest at him.

"They're the McCarthey kids," Bennie informed him. "That's Evelun McCarthey, and that's Andy McCarthey. Andy's a bully fighter fer his age. You don't want to get into any scraps with Andy if you ain't pretty handy with your fists. How are you fer a fighter?"

"Aw, I dunno." Dave was decidedly ill at ease now.

"If you ain't pretty good, you don't want to tackle Andy. He's got a pretty good temper, too, and when he gets mad, he'd just as soon break the ground with yuh as not.

"What Reader you in?"

"The First. But Pa, he learnt me some. I ain't plumb at the front of it."

"Uh-huh." Bennie walked away with all the knowledge he needed, and the other children, who had listened carefully to the conversation, felt that they also were sufficiently informed as to the character of the new boy.

At recess there was an effort that day to give him a "fair show," however, and he was among the first chosen on one side for the game of "Stealing Sticks," which happened to be the rage at that season. It was speedily discovered, however, that he ran as awkwardly as his own old horse, and in a very few days he had fallen into neglect. This was what led to Isabel's championship of Dave, and to the martyrdom that came with it.

One day at recess in the morning, Dave suddenly blurted with a whimper,

"Aw! choose *me*, Ben! Choose me! Don't leave me to the last!"

The whimper settled the matter, if Ben could have had any intention of choosing Dave before.

"Baby!" he retorted. "Bawl about it, do!" And of course Dave was left again "to the last!" When Ben was forced to take him on his side, he assured him with emphasis that he only took him at all because it was necessary.

"I have last choice, an' you're all the' is left, but you ain't a bit o' good to a side," he said; and later, when Dave got on the wood, and Ben might have rescued him, he took a stick instead and would have carried it away but for the intervention of the other players.

"Aw, Ben! You got t' take the feller that's on the wood! Yuh can't take sticks till everybody's off'n the wood!" they shouted.

"I can too," Ben retorted. "He ain't half the good of a stick!"



He'll just git on again, 's fast 's I git him off, 'n' we'll never stand a show o' gittin' a stick as long's we've got him!"

"You got to take the feller that's on the wood!" shrieked the players in such chorus that Ben was forced to give in.

"Then you just stay quiet on this side the line," ordered Ben, as he returned with the wretched Dave. "We can't spend all our time gettin' you off!"

And poor Dave straightway put the finishing touch upon his own future at that school by bursting into tears and declaring:

"I'll tell the schoolma'm on you! I'll tell the schoolma'm yuh won't leave me play!"

"Tattle-tale!" "Cry-baby!" "Calfie! poor Calfie!" jeered the crowd.

And Isabel was one of those people whom nature has endowed with a sympathy for the under dog!

"Ben! you let him play! You haven't any *right* not to let him play! He hasn't learned the game yet—and he doesn't know games anyway! He's never been to school before! Give him a chance!" Isabel's eyes blazed with anger. She was a person of some influence on the play-ground, being the best runner among the girls and having a reputation for veracity that made her word willingly trusted by "the other side." Of both these things she was justly proud.

"You just let him play!" she demanded, and as usual there were some to side with her.

"Aw, g'on, Ben! That's right! Give him a show t' learn, even if he is slow's molasses in January!" called a goodly number of voices.

"Well, *let* him then. Baby!" sniffed Ben loftily, but as it was evident that he wouldn't call Dave back himself—of course, that would have been too much to expect of him!—Isabel undertook that duty.

"And *do* be more careful not to get caught," she warned him. "Watch how the rest of us do it."

From that hour, Dave Ferris was Isabel's faithful shadow. To be on her side—and at her side—seemed his greatest ambition. He kept as close to her as the activity of the game would permit. If somebody made a daring dash across the enemies' lines and rescued a stick or an unfortunate player, the joy that Isabel felt with her own side was damped by Dave's enthusiasm.

"Oh! Belle!" he would gasp ecstatically, "Oh, Belle!" And a heavy hand would descend in a rousing slap on her shoulder.

Now Isabel could not bear to be called "Belle," and to be clapped on the back was even worse. But she had taken up the cause of

the oppressed, and she bore these things with a patience that was heroic when one considered her inward writhings.

Presently Dave, who had grown bold by reason of his improved position on the playground, managed to get himself into serious difficulty. One evening Isabel and Johnny were rather later than usual in leaving the school house. The other children had all gone before them, and they rode in a strange, unusual quiet, at first, that was soon rudely broken by the sound of shouts, of jeers, and of loud lamentation. On following these sounds, they came upon a lively scene.

A group of yelling, delightedly hopping boys surrounded a central group composed of Andy McCarthey, whose attitude was decidedly belligerent, Dave Ferris, who was manifestly the besieged, (and not enjoying his position), and Dave's old horse, against which his owner had backed, as against a wall.

As the newcomers paused with the spectators, Andy edged cautiously toward his opponent and was threatened with a flourish of the hand in which Dave held a stone of a very respectable size.

"No fair! No fair!" shrieked the audience excitedly. "Drop that there rock, Baby!" "Go in an' do him up, Andy!" "Give it to him!" "Punch his head fer him!" "No fair! No fair!" "No fair, fightin' with rocks!"

Dave hurled the rock, nevertheless, and Andy, dodging it skillfully, rushed in and seized him by the collar, shook him well, slapped his face, and squared off for the encounter. Dave, however, instead of assuming an attitude of defence, reached vainly for another stone, cast his frightened gaze about him—and saw Isabel!

"Oh! Belle! Belle! Don't yuh leave him! Don't yuh leave him! He!—He'll!—Belle!—Quit! Oh! Quit!—Stop!—Don't—Don't yuh come any closter!—Quit! I'll—O Jeeminy! Jee-e-eminy!—O-ou! Stop!—Quit!!"

Isabel positively giggled a delighted giggle before she remembered her part. Then,

"What's the matter?" she inquired severely. "Are you fellows trying to make Andy fight Dave?"

The crowd of boys whirled about to face her.

"He began it!" they assured her. "He was a-pickin' on Andy, an' he might 'a' knew better'n to pick on a feller that's got a temper's good as Andy's! It's his own look-out!"

"I never! I never!" Dave contradicted each fresh statement wailingly, "I never *did*! I did *not*!"

"You let *him* tell it!" cried Isabel. "Now, Dave, what *did* you do?"

"Nothin'! I didn't do nothin'!"

"You lie!" shrieked Andy, dancing nearer. "You just say agin yuh didn't do nothin' an' I'll—!"



"I did *not*! You're a liar your own self!"

"Take it back! Take it back! You say you'll take it back, or I'll—!"

"Wait, Andy McCarthey!" screamed Isabel. (Dave was wailing fearfully again. "Oh! *Je-eminy*, Jeeminy! Oh! Jeeminy *whiz-z-z!*—*Ho-o-oly* Jee-e-eminy! Oh! Jee-e-eminy!—I'll tell—O-ou! *Quit!*—*I'll tell the school m'am!*—Oh! *Belle!*—Oh! *Jeeminy!*") "Dave, you keep still! Nobody's hurting you." Then she turned to the audience.

"What *did* he do?"

"He lass'ed Andy this mornin'!" "He was a-lass'in' me—!" "Pretty near pulled him off'n his burro!" "He's always a-sayin' he's goin' to be a cowboy like his darned old father, an' he has to be a-practicin' on the kids!" "Lass'ed Andy 'round the neck an'—" The replies began to tumble in on Isabel confusedly.

"He lassoed you, and tried to pull you off of your burro?"

"Yes!" "Yes!" "Yes, he did!" "He was a-trying' to pull—!" "He pretty near did git him—!" "Rocky place down past Dixon's—!" shrieked the boys.

"I was—I wasn't doin' nothin'! I didn't go to hurt him! I never did him no hurt!" wailed Dave.

"You did it *for fun?*" demanded Isabel.

"Yes!—Ye-es!" wailed Dave again.

"An' Andy lass'ed *him* fer fun tonight, an' he began to bawl an' fire rocks, an' called him a name no feller'd stand—," shouted the boys. "If I was Andy, I'd black his face fer him!" "I'd fix him!" "He fires rocks!" "He won't fight fair!" "He called him a name no feller—!"

"I don't care! I'll fire more, if yuh don't leave me be!" shrieked Dave, too much emboldened by Isabel's presence, and Andy pounced upon him once more, slapped his face with vigor, and again waited for the onset that did not come.

"Andy!" Isabel's voice rose high above the shrieks of Dave and the encouraging yells of the other boys, "Andy! He don't know *how* to fight! You let him alone!"

She did not admire Dave, but his abject terror, his childish wails, his slim body flattened against the side of the yellow horse—all spoke to the knightly instincts that even a girl may have. She did pity him.

"You let him alone!" she said. "You're too good a fighter to fight with a kid that doesn't know how!—And Dave, you'd better take back what you called him!—Only, *Andy!* It doesn't make you one because he called you one!"

"He's got to take it back anyhow! Any feller—!" began Andy. And Isabel decided that he really had better.

"Take it back, Dave! I can't keep him from fighting you if you don't! And you oughtn't to call names! And, Andy!—you *are* too good a fighter—!"

"Do—you—take it back?" inquired Andy impressively.

"Yes—! O-ou—! Oh!—Je-e-eminy! *Quit! Don't! Oh! Yes!*"

And Dave was allowed to mount his yellow horse and go away, when he spoiled everything by shrieking from a safe distance,

"I *don't* take it back! You *are* one!" And Isabel knew that in the morning she would have to do over again this evening's work.

Day after day this scene came to be repeated. Day after day Isabel championed the "Baby" until she could hardly bring herself to the task. No girl likes a coward. Pity that had fought mightily against scorn, at first, now conquered it but very partially. She still allowed no bodily injury to be done Dave. Her own tongue she could hardly curb.

"He's a coward! If Dave wasn't such an all-fired coward, he's plenty big enough to fight Andy! He's bigger'n Andy!" the boys would shriek.

And Isabel could only answer at last,

"Say he's a coward then! Of *course*, he's a coward! *Call* him a baby! I should think you'd be *ashamed* to fight with a baby!"

This argument often saved Dave's body, but Isabel wondered, even when provoked to use it, how his spirit must have felt beneath it.

Then Isabel was one day tempted beyond endurance. Dave brought his little sister to school, and she confided to Isabel, in the presence of several witnesses, that Dave said Isabel was his *girl*! Now that was too much! The wrath that had been smoldering against her unworthy protégé suddenly leaped into flame in Isabel's bosom. Pity was almost consumed. But she waited her time.

One day the talk of the assembled school turned upon "girls" and "fellers." It was not a common topic in that school, but one that did flourish feebly at long intervals; and now various members of the school were being "joshed." Isabel was escaping, when,

"Who's *your* feller, Isabel?" piped the smallest girl.

"I haven't any," Isabel responded promptly and firmly. And then she remembered,

"Oh! yes, I have! Dave says I'm *his* girl!" Infinite, biting scorn she put into the words, and consuming scorn was in the look she cast on Dave, who withered beneath it.

"You are *not*! You are *not*!" he quavered.

For he knew, as Isabel did, that he might fight his own battles, thereafter, far more than he had ever done in the past.

Maxton, Arizona.

THE END.



## KINGS COUNTY, CALIFORNIA

By N. C. BLANCHARD.



WHEN Elbert Hubbard came out to California last winter, he absorbed some knowledge about the raisin situation, and in order to aid the movement then on foot to advertise raisins, he wrote an article on the subject, which was copied all over the country. In this article was the astounding statement that an acre of vineyard would produce five tons of raisins at one crop. Now everybody knows that "Fra Elbertus" handles the English language with an ease and dexterity equaled by very few writers, but it was painfully evident that somebody had been "stringing him" about the yield of raisins, and that he knew not whereof he wrote.

In like manner, a pamphlet, lately issued by a great railway company, contains a write-up of the San Joaquin Valley, wherein the assertion is made that the waters of Kings River flow directly into Tulare Lake, and that Kings County is destined to become a great orange-producing county, both of which statements are wide of the mark.

The difficulty of getting literary ability coupled up with the facts is responsible for much trouble.

Kings County is located in the center, north and south, of the San Joaquin Valley, near the geographical center of the State, 230 miles south of San Francisco, and 250 miles north of Los Angeles.

Organized in 1893, it is one of the youngest counties in the State. It was created by taking 1257 square miles from Tulare County, and in 1909, an additional 120 square miles was added to it from Fresno County, making the total area 1377 square miles.

Of this, 230 miles are taken up by the waters of Tulare Lake, the largest body of fresh water in the State, and about 500 square miles of the western portion of the county are either mountainous, or elevated land unavailable for cultivation under present conditions.

Of the remaining 652 square miles, perhaps 250 are yet uncultivated, leaving about 400 square miles as the area of present productiveness in the county.

On this comparatively small amount of land, Kings County farmers and fruit growers have established a reputation for diversified production that stands unexcelled by any similar territory in the State, either in quality or quantity per acre.

This is so because the farmer in Kings County has at his command the three great requisites for successful farming in California—good soil, plenty of water and abundant sunshine.

The soil is all alluvial silt and sediment "made land," on the famous delta of Kings River, which has, for unknown ages, been





## KINGS COUNTY BOOSTERS



built up by the deposits brought down from the snow-capped mountains by the waters of this great stream in the same manner as the delta of the Nile has been built from the washings of the mountains in Africa.

The soil of the Kings River delta is capable of producing almost every known plant, fruit or vegetable, and over eighty distinct varieties of crops have been grown and listed.

The water for irrigating this fertile land is mostly drawn from this same Kings River, and the abundant supply available has made possible a crop production that is the wonder of all who investigate conditions in this territory.

Until recently, the accepted idea was that land out of reach of the water of the river was unavailable for farming, but in Kings County, hundreds of acres are being successfully irrigated from artesian wells, which tap the underlying strata of ground-water, fed from the high mountains to the east. This same underflow of ground-water is tapped also by shallower wells, from which large quantities of water are pumped for irrigation.

With gravity water from streams, artesian water from deep wells, and a vast sheet of pumping water available at shallow depths, Kings County is indeed favored as regards the most important factor in the problem of farming in California.

As for the third vital necessity, it is sufficient to say that the sun shines on Kings County over three hundred days in the year without a cloud, and, with this combination of soil, water and sunshine, things just can't help growing.

It is impossible within the limits of this article, to give even a list of the products of Kings County. As aforesaid, over eighty distinct kinds of the various crops of orchard, vineyard, farm and garden are grown, taking no account of ornamental trees, flowers and plants, which flourish in the greatest profusion.

Briefly, it may be stated that the principal orchard fruits are peaches, apricots, plums and prunes. In the vineyards, the muscat, or raisin grape, is the principal crop, although a large acreage is devoted to wine and table grapes.

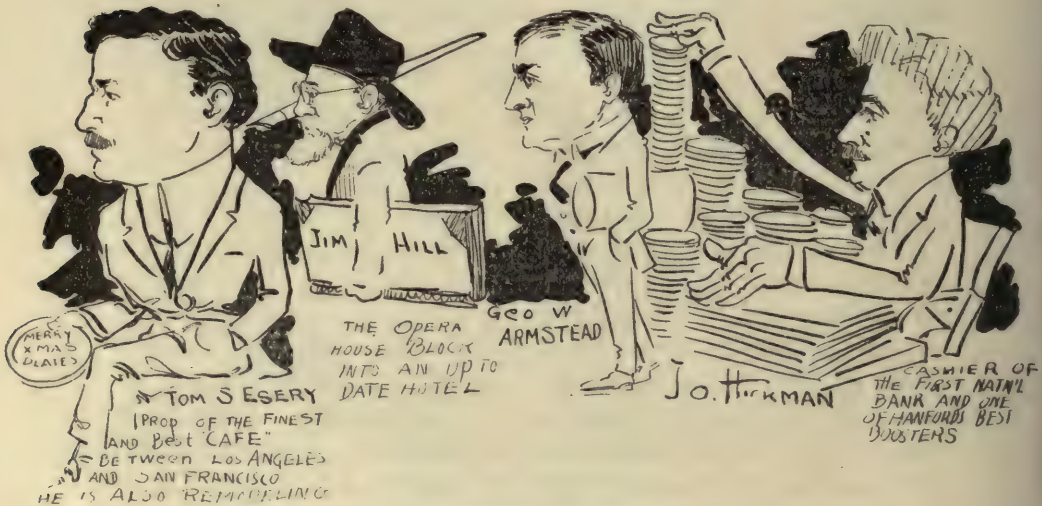
In the line of general farming, two products are prominent—alfalfa and corn. Over ten thousand acres of alfalfa are in Kings County, and more is being planted as fast as men and teams can prepare the ground. Why? Because every acre of alfalfa will feed a cow, the year round; and it has been discovered within the past five years, that dairying is "mighty profitable" in Kings County, so that every man who can control the combination of an acre of alfalfa and a cow to feed thereon, is making money, and making it fast—but that's a story which there's no room to tell here.

And corn? Yes, we grow corn—genuine, old-fashioned, Eastern

Indian corn—in Kings County—and lots of it, too. Thirty to forty bushels per acre is an average crop, and, once in a while, a man from Missouri or Kansas turns loose and grows seventy-five bushels per acre, just to show what he can do if he tries. Of course the corn, and the pumpkins, and the pie melons, along with the alfalfa and the skim milk from the dairy, make good hog feed, and so here you find lots of hogs being raised with great profit, besides beef cattle, sheep, mules and horses. As a “stock country” it is hard to beat.

It has been said again and again of Kings County, that the farmer from the states east of the Rocky mountains has only to move over and go to work plowing and planting, milking cows and feeding pigs, just the same as he did where he came from, except that he has no snow, no blizzard, no winter, no tornado nor cyclone—just a chance to do profitable work on his farm 313 days in the year, with fifty-two Sundays to go to church—or fishing, as he may be inclined.

Statistics and figures are but dry reading, still it may be allowed to mention that the assessed valuation of the county is \$13,000,000, and the tax rate this year is \$1.51 per hundred; that over \$1,000,000 was paid the dairy farmer for butter fat during the past year; that the value of the raisin crop of 1908 was \$455,000; dried fruits, \$600,380; green fruits, \$765,950; canned fruit, \$175,000; wine, \$680,000; eggs and poultry, \$403,000. These are but a few of the many products grown, but they serve to give some idea of what is doing in this small portion of a small county. There are many acres of good land still waiting the touch of the husbandman, and a hearty welcome is waiting for him whenever he makes up his mind to “come to Kings County and do better.”



HANFORD BOOST BRIGADE



## WHAT IRRIGATION DID FOR FRESNO COUNTY

By WILLIAM ROBERTSON.



WAY back in the early "seventies," horsemen riding down the San Joaquin Valley found dusty roads, parched lands, and the uncomfortable, incessant glare of the sun's rays on arid plains. In the winter and spring, herds of sheep and cattle grazed over the plains, and occasionally one would find a grain field, but in the summer everything was bare and desolate. Fresno county, standing in the exact center of the valley, and possessing a greater floor acreage than any other county, displayed a greater degree of aridity and desolation, yet to that seemingly unfortunate circumstance it owes its present great position as the best and most productive of all the agricultural counties of the State of California.

In the continuous process of evolution in the world's economy, thinking men and women have been the mainspring in that part of its progress relating to the commercial and industrial developments of its vast and illimitable resources. The people who have burrowed into its past, and who have studied the conditions of its present, are usually the people who prepare for its future development, and such was the case with Fresno county. Men who had studied conditions in Egypt, India, and other countries where irrigation was practiced, concluded that conditions in Fresno were most favorable for that purpose, and with them, to think was to act. Without following the history of the struggles and disappointments attending that important work, it became an accomplished fact, and instead of a profitless parched land, Fresno county was transformed into a veritable Garden of Eden where vegetation of all kinds flourished. Fresno county has immense bodies of level land on the floor of the valley, over which it was easy to bring water for irrigation, and thus accomplish that union of soil, sun and water which has done so much for it.

Following that union, people came flocking into the county, which in 1870 had a population of 6,336, that has now increased to 60,000, and with that influx the development of the county has proceeded at a phenomenal rate. When the feasibility of irrigation became a proven fact, and it was found that Fresno county was the ideal home of the grape, the peach, the nectarine, the apricot and the fig, and that the returns from a 40-acre tract in any of these fruits exceeded the profits on a section of grain land, intensive farming became the order of the day; the large grain ranches were cut up

---

*\*The photographs illustrating this article are from the studio of Maxwell & Mudge, Fresno.*





into holdings of 10, 20, 40, 60 and 80 acres, railroad accommodations were gradually extended and steady markets were formed. The competitive demand for its products has become so great that the buyer comes to the farmer, arranges for the purchase of his crop, which, when harvested, he hauls to the nearest packing house and receives a check for the amount agreed upon; the whole transaction being the simplest and most direct method possible for the farmer. With the rapid accumulation of wealth came the demand for modern conveniences—telephones, telegraphs, electric lines, electric lighting and power, schools, churches, and all the accessories of up-to-date social and commercial civilization. The towns distributed over the county also show evidences of “up-to-dateness,” and no city in California, outside of Los Angeles and San Francisco, possesses such an aggregation of splendid business buildings as Fresno. In the light of all these happenings, the interested reader will ask, “What caused it?” And the answer may be equally brief, “Water, and plenty of it! The cheapest and best supply in California.” The water tax is 62½ cents per acre per annum, and as the water is fed from the perpetual snows of the Sierra Nevada Mountains, the supply is unfailing.

Now mark what irrigation has done for Fresno county: It has increased the population from 6,336 in 1870 to 60,000 in 1909.

In 1870, the total cash value of the farms in Fresno county was \$629,705; today Fresno’s taxable valuation is \$60,000,000.

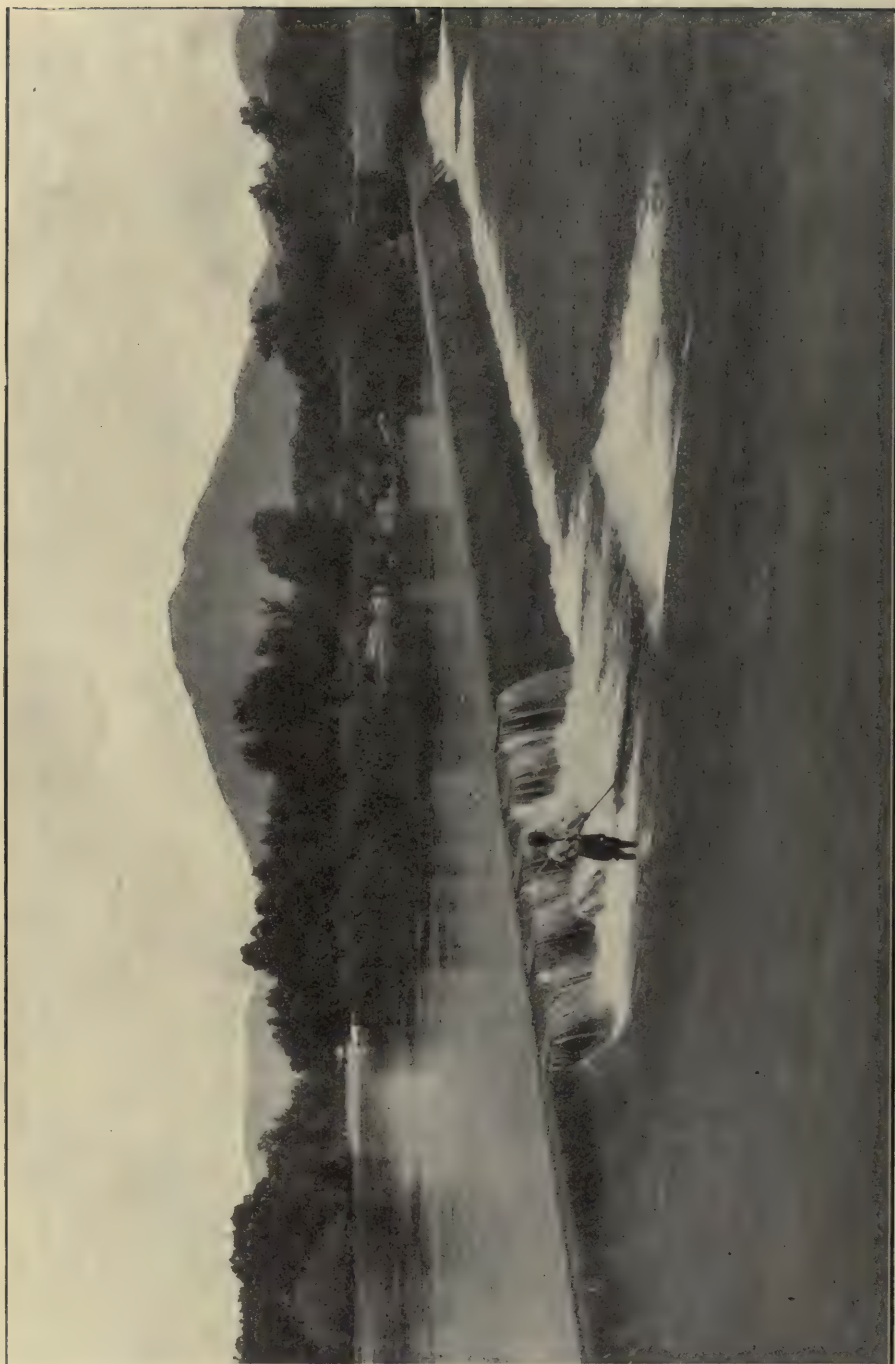
In 1870, the estimated value of all farm products, including betterments and additions to stock, was \$229,068; today it amounts to \$30,000,000, showing the immense per capita return of \$500 for every man, woman and child in the county. Surely no further argument is needed to determine the prosperity, commercial and agricultural, of Fresno county.

In 1870, grapevines were unknown in Fresno county; today 106,000 acres of this magnificent fruit proclaims to the world the premiership of Fresno county as its producer. Four thousand years ago the hills and valleys of Palestine yielded that best, most nourishing and oldest of all known foods, the raisin; today Fresno county stands out as the world’s greatest producer of raisins.

In 1870, orchard products were not entirely unknown in Fresno county. They were valued at \$750. Today their value amounts to over \$2,000,000.

The leading feature of Fresno county is the diversity of its products. The wonderful range of climate within its boundaries makes it possible to grow anything that is raised in temperate to semi-tropic zones.

In the lower foothill ranges it produces citrus fruits that are unexcelled in point of quality, and as they ripen six weeks earlier



MAIN IRRIGATION DAM, KINGS RIVER, FRESNO CO.



than those of Southern California, the fruit is picked and marketed, and the cash return for it in the bank before the Southern California oranges are in condition for picking. This condition naturally gives Fresno county a leverage in value, because, being the earliest fruit, it commands bigger prices. Orange trees bear more heavily the older they grow, and at the age of ten years the trees frequently yield \$1000 per acre. Some reader of this article may intend planting an orange orchard, and an estimate of the cost may interest him. In presenting the figures, I would call attention to the remarkable disparity between the cost of land and irrigation in Fresno county and some of the other citrus-growing districts in California.

Estimate of planting orange orchard:

Best land, with water, per acre.....	\$160.00
75 orange trees at 80c.....	60.00
Planting and caring first year.....	35.00
Caring 2d, 3d, 4th, 5th and 6th year at \$25 per acre...	125.00
Replants and contingencies .....	25.00
Taxes and water service six years.....	30.00
	<hr/>
	\$435.00

Income:

Value of crop on 4-year-old trees.....	\$ 50.00
Value of crop on 5-year-old trees.....	100.00
Value of crop on 6-year-old trees.....	200.00
	<hr/>
	\$350.00

This nearly repays the total investment in six years. Orange culture may be called the aristocracy of farming, and I know of nothing more attractive, or that appeals more to the sense of beauty, than the splendid golden fruit, contrasted with the magnificent green of its setting of leaves.

The fig industry of Fresno county is interesting because of its being a fruit that thrives well and yields good returns. In the earlier years of fig cultivation, the white Adriatic was the leading variety, but a wider scope has been given to the industry through the work of Mr. Geo. C. Roeding, who, after years of experimenting and investigation, introduced the genuine Smyrna fig, which is the finest in the world. The difficulty that existed previously was that the Smyrna fig would not mature until fertilized by the pollen from the Capri fig. Mr. Roeding discovered that this process of fertilization was accomplished by a small wasp called "*Blastophaga grossorum*," which is born in the Capri fig, and emerges from it covered with pollen, and enters the Smyrna fig, fertilizing the latter and enabling it to produce the best and most delicious of all figs. Mr. Roeding's splendid services have been acknowledged not only by his fellow citizens, but also by the Government, and he is recognized



GRAZING IN FRESNO COUNTY

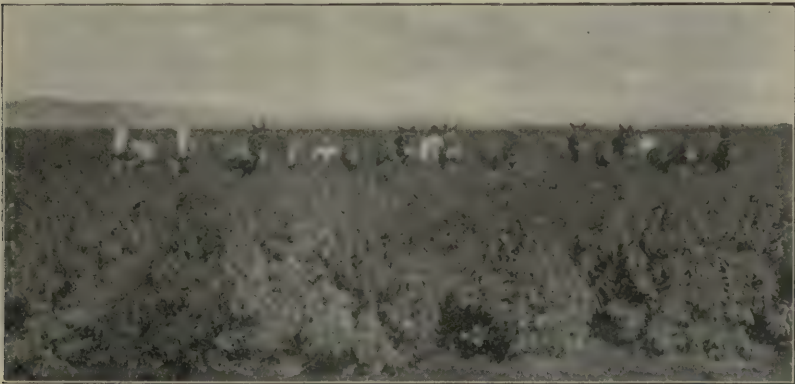




HUGHES HOTEL, FRESNO

(not only in Fresno, which is proud of him, but all over the United States) as one of the really big men in the world of horticulture.

Fresno county is also famous for its alfalfa and dairying, and there are at the present time a large number of people in the county who are taking up this profitable industry. Good alfalfa land can be purchased for \$75 to \$100 per acre, unimproved, with first-class water right. The best plan is to prepare the land and sow it with a mixed crop of barley and alfalfa. After the crop is harvested, two more cuttings can be taken off the same season, and the year following, a full crop of five to six cuttings may be secured. Good



KIRKMAN NURSERIES, FRESNO

A block of about one million peach seedlings in the Kirkman Nurseries at Fresno, indicating the extent of the deciduous fruit industry of Fresno County.

alfalfa land raises from one and one-half to two tons to the acre per cutting, and if the farmer does not feed it to his stock, there is always a good market for it at a fair price—\$8 to \$10 per ton, and sometimes as high as \$15 to \$19 per ton. Dairying, taken in conjunction with alfalfa raising, is, however, the best paying, and brings the quickest returns to the man whose means are limited, because on the fifteenth day of every month he receives a check in payment for his butter fat, which enables him to liquidate his liabilities as he goes along, and thus makes the path of life smoother for him. The marvelous growth of this industry during the past ten years makes interesting reading, and the figures quoted below are thoroughly authentic:



FRESNO COUNTY ALFALFA

## Production of butter—

				POUNDS
For year ending September 30th,	1898	.....		291,754
“ “ “ “	1899	.....		556,750
“ “ “ “	1900	.....		604,861
“ “ “ “	1901	.....		965,042
“ “ “ “	1902	.....		1,025,374
“ “ “ “	1903	.....		1,393,158
“ “ “ “	1904	.....		1,619,746
“ “ “ “	1905	.....		2,166,048
“ “ “ “	1906	.....		2,644,897
“ “ “ “	1907	.....		2,786,817
“ “ “ “	1908	.....		3,315,926

and the value of the product in 1908 was \$1,500,000!



Many people are interested in dairying, and would like to know the cost of starting a dairy and the profits likely to accrue. For the benefit of such I append the following figures:

80 acres raw alfalfa land at \$75.....	\$ 6,000
Planting and checking same at 15.....	1,200
60 cows..... at 60.....	3,600
120 hogs at six weeks old at 2.....	240
Total.....	<u>\$11,040</u>

Good cows will yield an average of \$75 a year each, and as one acre will support a cow, I estimate conservatively in putting 60 cows on 80 acres. One cow's skimmed milk will feed two hogs of an average weight of 180 pounds.

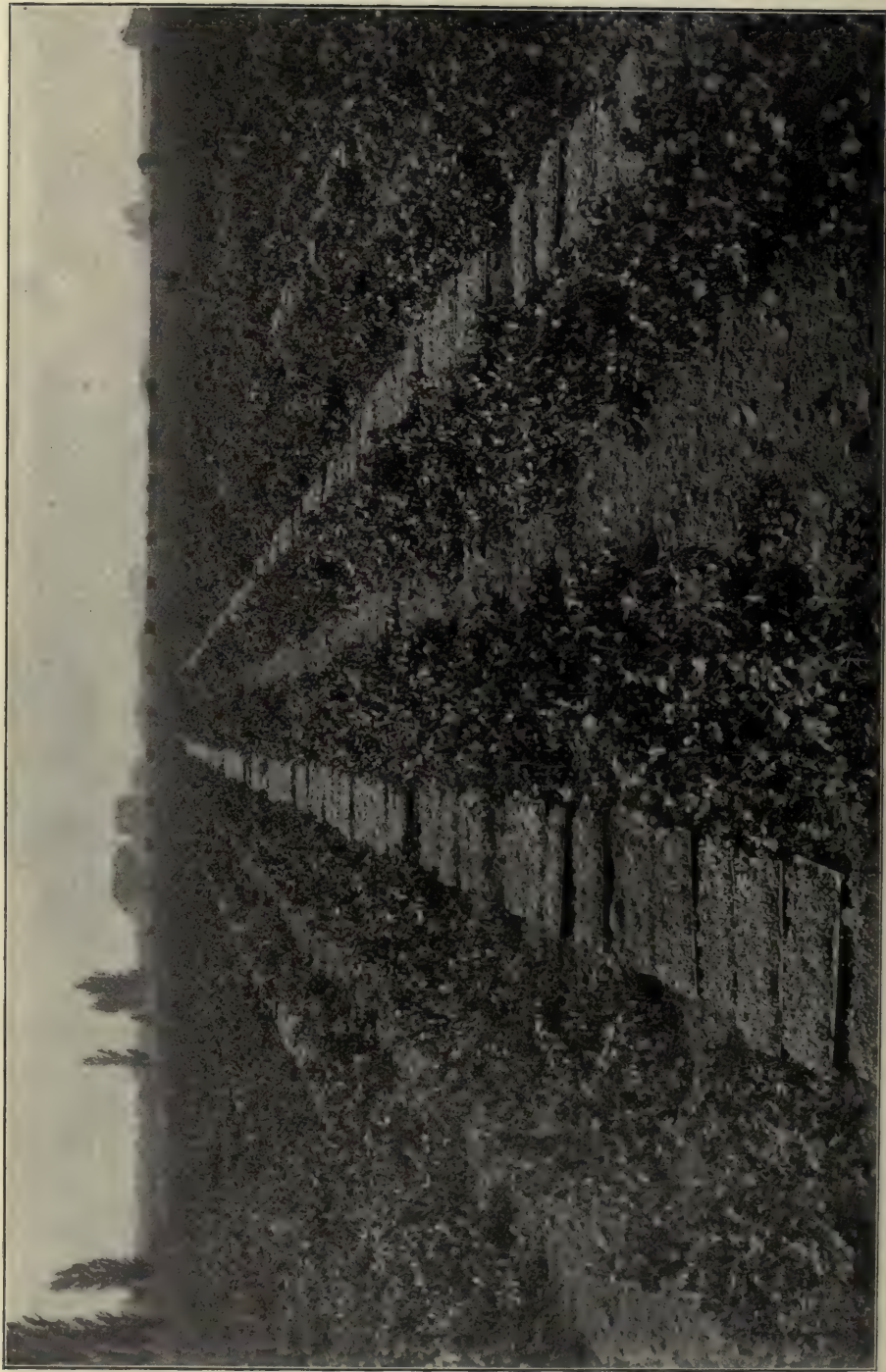
Gross returns:

60 cows at \$75.....	\$4,500
60 calves at \$15.....	900
120 hogs (21,600 pounds at 5½c).....	1,188
	<u>\$6,588</u>

There is probably no other county in California which can boast of such a diversity of products as Fresno county, and, while I have written of some of them, the half has not been told, because their extent and variety are practically unlimited. Here we find wheat, oats, barley, Indian corn, Egyptian corn, Kaffir corn, sweet potatoes, Irish potatoes, vegetables of all kinds, squash, watermelons, sugar beets, alfalfa, small and large fruits of every kind, growing in great abundance.

As a much written and thoroughly discussed problem, the hen takes a prominent place as the farmer's "side line," and a useful adjunct she proves herself in more ways than one, being invaluable in ridding the orchard of harmful insects, which injure the trees, as well as in providing the farmer's table with the necessities of life. The price of eggs averages 30 cents a dozen, and dressed chickens retail for 25 cents per pound. Cheap lands can be used by those making a specialty of chicken raising, and a man with 2000 or more chickens can make a good living. With all the immense quantity of eggs and chickens marketed, there is still a great scarcity, with no immediate prospect of fully supplying the demand. Here, then, is a splendid opportunity for the poultryman to acquire a competency easily and safely in the delightful climate and under the sunny skies of beautiful Fresno county.

In the earlier days of pioneering in Fresno county, little heed was paid to the grading of stock, whether horses or cattle, but a great impetus has been given to the work by the competitive rivalry at State and County Fairs. The mild winters and favorable summer climate are conducive to stock raising. Especially is this so in the



DRYING RAISINS, FRESNO





PACKING LAYER RAISINS, FRESNO

case of horses and mules, and Fresno county is fast taking rank as a foremost breeder of splendid animals. On account of the great heat, with its excessive humidity, in the Orient, the horse does not stand the climate so well as the mule, and this has led to a great demand there for high-class mules, for which prices are paid that are highly satisfactory to the breeder.

The lumber interests of Fresno county are also very important, and its forests of coniferous trees rank among the finest in the world. This splendid aggregation consists of sugar pine, yellow pine, fir, cedar and redwood. The latter, named technically "*Sequoia Gigantea*," is one of the wonders of the world, being of a great height, and frequently 35 feet in diameter, the bark being 30 inches in thickness. Many of these trees are from 4000 to 6000 years old, and had attained quite a respectable growth when Nabal's wife went out to meet King David, bearing a gift of raisins and other good things to intercede for his pardon and favor. They were flourishing in the days when Christ walked this earth, when Nero fiddled over the burning of Rome, and Alexander the Great sat down and wept for more worlds to conquer. Existing, as they did, through the evolution of the ages, they form an interesting and striking link between the long dead past and the living present.

The annual cut of Fresno county lumber amounts to about 75,000,000 board feet, and its products are used for all purposes. Sugar pine for fine building purposes, yellow pine for heavier building purposes, fir for fine ship timbers, and redwood, which is impervious to wet rot, for outside finishing and roofing. The value of the lumber product is \$2,500,000 yearly.

The rapid rise of Fresno county as one of the greatest oil-producing centers of the world has been something phenomenal. The beginning of its development was in 1890, with one small well, and its first important gusher, yielding over 500 barrels a day, was brought in in 1898. In 1900, the field produced 500,000 barrels and gradually increased its yield, till in 1908 its product was 12,000,000 barrels. With the development of the field, permanent pipelines have been laid, refineries started, and the two transcontinental railroads, recognizing the value and cheapness of oil as fuel, have been for years using it in their locomotives. The adoption of crude oil as fuel has tended to increase its consumption, and, notwithstanding the immense present-day production of oil, it seems to fall short of the great demand there is for it. This industry has created many large fortunes, and hundreds of men who a few years ago were very poor, find themselves in affluent circumstances.

The climate of Fresno county is one of the finest in California, taken on an average all the year round. July is the hottest month, occasionally getting up to 110 degrees Fahrenheit, but it is a notable





FRESNO

fact that it is also the most healthful month. August and September are a little cooler, and the other nine months of the year are simply delightful. Even in our hottest weather there are no sunstrokes; neither are there any thunder-storms at any season of the year. There are 275 days of sunshine in the year, and rarely ever a day in which the farmer cannot pursue his vocation. No matter how hot the days are, the evenings are always cool, affording splendid opportunity for rest and recuperation. The irrigation system is one of the best in the United States, and the never-failing snows of the Sierras supply ample water for the purpose. Where irrigation from the canals is impracticable, it is easily ac-



MARIPOSA STREET, FRESNO

complished by pumping-plants. In most parts of the county, water is reached at an easy distance from the surface, and the cost of pumping is very slight, owing to the excellent supply of cheap fuel from the oil fields of the county. The cost of running a pumping-plant during the year averages about \$3 per acre. Compare this cost with that of other districts in California where the cost runs from \$10 to \$25 per acre per annum.

The educational system of Fresno county is of a high order, and it is questionable if any school system in the country is superior to it. Provision is also made that even in the remotest parts of the county the children have a good education provided for them. Churches of almost every denomination are found in Fresno county.



Wherever one goes, whether in city or country, are the evidences of prosperity, taste and refinement, in the pretty homes that are fast taking the places of the old-fashioned "California shacks" of former days. In the mountains are to be found the most delightful summer resorts, quiet nooks, under the shady trees, and by the purling brooks, which, like those in Tennyson's poem, "go on forever," and where opportunities for peaceful reverie and mental and physical recuperation are to be found. Here, also, in Kings River Cañon is to be seen scenery which, for grandeur and sublimity, beggars description, putting in the shade anything to be found in the grand Yellowstone Park and the Yosemite Valley. The mighty Nimrod and the gentler follower of Izaak Walton also find congenial occupation; and plenty of it.

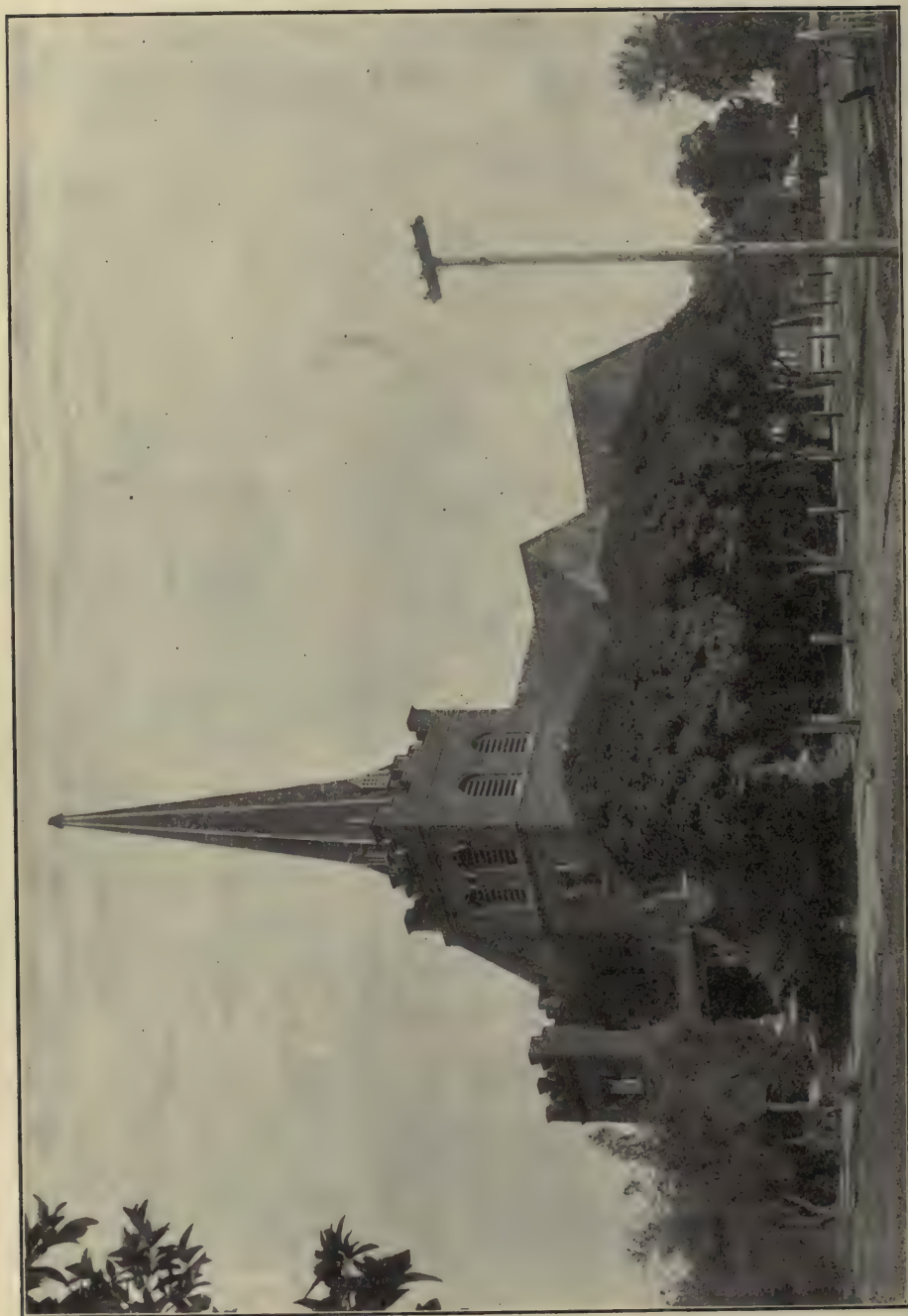
Five years ago Professor Blackmar, of Washington, D. C., visited Fresno county, and, writing back to a friend after his return home, he expressed himself as follows regarding it:

"It is a truly wonderful county, productive beyond imagination, and rich beyond the dreams of wealth. A wealthy agricultural district in one of the grandest valleys the sun ever shone on." These were the words of a practical man who knew whereof he wrote, and never were truer words penned.

Some day, probably not in the far distant future, our rich Americans who desire to travel and enjoy the beauties of nature, instead of going to enjoy the frivolities of London and Paris, or the snow-clad peaks of Switzerland, may be found turning their steps toward the grander and more awe-inspiring scenery of their own land, and when that day comes, the Mecca of all travelers will certainly be the Kings River Cañon of Fresno County, California.



FRESNO



CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, PORTERVILLE



## THE STORY OF PORTERVILLE

By JOHN T. GOOLRICK, JR.



TURNING the desert into a garden! The story is an old one. Where the big irrigation projects have been carried out, the transformation is familiar; but here is a section where, from sheep pastures and apparently worthless land, steady work and confidence have developed orange groves, wheat fields, and pastures that yield splendid crops each year. Underground water and the experimental proclivities of one man did it, but so quietly was it accomplished that the change was not heralded as desert irrigation projects are. Little attention was attracted until recently, and but few people know the full resources of the San Joaquin Valley and the Porterville orange belt.

The chief claim of this northern orange belt is that it is the first of all citrus fruit sections to get its product to the market. The oranges grown here are in the markets of the East before the harvesting of the golden crop has begun elsewhere. Nor does the rapidity with which they mature detract from the quality of the oranges.

The orange belt of the San Joaquin Valley extends from the base of the foothills of the Sierra Nevada mountains twenty or thirty miles westward on the plains. In sections where the oranges shrink

---

Photographs by courtesy of Opera House Studio, Porterville, Cal.



PUBLIC LIBRARY, PORTERVILLE



A PORTERVILLE ORANGE GROVE

from the frost, grain fields cover the once barren plains, and beyond the grain fields, cattle graze on the green slopes of the hills. These hills rise to the stately Sierras, which rival the most famous resorts of America.

Beginning as a sheep camp and settled by intrepid seekers who crossed the plains in early days, the growth of Porterville was for years merely nominal. Not more than half a century ago the Indians and whites clashed within a few miles of the present site of Porterville. The Indians were banished to the Tule River Reservation, and the town resumed its placid existence as a frontier trading post. The San Joaquin Valley was at that time on the government maps as "desert land" and was deemed of little value.

Some time in the year 1863, Mrs. Cornelius Gibbons and Mrs. H. M. White, in experimental mood, planted two orange seeds, and the seed planted by the former surprised her and her incredulous neighbors by becoming in time a tree. It still further surprised them by bearing fruit in 1868, and the result was that in 1880 the first commercial orchard was set out.

Land was worth little before the orange industry began. Bare land is now cheap at \$150.00 an acre, and orange groves bring more than a thousand dollars an acre. In the twelve or thirteen years during which the orange industry has existed in the Porterville section, 4681 acres of trees have been set out in the district immediately adjacent to Porterville. This means that there are approximately four hundred and sixty-eight thousand orange trees within a few miles of this city. Oranges ripen here in the early fall. They are picked by a corps of pickers who come in at the beginning of the season, hauled to the packing house, sorted in boxes, and shipped



east. They range from the "fancy" grades, of which about sixty make a box, to the smallest shipped, of which 324 can be packed in one box.

With the industry there grew up a co-operative system of marketing. The California Fruit Exchange pays each shipper his proportionate share of the profits of sales, after the expense of marketing is deducted. In Porterville the Porterville Citrus Association, under the Fruit Exchange, operates the packing houses. The Randolph Fruit Company and the California Citrus Union maintain independent packing establishments. The work of picking and packing employs hundreds of men and women during the season.

But although orange-growing is the leading industry in the Porterville section, it is by no means the only one. South of the town are extensive wheat fields that yield remarkable crops in "good years" and fair crops in "bad years." East of it, are cattle ranges, one of which runs into thousands of acres. West of the town is an extensive alfalfa and dairying country, and on all sides almost any kind of fruit may be successfully cultivated. The two creameries near this city, Ridgway Brothers' Sunflower and the Porterville Co-operative, produce about 35,000 pounds of butter each month, bringing in a total income of about \$12,250 at wholesale prices. Of this amount the Ridgways' creamery turned out last month about 23,000 pounds and the Co-operative creamery 12,000 pounds.

Not far from Porterville is one of the only two magnesite mines in the world, and just as near, one of the finest granite quarries in the West.

Porterville has all the features of a pleasant home city, seven



Packing Oranges, Porterville



PORTERVILLE



churches, one of them built at a cost of \$25,000; a \$10,000 library, a \$50,000 water works system, a \$50,000 high school, a \$40,000 sewer system, paved sidewalks and oiled streets; all of them the result of twelve years' growth, which may be counted the period of Porterville's real progress. The city is not without its faults, nor do its most enthusiastic residents believe it is. There is still much to be done. And it is because there is much to be done, and a field for doing it, that the city wants the East to know of its industries, advantages and possibilities.

It would be folly to attempt to outline the future, and if it were forecasted in the light of the past, predictions would seem mere bombast. If twelve years, half of which were spent in experimenting, can bring about the changes that have taken place here, what can twelve more years do, with a positive basis upon which to work? The population of Porterville and the adjacent section has doubled in the last year. Our future is indeed bright.

Government surveys assure a constant supply of water, and a look at the country confirms this to the most casual observer. No matter how little rain may fall in the immediate vicinity of the city, the Sierras always carry their burden of snow in winter. It is this water from the mountains, seeping into the ground and flowing slowly downward, that makes the underground lakes from which water is pumped for irrigation. Hundreds and hundreds of wells have made no appreciable difference in the level of this water.

The climate is hot in summer, but never so hot that it is oppressive, like the humid heat of the East. In the winter it is cool, never cold, and the rains are gentle; there are no storms. While the climate is not perfect, it is far better than can be found in most sections of the United States, or even in most sections of "Sunny California."

It is possibly because the Sierras and the San Joaquin have not been advertised extensively that the tourists have visited them only occasionally. Many who have "seen California" have passed by rail within a few miles of some of the most remarkable sights of the world, not knowing of their existence.

Twenty or thirty miles east of Porterville the summits of the Sierra Nevada rise clear cut against the sky. On Mt. Whitney, 14,526 feet above the sea, the observatory stands on the highest point in the United States and overlooks the lowest, Death Valley, three hundred feet below the ocean level.

In 1890, the government set aside 250 square miles on the North Fork of the Keweenaw river for a National Park, and this park not only contains the largest number of big trees in the world, but its individual trees are the giants of all plant life. The "Clara Barton," "Abe Lincoln" and "Sherman" far surpass in height and size any other trees known, and the "Sherman" is probably the oldest living

thing on earth. Its age is computed at from four to six thousand years. It is but a few hours' ride from the valley, warm in summer, to the cool, pine-scented hills, where game and fish are plentiful. Once reached, the visitor may take his choice of hotels in the first ranges, or "rough it" further back. Wherever he may be the scenery surpasses description. Valley cañons, forests, peaks, rivers and streams as yet unnamed, waterfalls as beautiful as those of the Yosemite, stretch away mile after mile into the "High Sierras," where but few feet have ever trod.

This article may seem enthusiastic: so it is. It awakens enthusiasm to watch a new country developing, to see the "desert made to bloom," to see big projects undertaken with a vim. It is an instinct of our race to build and grow, and to glory in growth, and the man who can sit unenthused in the midst of progress is only a hermit in the cave of his own conservative nature. There is enthusiasm but no exaggeration in this attempt to describe things that only sight itself can impress on the mind.



LUTHER BURBANK PARK, PORTERVILLE



## VISALIA, CALIFORNIA

By BEN M. MADDOX.



ISALIA, the county seat of Tulare County, California, lies in the heart of the famous Kaweah Delta, known in early days as the Four Creeks Country. The location of Visalia was not determined by the railroad townsit man, but was located by the Pioneers of Tulare County, because it was surrounded by a vast body of fertile, alluvial land, where plenty of water for irrigation is always available from the creeks tributary to the Kaweah and St. Johns rivers. Visalia and the territory surrounding it has never suffered from an inflation in land prices, for the reason that the earliest settlers came here and acquired title from the Government long before other cities in the San Joaquin Valley were thought of.

The land owners have always been prosperous, so prosperous, indeed, that for many years their object was to acquire—not to sell. The boomer has, therefore, found it very profitable to work in localities where large bodies of land could be obtained for subdivision. In this section it is a proposition of securing a home where the results are assured, and at prices that one can well afford to pay.

In the Visalia district nearly all varieties of deciduous fruits and grapes are grown, the peach and prune especially, attaining a rare excellency. Alfalfa and garden truck of all varieties find a congenial soil and climate.

**Bancroft Library**

The city has a population of six thousand and is up-to-date in architecture, municipal improvements and public utilities. Visalia



A "HOME STREET" IN VISALIA

being the county seat of Tulare County, the county buildings are, of course, located here. The court house is not only attractive, but is perfectly arranged for the transaction of county business. It occupies a block in the center of the town and is set in the midst of lawns, flowers and shrubs, making a very pleasant impression. A municipal building to cost thirty thousand dollars is being constructed, and will be completed by January first, next. In this, the several city officers and the paid and volunteer fire departments will be housed.

The principal streets are well paved with asphaltum and the residence streets are graded and oiled. A great variety of shade trees ornament the streets, while lawns and flowers are the pride of every home.



TULARE COUNTY COURT HOUSE, VISALIA

Special effort has been made to care for the education of the children in the high school and two grammar school buildings, where competent instructors are employed. Churches of all denominations are represented in Visalia. One of the oldest Catholic churches in California is being replaced by a modern structure and will soon be occupied.

The business portion of the city is substantially built of brick, and the stores are modern in every particular. All lines of merchandise are represented, yet there are business opportunities that will appeal to the man with a little capital and a lot of energy. Two large canneries furnish employment to a thousand women, boys and girls from the middle of July to the middle of September each year. Then the dried-fruit packing-houses open and a large number of people





VISALIA OAKS



## VISALIA BOOSTERS

find profitable employment through the fall and winter. The orchards surrounding the city have work for all who apply, from the first of July until the middle of October, and many families, with boys and girls, find it easy to accumulate a handsome sum of money in employment that is healthful and attractive.

The dairy business is exceedingly profitable. The land around Visalia sub-irrigates and there is a large acreage that produces five crops of alfalfa, without the need of surface irrigation. On the land where water is required one will find the best ditch rights in the San Joaquin Valley. It is practicable to pump water for irrigation anywhere in the Visalia district, the total lift not averaging to exceed twenty feet. Wells for domestic purposes are bored deeper and the water is most excellent. There is a creamery in Visalia that pays the highest market price for butter fat, and there are thousands of acres in the vicinity ideal for dairy purposes.

Another enterprise of much importance is a beet sugar factory of 300-ton capacity. Actual tests for three years past prove that the sugar beets grown around Visalia contain the highest per cent. of sugar and purity of any beets grown in the United States. The



growing of sugar beets is a new industry, and the man who knows how to care for a beet crop will find no better place than Visalia to engage in this work. It is said the factory will be enlarged to 400 tons capacity the coming year, and it will undoubtedly grow as fast as the production of beets will warrant. Good wages are paid at the factory and a very large force of men is required to handle the campaign.

Visalia is the headquarters of the Mt. Whitney Power Company, the corporation that furnishes electricity for light and power to the various towns and farming neighborhoods in the county. The Consolidated Heat, Light and Power Company furnishes gas for Visalia and Tulare, the generating plant being in Visalia. The ice used in Visalia is manufactured in the city, and several other towns are supplied from the plant here. The Visalia City Water Company supplies water for the inhabitants of Visalia. The water is noted for its purity, the service is excellent and the price charged very reasonable. There are several small manufacturing establishments doing a good business, and there is room for more, as Visalia is situated just right to command the trade of the entire county.

The Southern Pacific and Santa Fe railroads pass through Visalia, furnishing excellent transportation facilities to all portions of the county. In addition to these main lines of travel, the Visalia Electric Railroad Company has in operation an electric road from Visalia to Lemon Cove, a distance of twenty-one miles. This road is now being extended a distance of twelve miles, and will ultimately be extended to a point near the Giant Forest, in the Sequoia National Park Reservation. This park lies about fifty-two miles from Visalia and contains the largest grove of the largest trees in the world. To this magnificent summer resort and the high Sierras beyond, Visalia is a gateway. It is generally believed that Visalia is to be the hub of an electric railroad system that will place all neighborhoods in the county in close touch with the county seat.

When the first settlement was made in Visalia in 1852, the country was covered with a dense growth of oak trees. These trees have been cleared away as cultivation advanced, but there are enough of these forest monarchs left to add a distinctive charm to the landscape of this locality. In many yards in Visalia huge oak trees supply the shade, while about four miles away Tulare County has recently purchased one hundred acres of oak grove to be forever maintained as a county park.

Visalia has an almost perfect climate. The rainy season, from November 1st until April 1st, is *called* Winter, yet three-fourths of the days within that period are "outdoor days." The rest of the year is Spring, Summer and Autumn. It is not too much to say that for three hundred days in the year the sun shines in this city.

Here one can live out his allotted time secure in the knowledge that he will not be assailed by contagious diseases. If spiritually inclined, he will each morning thank his Maker for being permitted to spend his days in a place where nature is so lavish in her gifts for the material welfare of man. Strangers are welcomed, and while there is nothing to give away as an inducement for Eastern people to settle among us, there is no section of California where one can come nearer to getting value received for money spent in buying a home.



### SLUMBER SONG

*By EUNICE WARD.*

**S**ING lullaby, little stream, winter has fled;  
The west winds are humming  
That summer is coming,  
Warm summer, that puts all the streamlets to bed.

Then lullaby, little stream, sink to your sleep;  
The purple haze hovers,  
The pasture-land covers  
With smooth, tawny velvet its level and steep.

So lullaby, little stream, dream of the rain,  
Of gray branches lifted,  
And fallen leaves drifted,  
When voices of winter shall wake you again.

San Francisco, Cal.





BAKERSFIELD

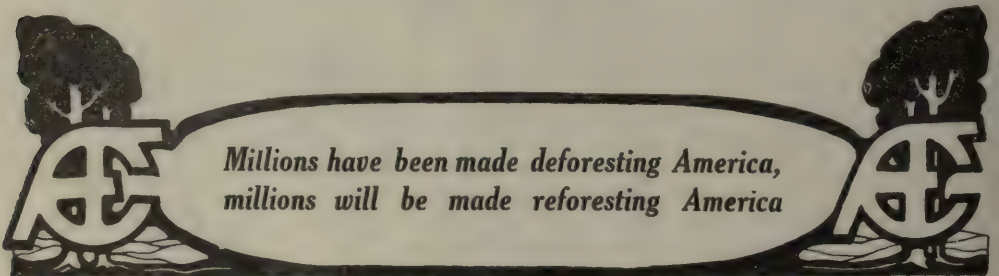


**T**ake heart, ye that walk with Want,  
for out of thy nation's needs shall  
come thy purple and gold!

**W**ANT and Fear go hand in hand. Fear is the parent. Want the offspring. The timid man hears the knock of Opportunity upon the door, but only he of a stout heart opens it wide. The world is full of fine-spirited men and women who approach their graves in rags because the blood leaves their heads, and their hearts tremble in the face of Opportunity. To perceive an opportunity is commonplace; to contemplate it not unwise; but to turn from it is to say, in after years, "**It might have been!—but I was afraid!**"

Alexander is great in history merely because he perceived the opportunity and seized it courageously; so of Napoleon: so are Rockefeller—Carnegie—Morgan—Weyerhauser, all rich, each a money king because he saw what others saw too, but did what others feared to do.

There is not a man or woman who reads this message but who perceives the wonderful investment of eucalyptus—knows that as an investment it is based wholly and entirely upon an array of authority, private and governmental, the like of which was never before underneath any other investment. A President of the United States has lent his pen and voice to the labor of arousing the people of the nation to the necessity of reforesting the land; governors, secretaries, statesmen, papers, magazines,







societies and private men of irreproachable standing have all lent their voices to the needs of the hour, and their shout has filled the sky:

**"Reforest the land! and you shall be rich in the measure of your labor!"**

So it is, precisely as we have expressed it in the caption over these words, out of the needs of the Nation you, who hear this knock of Opportunity today and are not afraid, may have, in the near years ahead, the security and peace and pleasure of plenty and plenty. Or, if fear and doubt, the twin cats that scratch their way into the hearts of the weak, and abide there forever, should determine your course, do not say, in the days to come when your braver neighbor is affluent, that you **"never had his chance!"**

You **have** the opportunity. It **is** yours. And the time to open the door to Opportunity is today—**now**.

The single tree upon which the hope of the nation is fastened, the only tree which can possibly avert, in a small measure, the inevitable ravages of the hastening timber famine, is **the miracle tree**—the eucalyptus. This tree will grow only in California. It can be made commercially successful in a few years only in certain favored sections of the State where rich, alluvial soil, temperature and water—**water in inexhaustible abundance**—are combined. Water **upon the surface** must be provided to insure juvenile strength and hardihood—just as good milk is essential to the health and vigor of the infant child. Nowhere in the whole length and breadth of California can such ideal conditions for the successful **commercial** growing of eucalyptus be found as at our reserve GLENARDEN. The American Forestration Company is ready to pay the personal and traveling expenses of any person proposing to buy a substantial acreage to every eucalyptus field in the State, and then to GLENARDEN; after which he may make his own selection of the place where he will invest his money. This is not our confidence, **it is our knowledge**.

Over-production is a physical impossibility, so that fundamentally he who invests in our acreage can confidently depend upon an **inadequate supply and an increasing demand** as the basis of his profits. An acre today containing 600 of these trees will earn its owner at a single cutting \$3000; five acres will yield \$15,000. These earnings will then repeat themselves every seven years indefinitely.

No man lives who can successfully combat these figures. They are unassailable. Untold millions of dollars must flow into the State to carry on this titanic, heroic work of reforestation. It means for California all that her mineral resources have meant in the past; it means more than all the citrus industry means today. It means banks filled with the deposits of those who aid in the work of reforestation, and a land, otherwise cracked and barren, plumed with forest trees. It is a great day for all who take advantage of the opportunity offered. It is a day which those who fail to take advantage of will remember with regret, **but it will be gone forever from them**, and no hand can reach back into the past. Like a tale that is told is yesterday with its hopes and mistakes. If you would seize the unprecedented opportunity of buying such splendid acreage as GLENARDEN at the prices published elsewhere on this page, **you must act today—to-morrow will be too late!**

**Let the Nation's extremity be your opportunity.**

*Millions have been made deforesting America,  
millions will be made reforesting America*



## Glenarden

created an epoch in the eucalyptus industry. The one aim of eucalyptus growing as a money-making enterprise is a maximum of growth in the minimum of time. Anything interfering with this end is a defect in the commercial plan. The necessary factors for this result are: An ample, inexhaustible water supply for surface irrigation; the richest soil the State affords; the right location with respect to the market; perfect transportation facilities; the perpetual care of the growing timber by the operating company, and a forest of such magnitude that it commands every advantage in the lumber trade. The lack of any one of these features means lessened profits.

With all these essentials in mind, GLENARDEN was chosen, after months of careful search. Other tracts may possess individual traits of pronounced merit, but in the combination of all the features necessary for perfect results GLENARDEN stands with out a rival.

## Our Water Supply

has never even been approached in land devoted to eucalyptus. No tree that has had to struggle through its early life with a scant water supply can fully regain the growth lost during that period. Trees well irrigated when young make twice the growth of trees on the same soil unaided by water. The phenomenal growth of eucalyptus is due very largely to its great capacity for consuming water.

Glenarden tract possesses a water frontage of more than five miles on a deep water-course, 200 feet wide and 20 feet deep, inexhaustible the year round.

The water supply of the American Forestration Company not only exceeds all requirements for surface irrigation, but in addition provides unlimited facilities for water-seasoning timber for the market.

The entire tract is sub-irrigated by a water stratum only 10 to 15 feet below the surface. The roots of the eucalyptus reach this depth within a few months, and thenceforth draw their food supply from inexhaustible sources, through every changing season.

## Transportation Facilities

may be neglected when a forest is planted, but may become a bugbear at the time of marketing. No more important feature exists in a commercial timber project. The main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad crosses our forest, and has a shipping siding upon the land at the present time.

## Our Geographical Location

is perfect, the forest lying midway between the principal cities of the San Joaquin Valley and Los Angeles to the South, and San Francisco and the large Bay cities to the north, which insures the best possible market for the product.

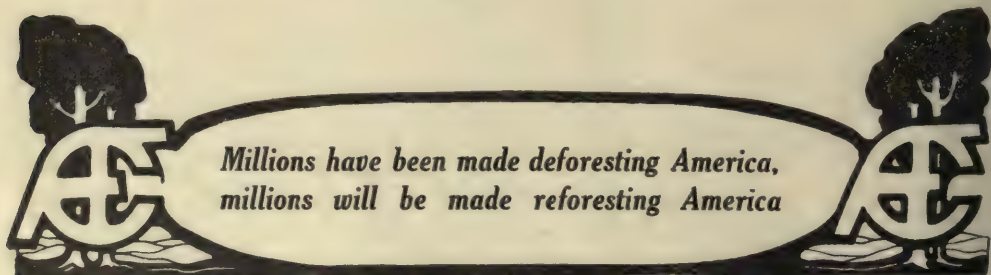
Still another advantage is the possibility of rafting the timber from our forest down the San Joaquin River to San Francisco Bay, if the need arises.

## The Size of Our Forest

is a guarantee of the commercial soundness of our methods. The day of the small, isolated tract is past. Says T. B. Walker, millionaire timber king: "It is only in large tracts that timber can be economically administered."

That tells the story. A great forest draws to itself every commercial advantage. It justifies the installation of mills and factories, to handle its product. A small acreage does not. The American Forestration Company operates only on a scale that guarantees every advantage to its purchasers. That portion of its holdings here described is an unbroken tract of 1200 acres. This means a forest of 720,000 trees, representing a timber value on the stump of more than three and a half million dollars in a single cutting.

Every owner in this forest, whether he holds one acre or fifty, shares proportionately in these profits. The forest is divided, and sold in groves of approximately 100 acres each,







which are marketed as a whole. This permits the holder of even a single acre to share every advantage of the large forest owners. This insures higher prices for his holdings than would be possible if his trees were isolated and thus deprived of the strength which inheres in the larger acreage of wealthier holders.

#### **Small Tracts**

are commercially handicapped, just as the owner of an orange grove too small to attract to itself transportation facilities is deprived of his market. No matter what may be the value of his crop, it rots on the ground. The size of our forests places us in a dominating position, exactly the reverse of the small tract owner, and our method of selling insures to the smallest holder of acreage in Glenarden reserve every advantage naturally inhering to the holder of thousands of acres.

#### **Of Supreme Importance**

are the character and location of the land designed for eucalyptus growing. The eucalyptus may live in the desert, on inferior soil, or without water to feed its early growth; but if it does less well under such poor conditions than it would do in localities of more rainfall, abundant surface water and richer soil, then the latter advantages are absolutely essential to commercial results—they mean vastly increased profits. **The presence of ideal conditions may easily mean a difference of a million dollars in timber value at one cutting in a forest the size of GLENARDEN.**

#### **Best Land Necessary**

GLENARDEN reserve lies in the rich alluvial district of the famous county of Fresno, which produces more wealth from its soil than any county in the world. Upon this soil are found the most prolific orchards and vineyards in California. GLENARDEN lies in the choicest portion of the rich lowlands of pure alluvial deposit. **Without exception, its soil is not surpassed by any spot in California.**

#### **Comparison Is Futile**

The water facilities of Glenarden alone make its acreage worth much more than the present price. Water—**water in inexhaustible abundance**—is the magic element that produces the wizardry of California soil. And when to this feature are added the unrivaled quality of the soil; the care and culture of the trees, not merely for a couple of years, but from seedling to market; the freeing of the buyer from every expense beyond the original purchase price until his holdings yield their returns; and providing facilities for marketing at a profit, the holdings of any purchaser who may be obliged to sell before maturity—all combine to confer upon the acreage of Glenarden a value in no sense measured by the present price.

**No acreage combining such an array of advantages has ever been offered in the eucalyptus industry.**

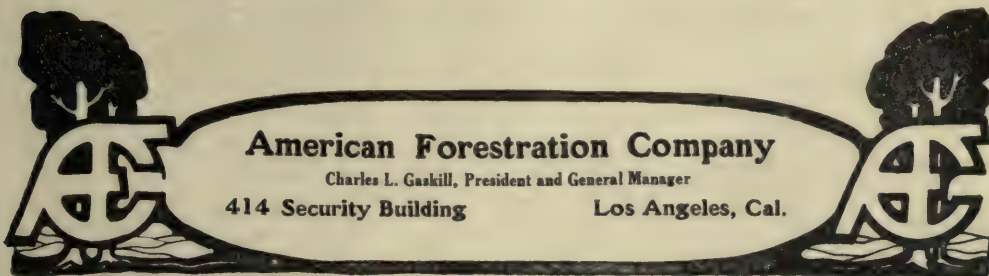
The purchaser of GLENARDEN acreage buys no stock; he buys the land, with a perfect title, and no matter how small his holdings he shares all the advantages of the largest holders, as all holdings represent a specified interest in a 100-acre grove. This ownership involves no cost, beyond the original purchase price, from the time he buys until he receives the profits from his timber.

#### **The Price Must Rise**

The value of such land is rising rapidly, and before long such acreage as GLENARDEN must sell for more than first-class planted orange land. The returns from eucalyptus justify that price today. Only by coming in now can you profit by the present prices. You never can again.

This great reserve is being taken rapidly. If you would take advantage of the lowest price at which this acreage will ever sell, you should act promptly. By all means get the value of these splendid trees behind you.

Write for the beautiful book, "The Miracle Tree," revised and enlarged. It is free.



## FRESNO COUNTY...

With products exceeding \$30,000,000.  
With a population of 60,000 people.  
With a splendid capacity for maintaining a population of 500,000.  
With boundless possibilities for the Dairyman, the Horticulturist, and the diversified farmer.  
With the finest irrigation in the State, and at the lowest price, 62½c per acre per annum.  
It is a land of opportunity for rich and poor.

---

A booklet containing information about this wonderful county will be sent on application to Secretary, Fresno County Chamber of Commerce, Fresno City, Calif.

## High Grade Nursery Stock

---

We can furnish you with Peaches, Pears, Plums, Apples, Cherries, Prunes, Figs, Almonds, Grape Vines, Berries, Ornamental Shade Trees, Palms, Roses and Flowering Shrubs. Also the largest stock of Eucalyptus in the county. We carry a complete line of all varieties. All stock strictly first class and true to name. Catalogue.

---

S. W. MARSHALL COMPANY, Inc.  
Fresno, California

# KIRKMAN NURSERIES

## WHOLESALE GROWERS *of* NURSERY STOCK

Nearly a quarter of a Century of steadily increasing business. Thousands of acres of KIRKMAN TREES in this valley bearing TRUE TO NAME.

Over a million trees growing in our Nurseries. Our Nurseries and Orchards are in Fresno, Merced and Stanislaus counties.

We will give you the benefit of our experience in selecting suitable location and soil, and where desired will furnish Nursery stock, plant same, and cultivate the orchard or vineyard for our customers.

Correspondence invited.

Main Office, Fresno, Cal.

Just say, "I saw your ad. in "OUT WEST MAGAZINE"



## Fancher Creek Nurseries, Inc.

Largest Nurseries on the Pacific Coast.  
Trees of all Sorts, True to Name

### GRAPEVINES

Headquarters for all varieties of table, raisin and wine grapes, both on their own roots and grafted on Phylloxera Resistant roots. Let us figure with you on your requirements.

**BURBANK'S NOVELTIES**  
IN PLUMS AND RAPID GROWING TIMBER WALNUTS OFFERED BY US. Write for illustrated booklet, 25c.

### "CALIFORNIA HORTICULTURE"

Profusely illustrated. Describes 2000 varieties of trees and plants. Practical suggestions given for planting, pruning and care of orchards. Mailed for 25c.

Prices on all stock promptly submitted on application.

===== ADDRESS =====

**GEO. C. ROEDING, Pres. and Mgr.**  
Box 99 Fresno, California

J. Q. Anderson C. S. Pierce G. W. Anderson

PHONE MAIN 55

## PIERCE & ANDERSON

REAL ESTATE  
INSURANCE  
AND LOANS



1152 J Street, Fresno, Cal.

BRANCH OFFICE

214 Mercantile Place, Los Angeles

## Los Angeles Brewing Company's



Pure and Wholesome

### LAGER BEERS

Are a Home Product not excelled by any Eastern Manufacture



*Why Not Try It?*

===== PHONES =====

Sunset East 820 Home Exch. 820

## This Ad Is Worth

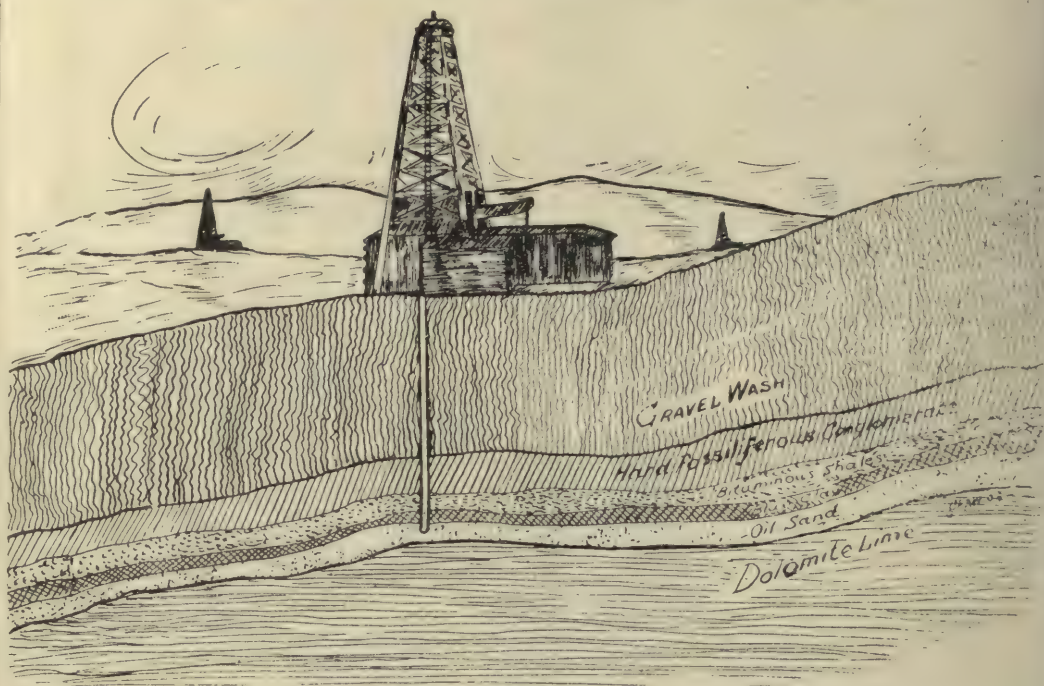
**\$100.00**  
to  
**YOU**

Bring it to our office at once and remember that **The Standard Eucalyptus Company** is ...

... *The* ...

**Standard Eucalyptus Co.**  
528-529 Central Bldg. Los Angeles, Cal.

Just say, "I saw your ad. in "OUT WEST MAGAZINE"



# The Great Divide Oil Company

This Company was recently organized and incorporated under the laws of the State of California, with a capitalization of 500,000 shares of a par value of One Dollar each. A certified copy of the articles of incorporation is on file at the office of the San Joaquin Investment Co. 1154 I Street, Fresno, California.

## OFFICERS

A. B. SMITH, Pres.  
Tax Collector Fresno County

HON. A. M. DREW, Vice Pres.  
Assemblyman 61st District

O. F. LUNDELIUS, Sec  
President San Joaquin Investment Co  
Treasurer

FIRST NATIONAL BANK,

## DIRECTORS

HON. A. M. DREW, Atty for the Company L. R. ECCLESTON, Business Expert  
J. Q. ANDERSON, Pres. Pierce & Anderson Real Estate and Insurance  
O. F. LUNDELIUS, A. B. SMITH

Location of Property: Antelope Valley, Devil's Den District, California. References by permission: Any Bank in Fresno. Send Draft or Money order for Stock

### GROUND FLOOR BUY

\$20 Cash will buy 100 Shares, par value, \$100  
\$40 Cash will buy 200 Shares, par value, \$200  
\$100 Cash will buy 500 Shares, par value, \$500  
\$250 Cash will buy 1250 Shares, par value, \$1250  
\$500 Cash will buy 2500 Shares, par value, \$2500  
\$1000 Cash will buy 5000 Shares, par value, \$5000

Fiscal Agents For Stock Subscriptions

**Pollard & Crump**

OIL COMMISSION BROKERS

1154 I Street

FRESNO, CAL.

Call or write for further particulars





**\$1**  
**6 MOS.**

## From the Spice of the Woods To the Salt of the Sea—

### A CONTINUOUS TRAIL FIFTY-TWO TIMES A YEAR

For most men the outing trip comes once each year, but **FOREST AND STREAM** comes every week, keeping its reader in close touch with the heart of out of doors the whole year round.

There is nothing that takes the place of Living close to Nature so well as Reading **FOREST AND STREAM**. Every week it comes fresh as a breath from the open, helping the reader live better, work better and play a thousand times better.. It is the one outdoor magazine that completely satisfies the men and women who actually know the wild. It "rings true" and "wears well."

## FOREST AND STREAM

is the great clearing house through which men and women of the open exchange ideas and experiences. Its reader is kept in touch with thousands of other men and women of the same tastes everywhere.

Its writers are men who live the things they picture. Each week it offers narratives of sport, travel, adventure at home and in odd corners of the world, hunting, cruising, fishing, camping, nature study with splendid illustrations, the how, the when, the where, the news of sport—the experiences, not the fiction of outdoor life.

Its information bureau offers right-up-to-the-minute and reliable information for the hunting or outing trip. The **FOREST AND STREAM** prize offers for outdoor narratives and the splendid series of last season's prize stories now running should interest every outdoor man.

To make it doubly worth your while to "Get Acquainted" we make this special offer:

**SEND \$1 WITH THE ATTACHED COUPON, AND WE WILL ENTER YOUR NAME FOR A SIX MONTHS' TRIAL SUBSCRIPTION, REGULAR PRICE \$1.50. WE CANNOT FILL ORDERS AT THIS RATE AFTER JANUARY 15.**

**FOREST AND STREAM  
PUBLISHING CO.**

147 Franklin Street  
New York

**Forest  
and  
Stream Pub-  
lishing Co.,  
147 Franklin St.,  
New York.**

Enclosed  
please find  
\$1.00 for which  
enter my name for  
a six months' trial sub-  
scription as per your offer

Name.....

Address.....

**FOREST AND STREAM—6 MOS. ONLY ONE DOLLAR**

DESIGNING AND  
PHOTO-ENGRAVING  
IN ALL ITS BRANCHES

**STAR  
ENGRAVING CO.**

322 W. FIRST ST.  
LOS ANGELES CAL.



**Madame Ernestine Schumann-Heink**



Fritz Kreisler  
**FRITZ KREISLER**  
BOHEMIAN VIOLINIST  
who will appear at  
**SIMPSON AUDITORIUM**  
Thursday Night, December 30, 1909

---

**Madame Ernestine Schumann-Heink**  
The World's Greatest Contralto  
who will appear at  
**SIMPSON AUDITORIUM**  
Thursday Night, January 27, 1910



## Bailey's Rubber Complexion Brushes and Massage Rollers

Make, Keep and Restore Beauty in Nature's own way



### IT'S THE FLAT-ENDED TEETH

with circular biting edges that remove dust caps, cleanse the skin in the bath, open the pores, and give new life to the whole body. BAILEY'S RUBBER BRUSHES are all made this way. Mailed for price. *Beware of imitations.* At all dealers.

Bailey's Rubber Complexion Brush	.50
Bailey's Rubber Massage Roller	.50
Bailey's Bath and Shampoo Brush	.75
Bailey's Rubber Bath and Flesh Brush	1.00
Bailey's Rubber Toilet Brush (small)	.25
Bailey's Skin Food (large jar)	.50



### Bailey's Won't Slip TIP

This tip won't slip on ANY SURFACE, on smooth ice, or mar the most highly polished floor. Made in five sizes, internal diameter: No. 17,  $\frac{3}{8}$  in.; No. 18,  $\frac{3}{4}$  in.; No. 19,  $\frac{1}{2}$  in.; No. 20, 1 in.; No. 21,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  in. Mailed upon receipt price, 30c. per pair. Agents wanted.

100 Page Rubber Catalogue Free.

C. J. BAILEY & CO., 22 Boylston St., BOSTON, Mass.



### Arizona Ruby FREE

To Introduce Our Genuine Imported

Mexican Diamonds

We will send you FREE a genuine Arizona Ruby in the rough, with Illustrated Catalogue of GENUINE MEXICAN DIAMONDS and other gems. Mexican Diamonds exactly resemble finest genuine blue-white diamonds, stand acid tests; are cut by experts, and yet we sell at one-fortieth the cost. Only gem of its kind guaranteed permanently brilliant. SPECIAL OFFER. For 50c deposit as guarantee of good faith, we send on approval, registered, either  $\frac{1}{2}$  or 1 carat Mexican Diamond at special price. Money back if desired. Write today. Catalog FREE.

MEXICAN DIAMOND IMP. CO., Dept. 3, Las Cruces, N. M.

### KIDDER'S PASTILLES

Standard relief for 50 years. Sold by all Druggists. 35 cents.

STOWELL & CO., Mfrs., Charlestown, Mass.

## FOR CHRISTMAS Give the Boy a Summer Suit Case Tour in Europe.

Professor and Mrs. Adams will take six young people on a comprehensive tour, leaving in June. Every comfort. \$850 from Los Angeles. Write for details to

PROF. J. M. ADAMS,  
Occidental College, Los Angeles



FOR HEALTH, HAPPINESS AND A HOME  
COME TO

## SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

Write for information and illustrated printed matter, enclosing a 5 cent stamp, to

THE

Chamber of Commerce  
Los Angeles, Cal.

## PATENTS THAT PAY Protect Your Idea!

2 BOOKS FREE: "Fortunes in Patents—What and How to Invent," and hand-some 61-page Guide Book.

Send sketch or photo or model and full description of your invention for free report as to patentability. Write for proof of great successes of my clients.

I advertise my clients' U. S. patents for sale—Special Offer.

Prompt services and excellent testimonials.

E. E. VROOMAN, Patent Lawyer

803 F St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

Just say, "I saw your ad. in 'OUT WEST MAGAZINE'"

# Magazine Clubs for 1910

OUT WEST .....\$1.50  
Cosmopolitan ..... 1.00  
American ..... 1.50

OUR PRICE \$2.80, value \$4.00

OUT WEST .....\$1.50  
American ..... 1.50  
Good Housekeeping ..... 1.25

OUR PRICE \$2.80, value \$4.25

OUT WEST .....\$1.50  
American ..... 1.50  
Success ..... 1.00

OUR PRICE \$2.80, value \$4.00

OUT WEST .....\$1.50  
Good Housekeeping ..... 1.25  
Cosmopolitan ..... 1.00

OUR PRICE \$2.75, value \$3.75

OUT WEST .....\$1.50  
Cosmopolitan ..... 1.00  
Success ..... 1.00

OUR PRICE \$2.70, value \$3.75

OUT WEST .....\$1.50  
Country Life ..... 4.00  
Outing ..... 3.00

OUR PRICE \$5.65, value \$8.50

OUT WEST .....\$1.50  
Country Life ..... 4.00  
Leslie's Weekly ..... 5.00

OUR PRICE \$6.15, value \$10.50

OUT WEST .....\$1.50  
Delineator ..... 1.00  
Everybody's ..... 1.50

OUR PRICE \$3.25, value \$4.00

OUT WEST .....\$1.50  
Designer ..... 1.00  
Success ..... 1.00

OUR PRICE \$2.50, value \$3.50

OUT WEST .....\$1.50  
Forest and Stream ..... 3.00  
National Sportsman ..... 1.00

OUR PRICE \$4.30, value \$5.50

OUT WEST .....\$1.50  
Forest and Stream ..... 3.00  
Outing ..... 3.00

OUR PRICE \$5.70, value \$7.50

OUT WEST .....\$1.50  
Good Housekeeping ..... 1.25  
Suburban Life ..... 3.00

OUR PRICE \$4.50, value \$5.75

OUT WEST .....\$1.50  
Hampton's Magazine ..... 1.50  
Review of Reviews ..... 3.00

OUR PRICE \$3.80, value \$6.00

OUT WEST .....\$1.50  
Hampton's Magazine ..... 1.50  
Woman's Home Comp'n.. 1.50

OUR PRICE \$3.25, value \$4.50

OUT WEST .....\$1.50  
Harper's Magazine ..... 4.00  
Good Housekeeping ..... 1.25

OUR PRICE \$5.40, value \$6.75

OUT WEST .....\$1.50  
Harper's Magazine ..... 4.00  
World To-Day ..... 1.50

OUR PRICE \$5.50, value \$7.00

OUT WEST .....\$1.50  
Human Life ..... 1.00  
National Magazine ..... 1.50

OUR PRICE \$3.05, value \$4.00

OUT WEST .....\$1.50  
Human Life ..... 1.00  
Success ..... 1.00

OUR PRICE \$2.85, value \$3.50

OUT WEST .....\$1.50  
Independent ..... 2.00  
Review of Reviews ..... 3.00

OUR PRICE \$4.80, value \$6.50

OUT WEST .....\$1.50  
Independent ..... 2.00  
Success ..... 1.00

OUR PRICE \$3.50, value \$4.50

OUT WEST .....\$1.50  
McClure's ..... 1.50  
Review of Reviews ..... 3.00

OUR PRICE \$4.25, value \$6.00

OUT WEST .....\$1.50  
McClure's ..... 1.50  
Woman's Home Comp'n.. 1.25

OUR PRICE \$3.25, value \$4.25

OUT WEST .....\$1.50  
National Sportsman ..... 1.00  
Great Southwest ..... 1.00

OUR PRICE \$2.65, value \$3.50

OUT WEST .....\$1.50  
National Sportsman ..... 1.00  
Outdoor Life ..... 1.50

OUR PRICE \$3.25, value \$4.00

OUT WEST .....\$1.50  
National Sportsman ..... 1.00  
Sunset ..... 1.50

OUR PRICE \$3.00, value \$4.00

OUT WEST .....\$1.50  
National Magazine ..... 1.50  
Designer ..... 1.00  
Success ..... 1.00

OUR PRICE \$3.50, value \$5.00

OUT WEST .....\$1.50  
National Magazine ..... 1.50  
Great Southwest ..... 1.00

OUR PRICE \$2.80, value \$4.00

OUT WEST .....\$1.50  
Outing ..... 3.00  
National Magazine ..... 1.50

OUR PRICE \$4.65, value \$6.00

OUT WEST .....\$1.50  
Outing ..... 3.00  
Sunset ..... 1.50

OUR PRICE \$4.50, value \$6.00

OUT WEST .....\$1.50  
Outing ..... 3.00  
National Sportsman ..... 1.00

OUR PRICE \$4.50, value \$5.50

OUT WEST .....\$1.50  
Pearson's Magazine ..... 1.50  
Outing ..... 3.00

OUR PRICE \$4.75, value \$6.00

OUT WEST .....\$1.50  
Pearson's Magazine ..... 1.50  
Scribner's ..... 3.00

OUR PRICE \$5.00, value \$6.00

OUT WEST .....\$1.50  
Pearson's Magazine ..... 1.50  
Sunset ..... 1.50

OUR PRICE \$3.25, value \$4.50

OUT WEST .....\$1.50  
Sunset ..... 1.50  
American ..... 1.50

OUR PRICE \$3.00, value \$4.50

OUT WEST .....\$1.50  
Sunset ..... 1.50  
Woman's Home Comp'n.. 1.25

OUR PRICE \$3.15, value \$4.25

OUT WEST .....\$1.50  
Sunset ..... 1.50  
World To-Day ..... 1.50

OUR PRICE \$3.80, value \$4.50

OUT WEST .....\$1.50  
World's Work ..... 3.00  
Delineator ..... 1.00

OUR PRICE \$3.75, value \$5.50

OUT WEST .....\$1.50  
World's Work ..... 3.00  
Everybody's ..... 1.50

OUR PRICE \$4.00, value \$6.00

OUT WEST .....\$1.50  
World To-Day ..... 1.50  
Hampton's ..... 1.50

OUR PRICE \$3.30, value \$4.50

Write for prices on any magazine or club.

Established agents may take orders for any of these clubs at the above prices, and retain the regular commission. Anyone desiring to become an agent may do so by sending two orders with first remittance.

**PACIFIC SUBSCRIPTION COMPANY**  
315 Mason Opera House Bldg. Los Angeles, California



# MAGAZINE BARGAINS

We have made a select list for 1910 -- ORDER NOW, as many publishers will soon increase their subscription price.

OUT WEST and		Total Value	Cost	OUT WEST and		Total Value	Cost
Ainslee's Magazine	.....	\$3.30	for \$2.65	Ladies' World	.....	\$2.00	\$1.85
American Boy	.....	2.50	" 2.15	Leslie's Weekly	.....	6.50	5.10
American Farm Review	.....	1.75	" 1.55	Life	.....	6.50	5.75
American Homes & Gardens	.....	4.50	" 3.80	Lippincott's Magazine	.....	4.00	3.25
American Home Monthly	.....	2.50	" 2.00	Little Folks (Salem) new	.....	2.50	2.30
American Magazine	.....	3.00	" 2.20	McCall's Mag. and Pattern	.....	2.00	1.80
American Photography	.....	3.00	" 2.50	McClure's Magazine	.....	3.00	2.65
American Poultry Advocate	.....	2.00	" 1.75	Magazine of Mysteries	.....	2.50	2.10
American Poultry Journal	.....	2.00	" 1.75	Metropolitan and Rural Home	.....	1.70	1.60
American Thresherman	.....	2.50	" 2.00	Metropolitan Magazine	.....	3.00	2.20
Argonaut	.....	5.50	" 4.65	Modern Priscilla	.....	2.25	2.00
Atlantic Monthly	.....	5.50	" 4.80	Motor Boat	.....	3.50	3.10
Black Cat	.....	2.50	" 2.10	Musician	.....	3.00	2.50
Blue Book	.....	3.00	" 2.75	National Home Journal	.....	2.00	1.80
Bohemian	.....	3.00	" 2.50	National Magazine	.....	3.00	2.40
Book-keeper	.....	2.50	" 2.15	National Sportsman	.....	2.50	2.25
Bookman	.....	4.00	" 3.60	New England Homestead	.....	2.50	2.25
Breeder's Gazette	.....	3.25	" 2.40	New England Magazine	.....	3.00	2.70
Burr McIntosh Monthly	.....	4.50	" 3.75	New Idea (N. Y.) fashions	.....	2.00	1.85
California Cultivator	.....	2.50	" 2.25	Normal Instructor	.....	2.25	1.95
Cassier's Magazine	.....	4.50	" 4.00	North American Review	.....	5.50	4.70
Century Magazine	.....	5.50	" 5.10	Orange Judd Farmer	.....	2.50	2.25
Children's Magazine	.....	2.50	" 2.15	Outdoor Life	.....	3.00	2.50
Christian Herald (N. Y.)	.....	3.00	" 2.50	Outing Magazine	.....	4.50	3.75
Commoner	.....	2.50	" 2.00	Outlook	.....	4.50	4.00
Cosmopolitan	.....	2.50	" 2.20	Overland Monthly	.....	3.00	2.50
Country Life in America	.....	5.50	" 4.50	Pacific Monthly	.....	3.00	2.25
Craftsman	.....	4.50	" 3.75	Pearson's Magazine	.....	3.00	2.50
Current Literature	.....	4.50	" 3.75	People's Home Journal	.....	1.85	1.60
Delineator	.....	2.50	" 2.30	Petaluma Weekly Poultry J'n'l	.....	2.50	2.00
Designer	.....	2.50	" 2.00	Pet Stock Magazine	.....	2.00	1.80
Dressmaking at Home	.....	2.50	" 1.95	Photo Era	.....	3.00	2.25
Educational Foundations	.....	2.75	" 2.50	Physical Culture	.....	3.00	2.50
Electric Railway Journal	.....	4.50	" 4.20	Pictorial Review and pattern	.....	2.50	2.20
Electrical World	.....	4.50	" 4.20	Popular Science Monthly	.....	2.50	2.25
Engineering News	.....	6.50	" 6.05	Poultry Culture	.....	2.00	1.75
Engineering Record	.....	4.50	" 4.20	Poultry Herald	.....	2.00	1.70
Etude (for music lovers)	.....	3.00	" 2.60	Poultry Keeper	.....	2.00	1.75
Everybody's	.....	3.00	" 2.65	Poultry Success	.....	2.00	1.80
Fanciers' Monthly	.....	2.25	" 2.00	Primary Plans	.....	2.50	2.10
Farm and Ranch	.....	2.50	" 2.25	Puck	.....	6.50	5.50
Farm Journal (5 years)	.....	2.50	" 2.15	Putnam's Magazine	.....	4.50	3.00
Farm Poultry	.....	2.00	" 1.75	Recreation	.....	4.50	3.55
Field and Stream	.....	3.00	" 2.50	Red Book	.....	3.00	2.75
Forest and Stream	.....	4.50	" 3.50	Reliable Poultry Journal	.....	2.00	1.75
Forum	.....	3.50	" 3.10	Review of Reviews	.....	4.50	3.50
Game Fanciers' Journal	.....	2.00	" 1.75	School Journal	.....	2.50	2.30
Garden Magazine	.....	2.50	" 2.15	Scientific American	.....	4.50	4.20
Gentlewoman	.....	1.70	" 1.60	Scribner's Magazine	.....	4.50	4.00
Good Housekeeping	.....	2.75	" 2.20	Short Stories	.....	3.00	2.50
Good Literature	.....	1.85	" 1.60	Smart Set	.....	4.50	3.00
Graphic	.....	4.00	" 3.60	Smith's Magazine	.....	3.00	2.70
Great Southwest	.....	2.50	" 1.90	Southern Cultivator	.....	2.50	2.10
Green's Fruit Grower	.....	2.00	" 1.75	St. Nicholas	.....	4.50	4.10
Green Book Album	.....	3.00	" 2.75	Strand Magazine	.....	3.00	2.85
Grizzly Bear	.....	2.50	" 2.15	Suburban Life	.....	4.50	3.50
Gunter's Magazine	.....	3.00	" 2.70	Success	.....	2.50	2.25
Hampton's Magazine	.....	3.00	" 2.50	Sunset Magazine	.....	3.00	2.50
Harper's Bazar	.....	2.50	" 2.15	Teacher's Magazine	.....	2.50	2.30
Harper's Magazine	.....	5.50	" 5.00	Technical World Magazine	.....	3.00	2.50
Harper's Weekly	.....	5.50	" 5.00	Theatre Magazine	.....	5.00	4.20
Health	.....	2.50	" 2.00	Toilettes	.....	3.50	3.00
Health Culture Magazine	.....	2.50	" 2.15	Travel Magazine	.....	3.00	2.50
Holland's Magazine	.....	2.50	" 2.25	Van Norden Magazine	.....	3.00	2.20
Home Needlework	.....	2.25	" 2.00	Vogue	.....	5.50	5.00
House and Garden	.....	4.50	" 3.75	Watson's Jeffersonian	.....	2.50	2.00
House Beautiful	.....	4.00	" 3.60	West Coast Magazine	.....	2.50	2.00
Housewife	.....	1.85	" 1.70	Whist	.....	2.50	2.30
Human Life	.....	2.50	" 2.15	Woman's Home Companion	.....	3.00	2.40
Hunter-Trader-Trapper	.....	2.50	" 2.25	Woman's National Daily	.....	2.50	1.90
Independent	.....	4.50	" 3.30	World To-Day	.....	3.00	2.20
Inland Poultry Journal	.....	2.00	" 1.75	World's Chronicle	.....	3.00	2.25
Jeffersonian (weekly)	.....	2.50	" 1.95	World's Work	.....	4.50	2.75
Judge	.....	6.50	" 5.90	Young's Magazine	.....	3.00	2.40

ALL SUBSCRIPTIONS ARE FOR ONE FULL YEAR. Subscriptions may be new, renewal, or extensions. Magazines may be sent to one or to separate addresses. Additional postage is charged on Canadian and Foreign subscriptions. If you do not find what you want, send us your list, and we will quote you the lowest possible price. We will duplicate any offer made by any reputable agent, agency, or publisher.

**PACIFIC SUBSCRIPTION COMPANY**

315 Mason Opera House Bldg.,

P. O. BOX 625,  
Sta. C.

Los Angeles, Cal.



# OUT WEST MAGAZINE

## CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS



### BRING BUYER AND SELLER TOGETHER

In this Classified Department will be inserted advertisements of a clean and reliable character. up to 14 lines, at the rate of 50 cents per line. None will be inserted of less than 4 lines. No illustrations nor display features will be permitted in this department. Our policy, which excludes medical, palmistry, fortune-telling, or misleading advertisements, or advertisements of unreliable parties or commodities, also prevails in this department, and the business management will appreciate prompt notice from OUT WEST readers of any such that may get in by false pretense. Address all letters pertaining to this department to

### OUT WEST MAGAZINE

CLASSIFIED DEPARTMENT

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

#### AUTOMOBILES (Used Cars)

**TOURING CARS** almost at your own price. Slightly worn machines. Some can't be told from new. List too large to publish. Just write us what you want. Address The Cowan Garage, 1140 S. Hope St., Los Angeles, Cal.

#### CALIFORNIA LANDS

**EUCALYPTUS** land for sale. We plant it to trees and care for it. We provide a market for the crop and insure highest price for commercial timber. Terms are cash or monthly instalments, as you prefer. A savings bank investment. No risk, no worry, no work, absolutely safe and the most profitable crop grown. For booklet and particulars address Eucalyptus Timber Corporation, 358 So. Broadway, Los Angeles, Cal.

**IRRIGATED FARM LANDS** in Fresno and Merced Counties, California—Sold in tracts of five acres and up. A postal card will bring you particulars regarding the finest lands in California. Address Miller & Lux, Los Banos, Merced County, Cal.

#### DERMATOLOGISTS

**DEEP WRINKLES**, freckles, lines, moth patches, smallpox pits, and all facial blemishes permanently removed in ten days. Write for detailed particulars. Miss B. Balzer, dermatologist, 212 S. Broadway, Los Angeles, Cal.

#### GOVERNMENT LANDS

**GOVERNMENT LAND** with plenty of water 15 to 20 feet, abundance of large mesquite timber, close to railroad. Land Locating & Development Co., 514 Mason Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal. Phones Home F1399, Sunset Main 1485.

#### LEADING CALIFORNIA NURSERY

**WE GROW** and have for sale a full line of fruit trees and grape vines. Write us catalogue and price list, also Souvenir Picture showing largest tree in the world. The Fresno Nursery, Box XX615, Fresno California.

#### MALTHOID ROOFING

**MALTHOID ROOFING**—Made in California. If you want roofing that can be depended upon absolutely, roofing that has class and durability, you cannot afford to consider substitutes, of which there are many; and will not, if we are allowed to prove to you the satisfaction our roofing has given for over a quarter of a century. Manufactured by the largest roofing factory in the West by The Paraffine Paint Co., 516-519 Security Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal. Phones Home 10462; Main 3974.

#### MEXICAN LANDS

**TEPIC, MEXICO.** On the West Coast. Shares are being offered in a producing plantation, operated on modern American methods. Growing corn, tobacco, garvanza, rubber, bananas, pineapples, hardwood and cattle. 300 per cent profit in five years. Share in the profits. \$5 per share, fully secured. Best of reference. Full information on request. M. P. Wright & Co., Delta Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal.

#### MISCELLANEOUS

**FREE "CALIFORNIA RED BOOK"**—Presents two maps, one showing all the oil fields of California, the other the Sespe District of Ventura County. A beautifully illustrated book written by a student of the oil industry. Absolutely free to those interested or wishing to share in the million dollar dividends. Write for it. Address Way C. West, Suite 620, Laughlin Bldg., Los Angeles, California.

#### PATENT ATTORNEYS

**JAMES R. TOWNSEND**—Patents, Copyrights, Trade-Marks and Labels. Los Angeles, Cal., from 1882 to 1909. 430 Bradbury Block, 304 So. Broadway. Phones: Main 347, Home A4619.

#### SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES

**LOS ANGELES BUSINESS COLLEGE**—One management 20 years. All preparatory, commercial and academic subjects. Also private tutors. Learn the Shrader way. Get new literature. 417 West Fifth St., Los Angeles, Cal.

**ISAACS-WOODBURY BUSINESS COLLEGE.** Fifth Floor Hamburger Bldg., Los Angeles. Open entire year. Thorough courses. Positions secured. Write for catalogue. E. K. Isaacs, President.

**HEALD'S BUSINESS COLLEGE**, 614 South Grand Ave., Los Angeles, Cal. Thoroughly prepares young people for business. Positions secured. Full particulars free on application.

**BROWNSBERGER COMMERCIAL COLLEGE.** 953-5-7 West Seventh Street, Los Angeles. Elegant home, broad courses. Strong Faculty. Graduates assisted. Beautiful catalog free.

**WESTERN TELEGRAPH INSTITUTE** and Railroad Business College, 211 to 215 San Fernando Bldg., Los Angeles. Thorough practical training telegraphy, station work, and standard rules. Santa Fe wires. Situations or money refunded. Low rates. Tel. Sunset Bdwy 3615.





Los Angeles, Cal., May 18, 1909.

The Mathie Brewing Company,  
1834-1858 East Main St., Los Angeles, Cal.

Gentlemen:

For several years I tried different doctors and medicines for indigestion, sleeplessness and nervousness, but to no avail. My father asked me to try MATHIE'S MALT TONIC, and after using it for some time I felt much better and my general health was much improved, and I still continue to use it.

Yours gratefully,

PEARL ALDERETE.

## **MATHIE MALT TONIC**

**\$1.50 Per Dozen - - Delivered**

**The Mathie Brewing Co. Los Angeles, Cal.**

Home Phone Ex. 942 Sunset Phone East 66

Designing  
Engraving  
Printing



Estimates  
Promptly  
Furnished

**WE PRINT THE OUT WEST MAGAZINE**

# **Wayside Press**

(INC.)  
Commercial, Book and Catalogue

## **Printing and Binding**

**837 So. Spring Street, Los Angeles**



# Hotel Virginia



**Long Beach,  
California**

The most magnificent strand standing hostelry in the world, combining every luxury and convenience of the twentieth century. Twenty-two miles south of Los Angeles. Thirty minutes' ride on Southern Pacific, Salt Lake and Pacific Electric Railroads.

Attractions are Boating, Bathing, Fishing, Lawn Tennis, Golf, Polo, Dancing, Riding, Motor-ing and other out-of-door pastimes.

American plan. Absolutely fireproof. Celebrated Virginia Orchestra.

Write for illustrated booklet.

**CARL STANLEY, Manager**

...THE...

**PACIFIC**



**ELECTRIC**

**RAILWAY**

**Operates over 600 miles of track and reaches  
the most important points in Southern California**

## **MT. LOWE**

The world's famous mountain trolley trip. Takes you up 5,000 feet above the sea. This is the foremost side trip in California.

## **BEACH POINTS**

San Pedro, (where connection is made with steamers for Catalina, San Diego and northern points), Long Beach (the Atlantic City of the Pacific Coast), Naples, Huntington Beach, Newport and Balboa. The delightful surf line ride for miles along the breakers.

## **Other Points of Interest**

Pasadena (the home of Millionaires). South Pasadena and Cawston's Ostrich Farm. San Gabriel Mission. Covina and Glendora (ride through the orange groves). Sierra Madre, where the trail up Mt. Wilson begins. Casa Verdugo (on the Glendale Line) where the quaint old Spanish Restaurant is located. Here Spanish Dinners are served as in days gone by.

For further information and descriptive literature, write to

**D. A. MUNGER, General Passenger Agent**

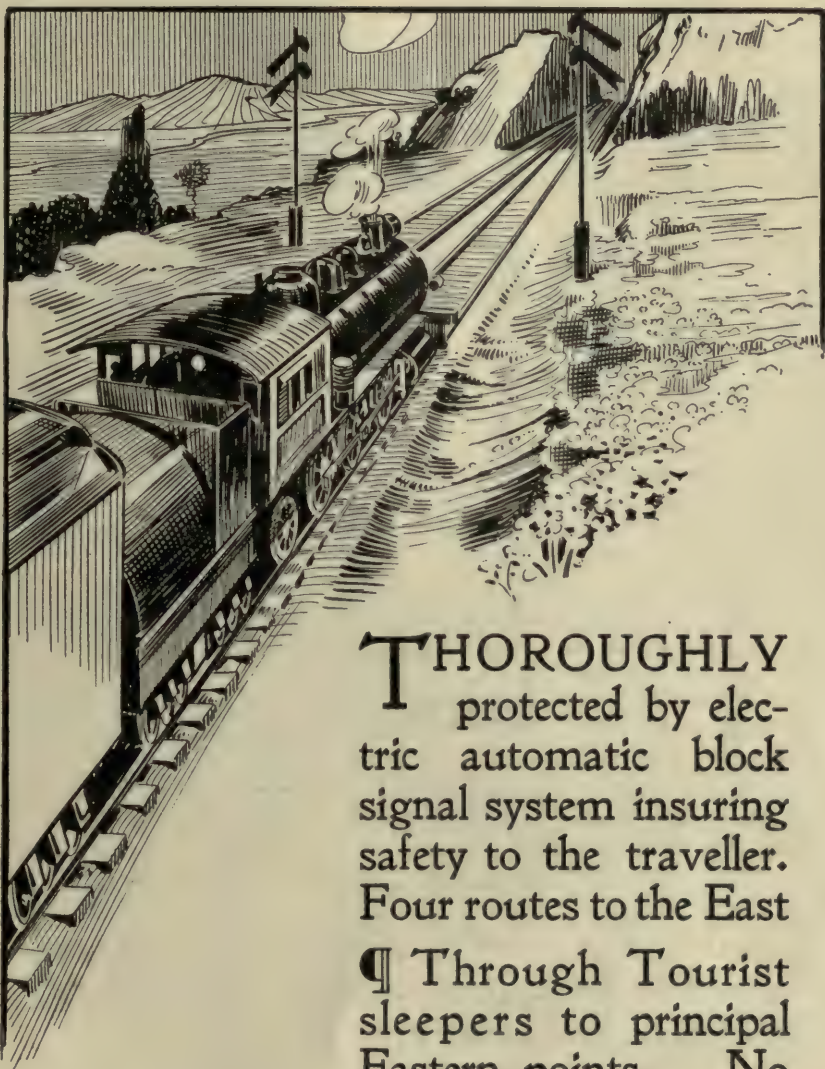
**294 Pacific Electric Bldg.**

**Los Angeles, Cal.**

**ANYVO THEATRICAL COLD CREAM**

prevents early wrinkles. It is not a freckle coating; it re-moves them. ANYVO CO., 427 North Main St., Los Angeles





**T**HOROUGHLY  
protected by elec-  
tric automatic block  
signal system insuring  
safety to the traveller.  
Four routes to the East  
¶ Through Tourist  
sleepers to principal  
Eastern points. No  
change of cars.

# Southern Pacific

600 South Spring Street

CORNER SIXTH

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

# Do You Know California?

Many people who have lived in the State all their lives and traveled much are still ignorant of many of the beauties of California, simply because they have always traveled by night. They have missed the grand scenery, the great ranches and orchards, the canyons and the streams. You can take in all these wonders by a trip to San Francisco, on the new daylight train, the

## Shore Line Limited

Leaves the Arcade Station, Los Angeles, at 8 o'clock every morning and arrives at 9:30 the same evening at Third and Townsend Station, San Francisco.

All that modern railway science has devised in comfort-producing equipment and service are at your command on this delightful train.

Diner, Gentlemen's Buffet, Library, Parlor Observation and Parlor Cars.

**Stops should be made en route at Santa Barbara, Paso Robles Hot Springs, Del Monte, Santa Cruz, San Jose, (Lick Observatory,) Palo Alto.**

For tickets and information, apply at

**600 S. Spring Street, corner Sixth**

Los Angeles, Cal.

## Southern Pacific





*On....  
The Trail*

# **Grand Canyon**

---

**OF ARIZONA**

**O**N Bright Angel Trail trip to the river—deep down in the earth a mile and more—you see the history of the birth and physical development of this earth and all glorified by a rainbow beauty of color. Trails are open the year 'round.

Excursion rates during summer

☞ Bear in mind when going East—The...

## **California Limited**

is the only exclusively first class train to the East via any line. Our folders tell.

JNO. J. BYRNE, A.P. T.M.  
LOS ANGELES



---

*...The...*  
**California Limited**

**T**HE only train to Chicago and East exclusively first class. Perfect equipment, dining car service unmatched, courteous employees. Stopover can be made at such unique places as Grand Canyon, Petrified Forest, Indian Villages—Laguna and Acoma—the Enchanted Mesa, Cliff Dwellings.

---

*Our illustrated folders will interest you. Just address*

JNO. J. BYRNE, A. P. T. M., Santa Fe Ry.  
Los Angeles, Cal.

---

**SANTA FE**





# Los Angeles Limited



Monday in Los Angeles, Tuesday in Salt Lake City, Wednesday night at Omaha and Thursday noon at Chicago.

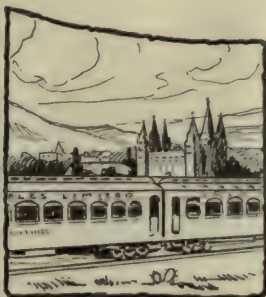
72 hours in a palatial train of electric lighted Sleeping Cars, Dining Car and an Observation-Buffer Club Car where one can enjoy the passing hours.

What more could be asked on a journey to Chicago?

Los Angeles Limited runs every day via Salt Lake Route,  
Union Pacific and Chicago & Northwestern.



MONDAY



TUESDAY



WEDNESDAY



THURSDAY

## A New Train to Salt Lake City

KNOWN AS THE

### UTAH-CALIFORNIA SPECIAL

Is now in service, leaving Los Angeles daily at 2:00 p. m. and arriving at Salt Lake City next day at 4:00 p. m., carrying

Through Sleepers to Butte and Denver

Let Salt Lake Route Agents anywhere tell you all about it.  
Los Angeles office is at 601 So. Spring Street.

F. A. WANN, General Traffic Manager.

T. C. PECK, General Passenger Agent.

# The Value of Personal Knowledge

---

---

Personal knowledge is the winning factor in the culminating contests of this competitive age and when of ample character it places its fortunate possessor in the front ranks of

## **The Well Informed of the World.**

A vast fund of personal knowledge is really essential to the achievement of the highest excellence in any field of human effort.

A Knowledge of Forms, Knowledge of Functions and Knowledge of Products are all of the utmost value and in questions of life and health when a true and wholesome remedy is desired it should be remembered that Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna, manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co., is an ethical product which has met with the approval of the most eminent physician and gives universal satisfaction, because it is a remedy of

Known Quality, Known Excellence and Known Component Parts and has won the valuable patronage of millions of the Well Informed of the world, who know of their own personal knowledge and from actual use that it is the first and best of family laxatives, for which no extravagant or unreasonable claims are made.

This valuable remedy has been long and favorably known under the name of—Syrup of Figs—and has attained to world-wide acceptance as the most excellent family laxative. As its pure laxative principles, obtained from Senna, are well known to physicians and the Well Informed of the world to be the best we have adopted the more elaborate name of—Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna—as more fully descriptive of the remedy, but doubtless it will always be called for by the shorter name of—Syrup of Figs—and to get its beneficial effects, always note, when purchasing the full name of the Company—California Fig Syrup Co.—printed on the front of every package, whether you call for—Syrup of Figs—or by the full name—Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna.

---

---

## **California Fig Syrup Co.**

**SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.,**

**LOUISVILLE, KY.**

**U. S. A.  
London, Eng.**

**NEW YORK, N. Y.**



# GOVERNMENT

Irrigation now under construction in Glenn County. The cheapest Alfalfa and Orangeland in California. The Central Irrigating Canal, the largest in California now ready to furnish water to all. Our oranges are ripe one month earlier than southern California. **Write for prospectus.**

**W. E. GERMAIN**  
P. O. Box 65  
Willows, Glenn Co., California

## Eucalyptus Timber Corporation

**Largest Growers of Eucalyptus in America.**

IT OWNS the land it sells; grows its own trees.  
IT GUARANTEES the species; plants the trees.  
IT CARES for same for two years under strict personal supervision.  
IT SECURES highest standard of production; and delivers title to buyer by warranty deed.  
IT SAFEGUARDS the investment with best soil, abundant water, (sub-irrigated land) and intensive care.  
IT INSURES the safety of the investment by absolute financial responsibility; by integrity of management; by knowledge of the business.  
IT PROVIDES certainty of profit, by establishing great forests of these splendid trees on contiguous territory in the heart of the world-famed San Joaquin Valley, creating hardwood timber for world-wide uses.  
IT HAS QUANTITY OF TIMBER within a given radius which,—induces establishment of industries,—creates its market,—and insures maximum results. Ten acres in a large forest has more than double the value of ten acres away from a market.

**Write for our guarantee proposition. Planted lands.**

**Eucalyptus Timber Corporation**  
708 JOHNSON BUILDING  
Fourth and Broadway  
Los Angeles, California

### References

Dun's and Bradstreet's.  
Commercial National Bank, Los Angeles.  
City National Bank, Holdrege, Nebraska.

# \$2500 INCOME

## Yearly for Life

We are growing a crop in California that pays \$750 to \$1000 an acre the first year and every year. That sounds too good to be true—but it can be done because it has been done and is now being done. There are no years of waiting for profits, as in growing oranges, grapes or eucalyptus. You get them the first and every year.

**PROFIT SHARING** By our plan, we plant, cultivate, harvest and market the crop for non-residents and return big profits yearly. When ready to take possession of your land you can make \$750 to \$1000 from each acre every year. There are no crop failures.

**FACTS, NOT PROMISES** You take no chances. Every dollar you invest is paid into the Merchants Bank and Trust Company of Los Angeles, California, and paid out by them only for things done, not things promised.

**OUR BOOKLET** Tells the story of this remarkable crop and how three acres will produce \$2500 to \$3000 yearly. It shows how you can secure a life income and home in this land of sunshine and flowers for little money.

Write for it today. It's free and may be worth thousands of dollars to you.

## Turkish American Tobacco Corporation

Suite C, 505 Central Building,

Los Angeles, California



## Bishop's ROUGH HOUSE Chocolates

IN THE BOX of "Rough House" you find candies decidedly unlike what you have ever had before. Thirty different kinds of centers.

If you can't get them from your dealer send us ten cents in stamps for a sample package.

**BISHOP & COMPANY**  
Los Angeles, Cal.

# This Trademark

used only for the



Registered,  
U. S. Pat. Off.

**GENUINE  
BAKER'S  
COCOA AND  
CHOCOLATE**

Look for it on all  
your purchases

Send for free recipe book, finely illustrated

**WALTER BAKER & Co. Ltd.**  
Established 1780  
Dorchester, Mass.

## One Oil for All Engines

Don't be confused by the conflicting claims and uncertain performances of oils that are "made especially" for different types of cars and engines or to meet different conditions. There's *one* oil that gives perfect lubrication in all types of engines under all conditions. Ask for

# ZEROLENE

## Auto Lubricating Oil

The only oil that is really non-carbonizing, so pure, free and clear that it feeds regularly under all conditions of heat or cold. Made in the one grade only, which never varies—produced in only one place in the world—sold only under the name Zerolene.

Put up in cans with patent spout, that cannot be refilled—also in barrels for garage trade. Sold by dealers everywhere.

Write for booklet, "21,000 Miles with Zerolene." Free.

**STANDARD OIL COMPANY**  
(Incorporated)



ESTABLISHED 1873

for Whooping Cough  
Croup, Sore Throat  
Coughs, Bronchitis  
Colds, Diphtheria  
Catarrh.

"Used while you sleep"

Vaporized Cresolene stops the paroxysms of Whooping Cough. Ever dreaded Croup cannot exist where Cresolene is used.

It acts directly on the nose and throat making breathing easy in the case of colds; soothes the sore throat and stops the cough.

Cresolene is a powerful germicide acting both as a curative and preventive in contagious diseases.

It is a boon to sufferers from Asthma.

Cresolene's best recommendation is its 30 years of successful use

For Sale by All Druggists

Send Postal for Descriptive Booklet

Cresolene Antiseptic Throat Tablets for the irritated throat, of your druggist or from us 10c in stamps

**THE VAPO-CRESOLINE CO.,** 180 Fulton St., New York  
Lecroy, N.Y. Montreal, Canada

# Vose PIANOS

home free of expense. Write for  
**VOSE & SONS PIANO CO.**

have been established over 60 years. By our system of payment, a family in moderate circumstances can own a Vose piano. We take old instruments in exchange and deliver the new piano in your home free of expense. Write for catalogue and explanations.

**Boston, Mass.**


















The image shows the front cover of a book. The cover is decorated with a traditional marbled paper pattern, featuring large, irregular, organic shapes in shades of brown, tan, and cream, creating a 'stone' or 'shell' pattern. A light-colored, triangular paper label is affixed to the upper left portion of the cover. The number '206697' is printed in a dark, sans-serif font on this label.

206697



